© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

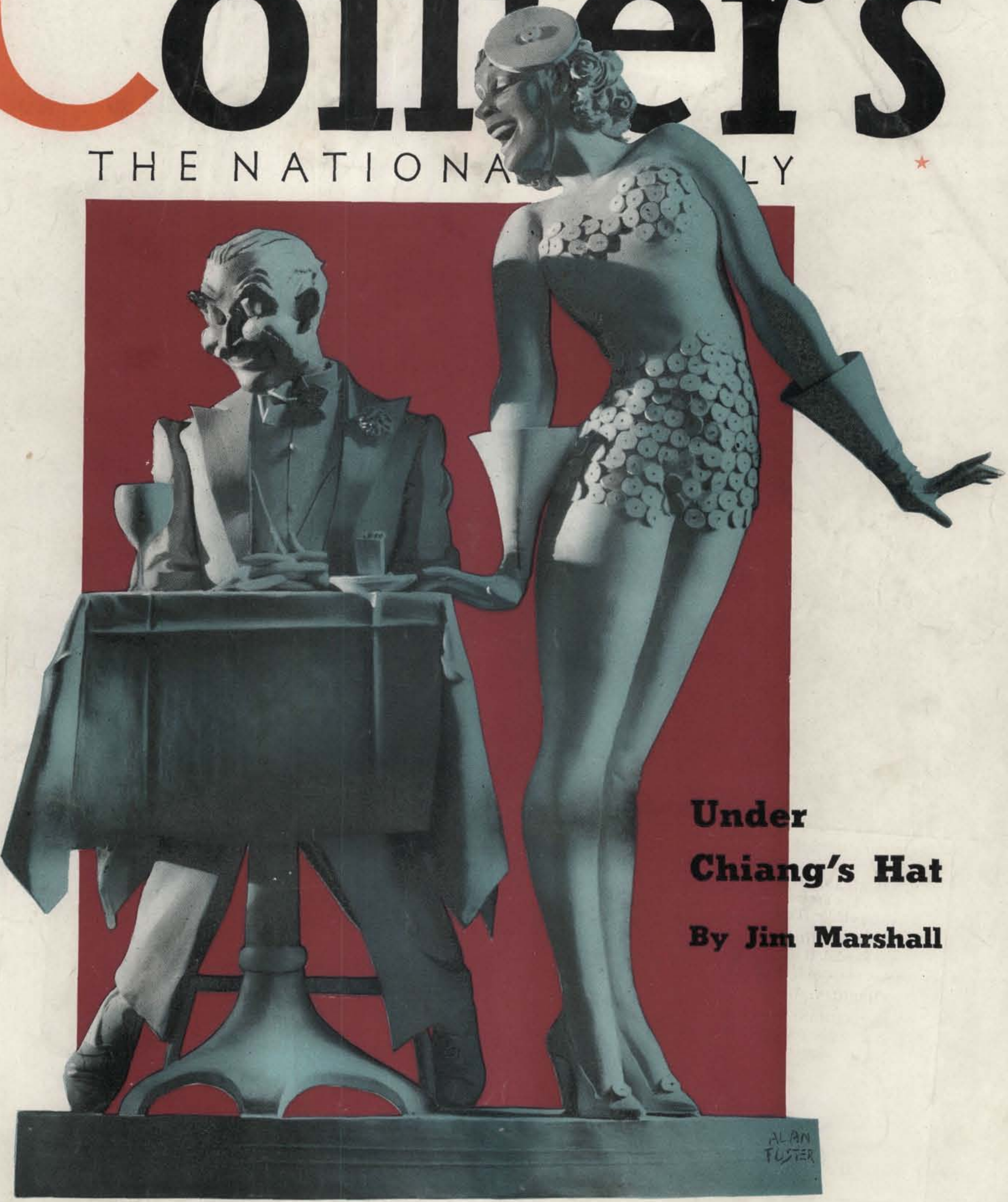
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

March 6, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONA LY ★



Under Chiang's Hat

By Jim Marshall

"I never knew *that* about champagne!"
"And I, M'sieur, never knew it about your whiskey!"

Natural color photograph taken at Avize, near Rheims, France

AMERICAN: It's the most interesting thing I've learned in France—that your champagnes and my favorite whiskey, Four Roses, are achieved the same way.

FRENCHMAN: Ah, but, M'sieur, *all* champagnes are not blended. It is to achieve the truly great champagne that one *must* blend various champagnes together!

AMERICAN: Why do you say "must"?

FRENCHMAN: Because, M'sieur, no two champagnes as they flow from the wine presses are exactly alike. Nature endows each with some special virtue. It is only by blending several fine champagnes together that we get the truly magnificent champagne with *every* virtue.

AMERICAN: Well, that's the very way they make Four Roses. They take several fine straight whiskies—each selected to contribute some outstanding virtue. Then they blend these fine whiskies (and *only* these whiskies!) together so as to produce *one* liquor with *every* whiskey virtue at its best. The result is that, like your finest vintage champagne, Four Roses has *everything* you could hope to find in one liquor.

A blend of straight whiskies—94 proof

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED • LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE

FOUR ROSES

We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey, regardless of age or price

SORE THROAT

LISTERINE SAYS "*Hurry-up*" to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had *fewer* colds . . . and got rid of them *faster* . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste.* Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST LOUIS MO U.S.A.
LAMBERT

Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.

LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS
Mentholized ★ Soothing
LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

Now a finer Cough Drop
by LISTERINE
Wisely Medicated

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

March 6, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

FRANK CUNNINGHAM was a bright young man, but he wrote letters. He wrote them to Hope Taylor, and when Frank decided to marry someone else Hope threatened to make trouble. Frank went to see her, and shortly thereafter Hope was found murdered.

It looked for a time as if Mr. Cunningham's activities would continue for only as long as it would take to get him up the river. But that would be leaving his friend Dwight Young out of the picture. Dwight was a lawyer, but first of all he was Frank's friend. In a tense courtroom drama Quentin Reynolds shows you how he twisted the law to serve the ends of justice.

WHEN the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting child labor was proposed, its sponsors realized that there would be some opposition. Selfish parents who profited by the meager wages their children brought home, and even more selfish employers who made their living by exploiting youngsters—these could be expected to object. But it was a surprise when dignitaries of the church and men of learning added their voices to this querulous protest. Walter Davenport explains this curious state of affairs in an article called "Suffer, Little Children, Suffer."

IN another part of the world, the strategy of Harry Pallen might not have led to disaster. But in the Caribbean colony where he worked the intensity of the tropics magnifies the emotions of men. Harry's plan to rise by destroying others shattered on its own ingenuity. Frederick Nebel tells the story of a "Woman at Bay."

THE belief that country dwellers are healthier than residents of the city lingers on simply as a legend. It's no longer true, but it was originally based on fact. The agency that has changed all that, the Board of Health, is a vast force in our national life. Dr. Victor G. Heiser explains in "Purity Preferred."

THE crack polo pony that Lee Malden rode had been won in a poker game from a one-ring circus. It was this fact that helped Lee handle two *imperious ladies and a very difficult* problem. Marjory Stoneman Douglas and Murdo Morrison tell the fast-moving story of a courageous and gifted young man.

HENRI DUVERNOIS writes the Stort Short Story. Other contributions come from Ruth Carson, D. K. Findlay, Jim Marshall, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster, Dwight Mitchell Wiley and others. The best of the best.

This Week

SHORT STORIES:

FREDERICK NEBEL
The Grand Manner. A modest young man in love. Page 12

LIBBIE BLOCK
Invitation to Dance. The girl who stole a lipstick. Page 14

WILL F. JENKINS
White Man's Burden. In defense of a lady and a tropical isle. Page 18

FRANK CONDON
On the Bench. Harun-al-Rashid in modern dress. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Very Much a Lady, by Alec Rackowe. Page 26

ERNEST HAYCOX
Man with a Past. Romance of a stagecoach guard. Page 35

SERIAL STORIES:

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
I Love You Again, Part VI. Suspicion of murder. Page 16

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
Castle Key, Part II. Get up and fly again. Page 20

ARTICLES:

JIM MARSHALL
Under Chiang's Hat. Number One in Asia. Page 9

HENRY F. PRINGLE
The Minsky Kids. Art school for strippers. Page 15

KYLE CRICHTON
High School Hero. Mr. Bob Feller, the $100,000 rookie. Page 22

BETTY THORNLEY STUART
You're the Cook. Kitchen calm. Page 52

T. R. CARSKADON
Who Taught You to Drive? It's never too late to learn. Page 53

●

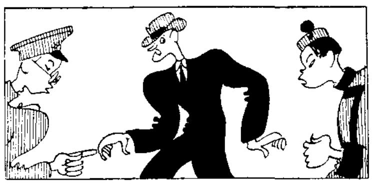
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Facts that forgot themselves. Page 6

EDITORIAL
The Wrong Place to Sit. Page 70

COVER ALAN FOSTER

Any Week

PAUSE a moment in your worries about income tax and March weather to offer up a small prayer of thanks that you are not living in China. One prudently anonymous reader in Peiping crawled into an abandoned shell hole to tell us: "You have no idea of conditions here. Peiping is practically under Japanese control; both Chinese and white men are working for one of a dozen warring outfits. I am spied on constantly. If I talk to Japs, the Chinese get suspicious; and vice versa. I'm afraid to talk to anyone; you don't know whether the guy is working for Tokyo or Nanking or some thirty-cent 'autonomous' state out in the sticks. It gives you the jitters, finally."



ANOTHER ripening case of jitters can be found much nearer home. John Magill, who rashly went and got himself elected to the North Dakota legislative assembly, relays us a letter he received from a constituent. "I may be wrong," it reads, "but I think the smart politician of the present day will not hold up the small-town citizen to farmers as the Big, Bad Middleman, and so set class against class, but will co-operate with both groups. We townsmen want no unfair advantage, but we are heartily tired of getting a kick in the pants." Forthwith Representative Magill passed the buck in the following memorandum: "It is respectfully requested that the Taxation Committee do something about the above problem before the pants of the small businessmen are completely ruined."

BEFORE we could extend condolences to Mr. Magill, a double-barreled problem was dropped squarely in our own lap by A. L. Spellmeyer, who laments: "Down at San Pedro there are five ships full of Argentine corn and others with Argentine canned meats, foreign butter-substitute oils, soybeans and various farm products, and we *have a million idle farmers and* fifty millions of acres unfarmed." Furthermore, Mr. Spellmeyer reports there are 30,000 families not housed as comfortably as the dogs or the horses at the race tracks.

AND although the problem file of this department is bulging now, we managed to squeeze in a letter from Mrs. J. B. Forster of Visalia, California. "I object," Mrs. Forster objects. Says she, "Friday is cleaning day for me, and Collier's comes then, too. I swear each week that I'm not even going to look at it until after my work is done. 'Well,' say I, 'I'll just read Any Week.' Then I flip a few pages to look at the illustrations and before I know it I'm deep in the next installment of a current serial. Can't you suggest a cure for my lack of self-control? What you do to my self-respect!"

REFLECT on the trials and troubles of the man our Owen P. White recently unearthed in Kansas. "I have met America's champion marrying man," Mr. White writes. "This fellow has had eleven wives and the other night, just before I met him, Number Eleven had run him out of the house with a butcher knife. Thus the life of your correspondent, despite its many hardships, is sometimes lively and interesting. For example, the day before yesterday I had a talk with the man who was Jesus in last year's Easter pageant in the Wichita Mountains. He won't be in it this year because he says that last time, while he was praying in the Garden of Gethsemane, he knelt down on a sharp rock and hurt his knee, so he doesn't want to do it again."

WHILE we're on the subject of praying, every pastor in the country should meet Carl Brown, Inventions, of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Brown's youngest brain child, christened "Doze-No-Mo," looks like a bicycle bell and is strapped around the neck. A plunger on the bell reaches warningly toward your chin. As long as you stay awake, golden silence prevails, but the minute you start to doze and your chin starts to droop, off goes the alarm and you'd better snap out of it pronto.

WHICH reminds us that we must do something about that Montana window-breaking horse before he expires of starvation and loneliness. You'd be surprised at the vast numbers of horse lovers among our readers. Hundreds of them have offered their services in solving the problem which, you will remember, concerned a rancher's horse which insisted on joining the family at meals. We are still digging our way out of the pile of mail submitted by these humanitarians and as soon as we find the best solution, we'll promptly notify you.

AND the horse.

Vol. 99, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1937, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

RUTS, MUD AND SNOW-BANKS ON R.F.D. ROUTE PROVE PLYMOUTH IS BUILT TO LAST

The Car that Stands Up Best—

6 days a week, A. Earl Jackson of Richland, Mich. covers 55 miles . . . finds Plymouth costs less to run than 15 previous cars . . . got 23.65 miles per gallon on vacation trip!

Still greater Reliability in big 1937 Plymouth

EACH week-day, Earl Jackson drives a 55-mile R.F.D. route in Michigan. Mostly back roads . . . snow-clogged in winter . . . hub-deep mud ruts in spring.

He had 15 different cars before he got his first Plymouth. "Not one," he says, "touched Plymouth for economy...and reliability. I've averaged as much as 23.65 miles per gallon of gas.

"My wife and daughters say no car we've ever had is as comfortable and good-looking as our Plymouth."

Yes, Mr. Jackson, you have a great car. Plymouth has always built great cars . . . and the 1937 Plymouth is the greatest Plymouth ever built! It's roomiest of "All Three" low-priced cars. Rubber body mountings and Floating Power engine mountings end vibration. Scientific sound-proofing stops noise. Airplane-type shock-absorbers float you over bumps.

And it's the world's safest low-priced car...all-steel body...double-action hydraulic brakes...new Safety Interior!

Owners report 18-24 miles on gas... low oil consumption. Used-car dealers know Plymouth's resale value is highest.

Compare "All Three"...they're priced about alike. See the extra value Plymouth offers! Try it out today—at any Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealer!—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

DELIVERED IN DETROIT—Prices start at $580 for the Business Coupe—including front and rear bumpers, spare tire and all Federal taxes. Only local taxes, optional equipment, transportation (if outside Detroit), and finance charges, if you buy on Time Payment Plan, are extra. Model pictured, De Luxe 4-Door Touring Sedan, $755 delivered in Detroit. EASY PURCHASE TERMS offered by the Commercial Credit Company, through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers.

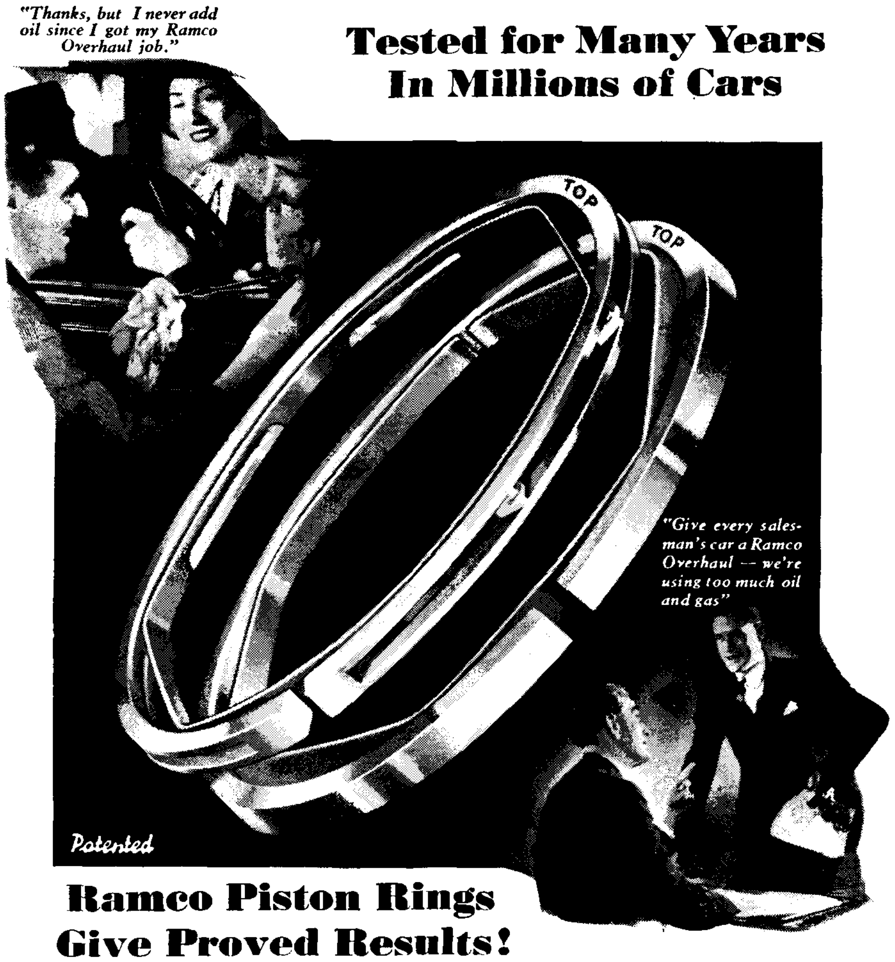
"I'VE DRIVEN 'ALL THREE,'" says Earl Jackson, "and I'm convinced Plymouth is the car for me!"

BEAUTIFUL INSIDE and out! Roomy . . . smooth-riding . . . De Luxe 4-door Touring Sedan, with spacious built-in trunk.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Low Cost Overhaul
Renews Power-Saves Oil

Tested for Many Years
In Millions of Cars


"Thanks, but I never add oil since I got my Ramco Overhaul job."
TOP
TOP
"Give every salesman's car a Ramco Overhaul -- we're using too much oil and gas"
Patented

**Ramco Piston Rings
Give Proved Results!
Be Sure You Get the Original, Not a Copy**

If you hear the slap-slap of the pistons under your car's hood—see smoke from the exhaust—feel lack of power on the hills—then it's time for you to get a Ramco Overhaul, the time-tried method of low-cost motor reconditioning.

You'll stop adding oil between drains; you'll save gallons of gas—probably save the price of the job itself in just a few months. And what astonishing new pleasure you'll find in your car's restored smoothness, power and responsiveness! Truly Ramco restores "new car" pep and performance to a simply amazing degree!

But remember!—Ramco is widely imitated. Its revolutionary results have forced others to attempt to duplicate them—have flooded the market with "just as good" rings by the dozen. So *insist* on the original Ramco Overhaul that has had many years of car-owner testing in millions of cars.

That there is *no* substitute for Ramco is strikingly illustrated by the FREE booklet which this coupon will bring you. Mail it today and find out how to buy "new car" economy and power for your car out of your oil and gas savings.

Trade-Marked for Your Protection

Will Save Cost in Six Months

"I was using a quart of oil to every 5 gallons of gas. Then I had a Ramco Overhaul. After it, I used less than a quart per thousand miles. I figure I will save the entire overhaul cost in 6 months driving."

Chas. R. Gustafson,
Chicago, Ill.

**RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MANUFACTURING CORP.
101 South Spring Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.**

All first class repair shops use and indorse Ramco

FREE!

Ramsey Accessories Mfg. Corp.
101 South Spring Avenue
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Save Postage! Paste this on a Penny Postcard

Please send me your free booklet which shows how Ramco Piston Rings have restored new car pep, power, and oil economy in millions of cars.

Name..

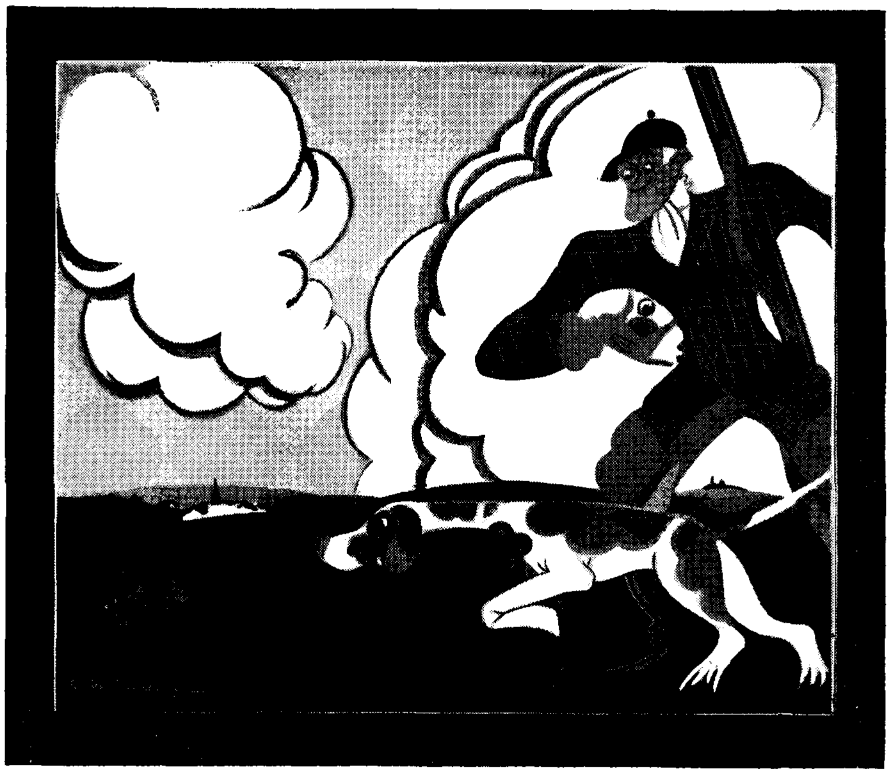
Address..

City.......................................*State*.............

RAMCO
MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS
RAMCO PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

PATENTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. OTHER PATENTS PENDING



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Bird dogs, when pointing out the location of hidden game to their masters, have been known to hold their motionless positions for long periods. Once an English pointer held a "point," without a single visible movement, for an hour and fifteen minutes.—*By Malcolm Campbell, Seaton, England.*

Although the United States government has brought out thousands of different issues of postage stamps, the portraits of seventeen of our past Presidents have never appeared on any of them.

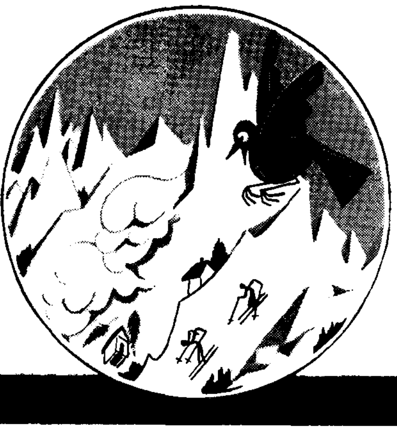
The Sultan of Solo in Java is one of the world's best bridge players—through a novel system which he has established by royal prerogative. In order to eliminate the annoyance and difficulty of guessing which cards are held by his opponents, His Highness uses an "assistant" who walks around the table after each deal and gets this information for him.—*By Arthur H. Dix, Little Falls, New Jersey.*

In the Swiss Alps, an avalanche—or snowslide—is sometimes started by such a trifling thing as the breeze created by the wing of a bird; and the slide often comes down the mountainside with such force that the resultant wind is strong enough to uproot the trees on each side of its course.

On a holy hill near Ghobardhan, India, some forty-odd professional "salvation seekers" work six hours a day, saving the souls of their Hindu patrons. They have to travel the 13 miles around the hill by falling forward on their faces. However, it is nice, profitable work if one is employed under a generous, long-term contract with any wealthy Benares banker.—*By E. Allen Hendrick, Abington, Massachusetts.*

In 19th-century Austria, Empress Elizabeth, the consort of Franz Joseph, was forced to comply with one of the most absurd rules ever imposed on a mother. She was never allowed to see her children unless she gave the Lord Chamberlain notice 24 hours in advance. It required this much time, according to the nurses, to get the children ready and rehearsed for this occasion, which was virtually a ceremony.

Among the exhibits of the Museum of Cookery in Frankfurt, Germany, are models showing the steps in the preparation of many fancy dishes, models depicting how platters have been garnished through the ages, charts illustrating the nutritive values of various foods, and a large collection of menus, cookbooks and cooking utensils gathered from more than fifty countries.—*By Leone Perdue, Jonesboro, Georgia.*



Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without permission of the publishers

This bulb
DOES NOT WASTE ELECTRICITY!
MAZDA
GE
60 WATTS

WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH INFERIOR SUBSTITUTES WHEN MAZDA LAMPS MADE BY GENERAL ELECTRIC COST

only

15¢

60 WATTS AND SMALLER

They stay brighter longer

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

EASIER TO TUNE THAN DIALING A TELEPHONE

PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING

Dial like a telephone
—but dial only once!

Getting a station with Philco Automatic Tuning is much simpler and faster than getting a telephone number. One glance shows the call letters of the station you want. Call letters of all your favorite stations appear around a dial like that of an automatic telephone. A flick of your finger . . . and *CLICK* . . . there it is! Tuned *instantly, silently, perfectly!*

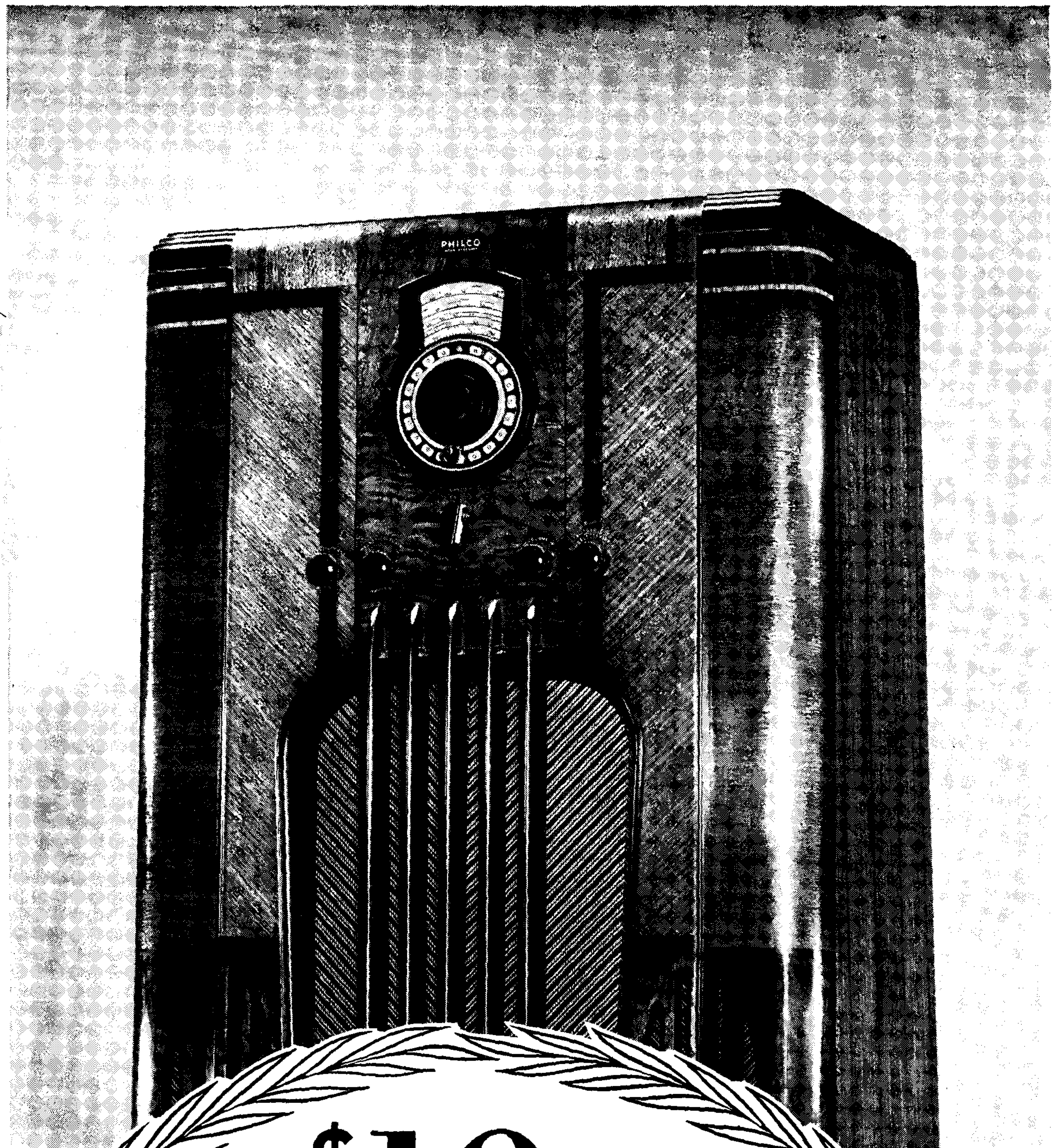
Back of the dial the invisible fingers of Philco Magnetic Tuning complete the job with infallible precision. Programs come in more perfectly tuned than eye or ear could do it . . . and stay perfectly tuned as long as you choose to listen!

What about stations you
tune less frequently?

When you want American stations that you do not listen to regularly . . . or overseas stations . . . you simply tune the regular way . . . foreign stations *by name.* Once you have the station . . . either at home or abroad . . . Philco Magnetic Tuning gives you the greatest possible accuracy, the most perfect reception and the finest possible tone!

Philco models range from
$20 to $600 . . . each
supreme in its price class

PHILCO
A Musical Instrument of Quality



$10 DOWN puts Philco Automatic Tuning in your home!

Now . . . with a down payment of only $10 . . . you can have an Automatic Tuning Philco installed and playing in your home! By special arrangement with the Commercial Credit Company, your Philco dealer will accept a 10% down payment on any Automatic Tuning Philco . . . from the 9X at $100 to the 690X at $375.

For as Little as $19.50 Down . . . your Philco dealer will install the famous Philco 116X De Luxe (illustrated above). In this model Philco Automatic Tuning is combined with Philco High-Fidelity and the Philco Foreign Tuning System! Favorite American Stations are tuned *automatically!*

You enjoy all the realism of Philco High-Fidelity reception with all the tones *and overtones* that make voices and instruments so thrillingly true to life. Acoustic Clarifiers eliminate "boom" from the low notes, while every note is brought up to ear level by the Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Five Spread-Band Tuning Ranges cover all that's interesting in the air . . . with all important overseas stations named, located and spread six times farther apart on the Philco Spread-Band Dial!

See your classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer. He'll tell you all about the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

PHILCO TABLE MODELS . . . $20 and up • **PHILCO CONSOLE MODELS . . . $42.50 and up** • **PHILCO AUTO RADIOS . . . $39.95 and up** • *All prices less Aerial*

Collier's

The National Weekly for March 6, 1937

"Insult China; make her fight!" Repeatedly in the last five years Japanese militarists have tried. Again and again China's war spirit has flared in reply. Each time it has been sternly repressed. By one man, by China's one-man government, by Chiang Kai-shek. Under his hat this little man carries the destiny of four hundred million Chinese who labor day and night, playing for time and preparing for war

China's Man of the Minute, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, and his wife. Insets, part of the fine military machine with which he hopes to unite China against Japan

FOR four thousand years it goes on—this squeeze. The four hundred million stoops and shoves, they pay it. It crushes a copper here and a copper there out of the stoops in the poppy fields and the rice paddies and the cabbage patches and the millet stands from north of the Great Wall to the steaming jungle down south of Canton. It presses dirty little dime bills out of the shoves—shoving the sampans along the canals, shoving the one-wheeled carts over the dirt tracks, shoving crates and bales and bundles, shoving China around for a dime a day.

The shoves and the stoops, they sweat and starve and pay it, as they have paid it since the Mings and the Chings and the Hans went into the dynasty racket way back. The magistrates and the taipans and the politicians and the bureaucrats and the racketeers, they get it, and it makes them rich. It makes more millionaires than America ever had. It runs into billions a year, and every cent of it is sweated and tortured and ground out of the stoops and shoves by brute force—squeezed out of four hundred million patient workers who never get more than a dollar ahead of starvation in their lives.

And then one day recently this guy brushes a few characters on a piece of rice paper and the squeeze is abolished. Finished. From this day on. By order. No more graft, bribery or corruption in all China. Signed: The Guy Under the Black Slouch Hat. The Big Fellow. A little, thin-faced, star-eyed chap with a long dark cloak. If you addressed a letter to No. 1, Asia, he'd get it. The Main Noise, with 350,000 bayonets front and back and both sides—just as a hint.

All over China the newspapers print headlines: Chiang Kai-shek Bans Squeeze—Death Penalty for Violators. No more bribery, says No. 1. But some of the No. 2's and No. 17's and No. 175's, they don't get the idea, so they're tossed into dirty jails and some of them kneel down on the hard gravel of execution grounds with their hands tied behind them and feel the little cold ring of a gun muzzle in the back of their necks just before they're blasted into eternity.

After a few months of jailings, editorials, exhortations and executions the No. 1's press agents come to him and say: "Sir and Generalissimo, you did it. Squeeze is all over in China." So the No. 1 smiles his wry smile and tells his chauffeur to buy a new car, with plenty of armor plate and bullet-proof glass, because the national admiration for the generalissimo is slightly less than perfect yet. In a few days an American firm delivers this rolling battle wagon to the rented, Western-style house where the Big Shot lives outside Nanking.

Pretty soon, the chauffeur reports and says: "Sir, the foreign motorcar is n. g., defective and lacking in the higher horsepowers." This puzzles the generalissimo and he calls in a white missionary friend and adviser to give the bus' plumbing and gadgets the once-over. The friend does and reports the car tophole and a bit on the super side, if anything . . . And then he peers around and discovers why the chauffeur thumbs-downed the wagon.

"General," he reports, "it seems that, squeeze being abolished, the firm that sold the car didn't give your chauffeur the customary crumshaw, formerly standard practice in cases of this nature. . . ."

At last reports, the chauffeur's next of kin had just been notified. And that's how some things go, in China.

Chiang Kai-shek—pronounced Zhong ky-shur, more or less—was born fifty years ago last fall in the little suburban town and section of Fenghua, not far from Ningpo, in one of the garden spots of China. His father and grandfather were small farmers, but fairly prosperous. When he was nine, his father died, the family fortunes went to ruin and his mother, fighting an uphill battle, took over his education. The boy was rather a weakling, prey to the bullies of the village, and had a rough time.

"I became helpless as a child," he recollects today. "I was always ill-treated by other boys."

As he grew into his teens, young Chiang longed to be a soldier—maybe, the psychologists will tell you, because of his experiences as the butt of bigger and stronger lads. His family opposed the idea but his mother encouraged him.

With what money could be scraped together he was packed off to Tokyo to learn the army game secondhand from the Japanese, who were learning it from the Germans.

When the Sun Yat-sen revolution started, a quarter of a century ago, young Chiang came back with Dr. Sun to fight—and from that day to this he has worked up from a rear-rank rebel to the position of dictator—and probably savior—of the world's most populous country.

At times, between wars, he worked in Shanghai brokerage houses and his enormous personal fortune is said to date from that era. He married early and became father to three sons. Much of his early career is obscure, and his enemies spread various legends, but there seems little truth in them. The charge that can be made to stick against most of China's war lords—that of drug addiction—isn't justified in his case. He was ruthless, cruel, vindictive, fanatical—but not vicious.

The Family Influence

A decade ago he met Soong Mei-ling, Wellesley graduate and sister of T. V. Soong, financial genius of the Orient. He put away his first wife, by divorce, and proposed to the keen-witted and handsome Americanized Oriental girl. She refused to marry him until he became a Christian. Her mother backed her up. The little fire-eater became a member in good standing of the Methodist Church, South.

Soong Mei-ling, whose sharp irony on the subject of foreigners and foreign ways is usually completely missed by visitors, softened Chiang. Contact with foreigners, a realization of the creeping westernization of China, rubbed off some of his sharp corners. He discovered that public opinion, even in China, is a force. Still the warrior, he allowed his wife's social betterment ideas to march along with his own plans for making a nation out of the country for the first time in history.

China always was, and still is to some extent, a great sprawling territory inhabited by widely varying tribes. It is a third larger than the United States. For four thousand years its people have been torturing food out of every worn-out acre they have, while stubbornly refusing to use the seven per cent of their arable land devoted to grave-mounds. It is literally true that more than half the people cannot understand their own language, which is officially Mandarin. There are hundreds of dialects, incomprehensible to anyone outside small districts.

Four out of every five Chinese work on farms; fifteen of every hundred can read and write, more or less. They cannot afford radios; transportation and communication still are primitive, and so it is almost impossible to spread any idea across the country in less than five years.

In America, the President can spread an idea over the land in five seconds. But there still are millions of Chinese who never heard of Chiang Kai-shek or the unification of China—and wouldn't give a hoot if they did, either.

For centuries, most Chinese have been so ground down, overtaxed, squeezed, exploited, brutalized and kept on the verge of starvation that anyone coming among them with a promise of betterment or a new system is hailed as a savior. And backed up with swords and bullets. This explains the success of the Communists, who actually have improved conditions tremendously in several provinces, simply because it was impossible to change the system without bettering it.

The Chinese in these provinces, robbed by overlords, washed out by floods, starved by drought, didn't care whether their saviors were Communists, Fascists, Democrats or Holy Rollers, just so long as they could get a few more grains of rice and be allowed to keep a cent or two out of each dollar they earned at back-breaking toil.

Ever since he led his ragged armies northward out of Canton in 1926 to make himself master of China, Chiang's job has made the problems of Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler and the other small-time dictators look like duck soup. He had to fight wars against half a dozen rivals, try to pull the country together, institute Soong Mei-ling's reforms, stave off the Japanese any way he could, build up a national army from the grass roots, acquire planes and tanks and modern equipment, rebuild half the cities in China, cajole and bribe and threaten and kill jealous war lords and calm down the hotheads who kept yelling for instant war with Nippon—a crusade foredoomed to defeat unless China is ready to the last gun and the last bomb.

For what has been done in the five years Chiang held power, he has to share credit with none except his wife. It was a one-man job—and perhaps that is its very weakness. Of China's two million armed men, he can depend at most on 350,000. But these are the cream of the crop, well-equipped, German-trained and officered by Chiang's own graduates from the Whampoa Military Academy at Canton and the Central Academy at Nanking. *Esprit de corps*—a novelty in China—is generated by the OMEA, the Officers' Moral Endeavor Association. Twenty-five thousand zealous youngsters have come out of the training schools as the nucleus of the new armies, but whether, if Chiang went away, they could hold the nation together is anyone's guess.

The diplomatic guess, in Nanking, is that they couldn't.

The Beginnings of Unity

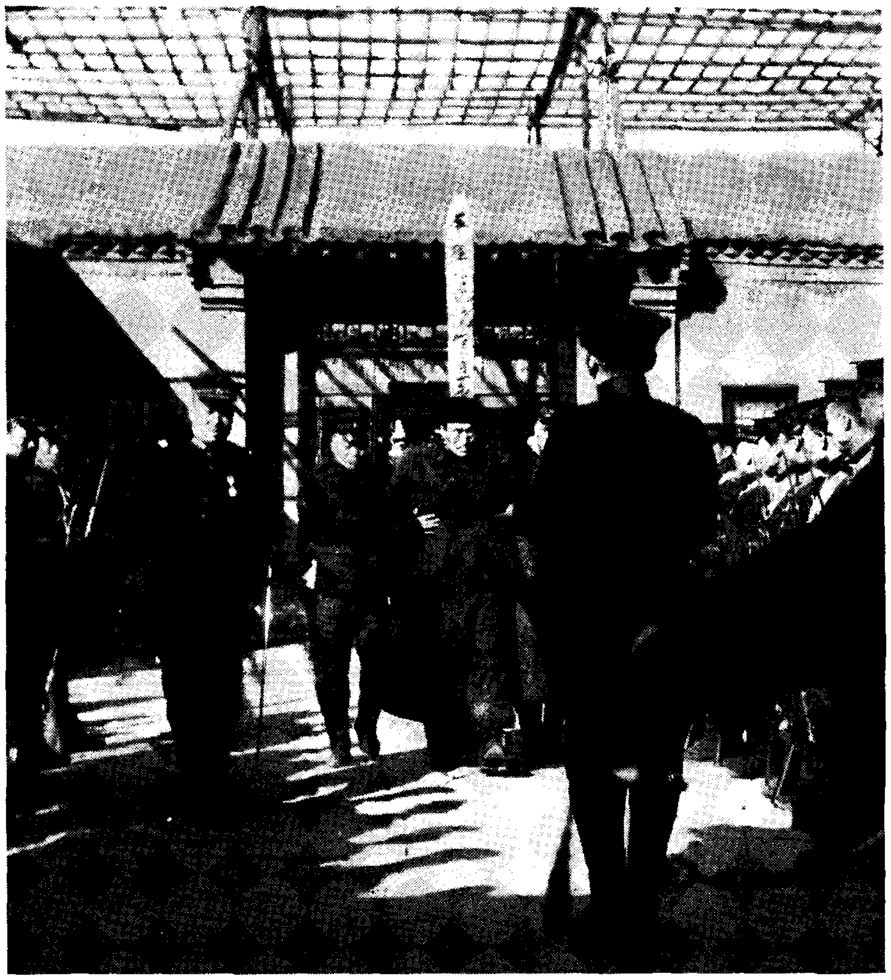
But what happened a short while ago when the dope-ridden young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang "snatched" the generalissimo at Sian makes this opinion seem rather too pessimistic. There was a great deal of Chinese unity in the reaction all over the country.

Part of this unity, of course, was forced by the Nanking government through its controlled press, but a surprising number of ex-war lords, instead of taking advantage of the situation and joining the rebellion, stood loyally by Chiang. . . . And in Shanghai, just to be Chinese in the midst of westernization, a group organized as the Chiang Rescue Corps started out to weep its way into the snatcher's heart and so secure the generalissimo's release.

But under the surface at Nanking there was a good deal of guessing about the heir apparent, if any, and some of the noisiest patriots took night trains down to Shanghai to line up new jobs for themselves, just in case.

Chiang's weakness has been his dislike for delegating authority; he has always done it all himself, partly because he's built that way and partly because he is justly suspicious of most of his underlings.

He lives a simple life. His modest home is furnished in Western style; his clothing is a combination of Western and Chinese. So is the food, and the asceticism which he practices often brings from multichinned Chinese guests the comment that the dinner was excellent, but lacking in quantity. He gets up at five in the morning, eats lightly and plunges into a day that has been mapped out the day before. Sixty or seventy interviews are likely to fill in the time between spells of routine business. In theory, anyone may see him, but most of them get merely a handshake and a word or two. Soong Mei-ling, who makes for him each day a digest of world news, usually handles interviews with foreigners. She translates, although he understands a lot of English and still more Japanese, and can speak both languages more or less.



If he can get an hour to spare before bedtime, he likes to spend it near the radio, reading old Chinese classics; sometimes his wife reads to him. He neither drinks, smokes nor gambles—unless you count his daily life as the greatest gamble of all—because these are against the teachings of his adopted creed.

Although the Chiangs have no children of their own, their home usually is full of youngsters, mainly boys, nephews and cousins. The marshal likes growing lads and, playing with them, seems to be seeking someone he may count on to carry on his work. One of his hobbies is this grim search for a successor—a man trained and eager for the new Chinese ideal who can squelch the old-line politicians who will, inevitably, try to revert to the bad old days when the Chiang power is no more.

Interviewed, he sits bold upright in his chair, his firm jaw—unusual in a Chinese—showing its tense muscles. His lean hands grip the chair arms; his deep-set eyes glint. Sometimes, before Madame Chiang has finished translating a question, he snaps out the answer. He never hesitates.

How does he get the strength and courage to carry on the world's toughest job?

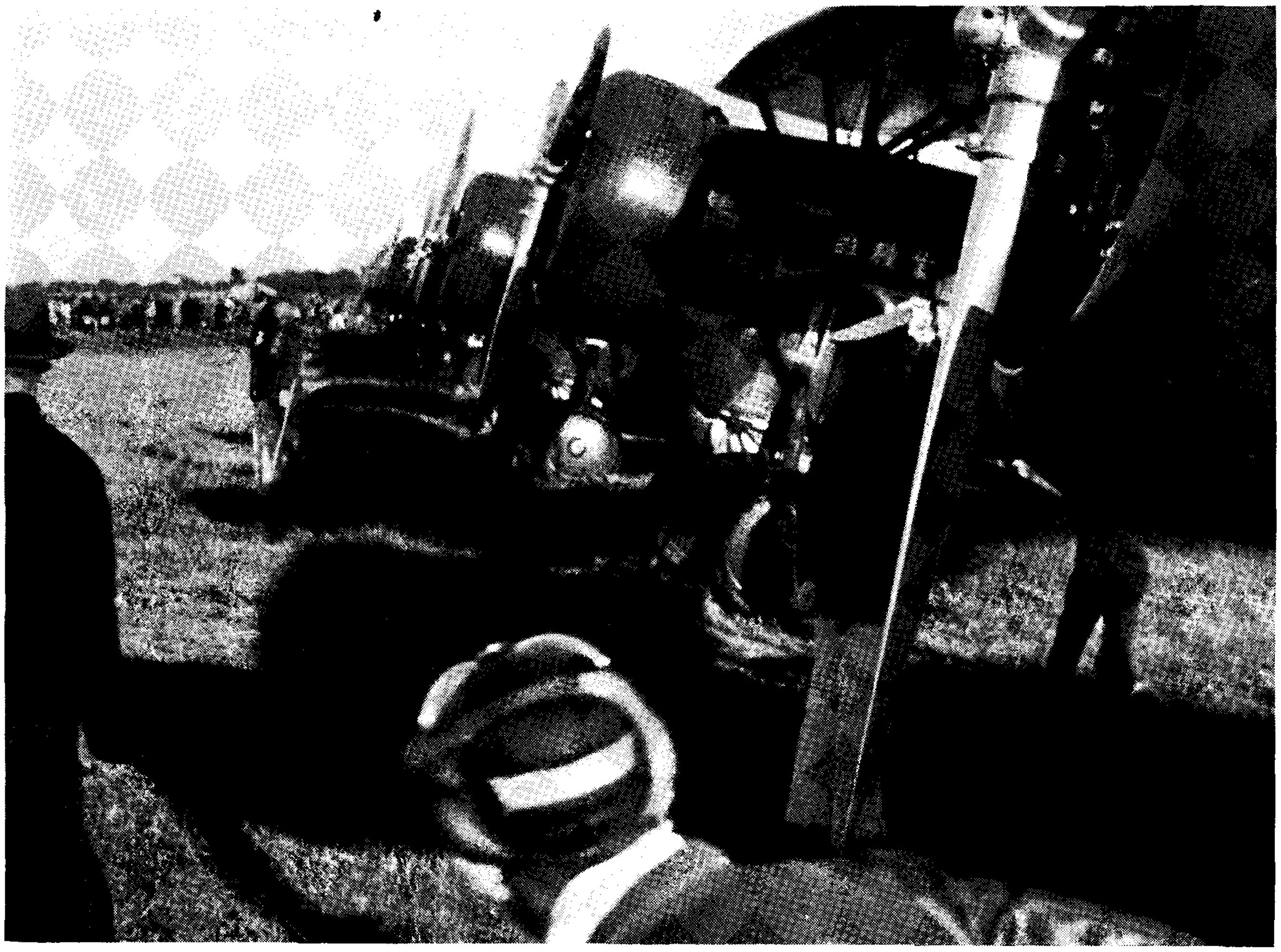
"My mother," he says, emotionlessly. "She taught me to recall all through my life how we overcame our home difficulties in the old days. Always it has been my desire to do everything in accordance with my mother's wishes—yet," he adds, with a touch of austerity, "so far I have been unable to live up to her expectations."

Something like what many leaders have said, but somehow you believe Chiang. The Chinese do not willingly give credit to any woman.

Will China win her coming battle with Japan?

"No nation can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves. If we can correct our own weaknesses, individually and col-

China under Chiang: Opposite page, top, Chinese students, impatient for a showdown with Japan, decry the dictator's diplomacy. Below, a Chinese military leader who turned bandit meets a firing squad. This page, top, despite Chiang's edicts against narcotics, opium pipes, sold openly, swell the war chest. Below, a few of the hundred fighting planes that constituted Chiang's birthday present from his adherents



lectively, we can remove all obstacles confronting China—*all* obstacles."

When does he hope to complete his self-imposed job of unifying China and making her independent?

"I have not fulfilled my mother's long-cherished wish so long as the people are in distress. So long as the task of national salvation is not accomplished I shall be responsible for the distress and sufferings of the people."

There's the key to the whole thing. Not "the government will be responsible". . . "*I* will be responsible."

You get a picture of the little, thin-faced man, sitting there with the government of China under his black slouch hat—and balanced on his narrow head the huge inverted pyramid of nearly half a billion people; a nation in the making, threatening to fall apart again, held together by one man's determination and a mother's "long-cherished wish."

The revolution in China, which Chiang has led for a decade, got its start in Hawaii, where Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who had learned medicine in Hong Kong, met with half a dozen other rebels, all fired by American ideas, and plotted the overthrow of the empire. The revolt never has lost its international aspect. The 1895 upheaval was made in Tokyo, where Chiang met Sun. The 1926 drive northward was engineered by Russian Communists led by Borodin and Galen. The present army is German-trained. The air force is American. Missionaries from the United States, New Zealand, Canada and Britain have had their parts in the social revolution.

Master of Contradictions

Chiang has three private planes. One is a German Junkers with a German crew. Another, Italian-manned, is a gift from Mussolini. A third is an American-flown Douglas. He takes help and equipment where he can get it; the great end justifies the means, blots out everything except the major passion for a new nation conceived in the brain of Sun Yat-sen, complying in its operation with his mother's wishes.

His life, because of his ruthless disregard for anything save his *idée fixe,* is full of weird contradictions.

The Japanese-German alliance is a blow to his plans and the Communists battle him continuously—yet one son is in Berlin and the other in Moscow. The third attends college near Shanghai. He denies being a militarist, and two sons are learning to be soldiers. He is no gambler, but his national lottery is the world's biggest organized gamble. One of his slogans is "China for the Chinese" —but a dozen nations have their men at his side, advising, organizing and westernizing. Keymen in every department are American-trained.

Cynical diplomats in the Nanking chancelleries, in fact, murmur over their tea that everybody is trying to unite China—except the Chinese.

The generalissimo praises free speech, but allows little. His underlings whoop for a free press, but maintain strict censorship, suppress newspapers and magazines wholesale and rush editors off to jail to languish, often without trial, for months. Students are exhorted to think and act progressively—and go to prison by the score, when they are not clubbed and shot down, for doing those very things in public.

These contradictions—the lip-service to ideals and the grimy and often brutal reality—are explained away by the virtue of necessity. Sure, it's wrong to gamble, but we have to have money for roads and buildings and armies, and a lottery is only a sort of voluntary tax, anyway. It will be abolished, when. . . . We believe in free speech, but in the present emergency we cannot allow any elements to spread discontent. . . . Students should think and act for themselves—but not to the extent of holding mass meetings and urging immediate war with Japan.

Even the growing of huge acreages of poppies, in the face of the death penalty for possession or use of opium, is explained away: We need the money. In some provinces the thing has been carried to a logical absurdity. The peasants are ordered by their local lords to grow poppies, instead of foodstuffs. Then huge taxes are levied on their land and their product and, to top it off, they are fined heavily for breaking the law against poppy growing.

A Man with One Idea

He fights for time, desperately. Students clamor for war and he knows he is not ready. Whisperers accuse him of selling out to Japan and he bites his lip and works on, to get ready to fight. People all over the country give him war planes—they gave him a round hundred on his fiftieth birthday—and then wonder why the ships don't drone over Tokyo, dropping bombs. He soothes them down and goes on getting more planes and training more pilots and storing up more bombs and starting more arsenals and buying, attracting, forcing more loyalty from the still-wavering militarists of scattered provinces.

His prayer each night is for time, time, time—every minute he can steal before the zero hour means a better chance for victory. To gain that victory he will sacrifice reputation, friendship, anything almost. A one-idea man.

And probably with the right idea.

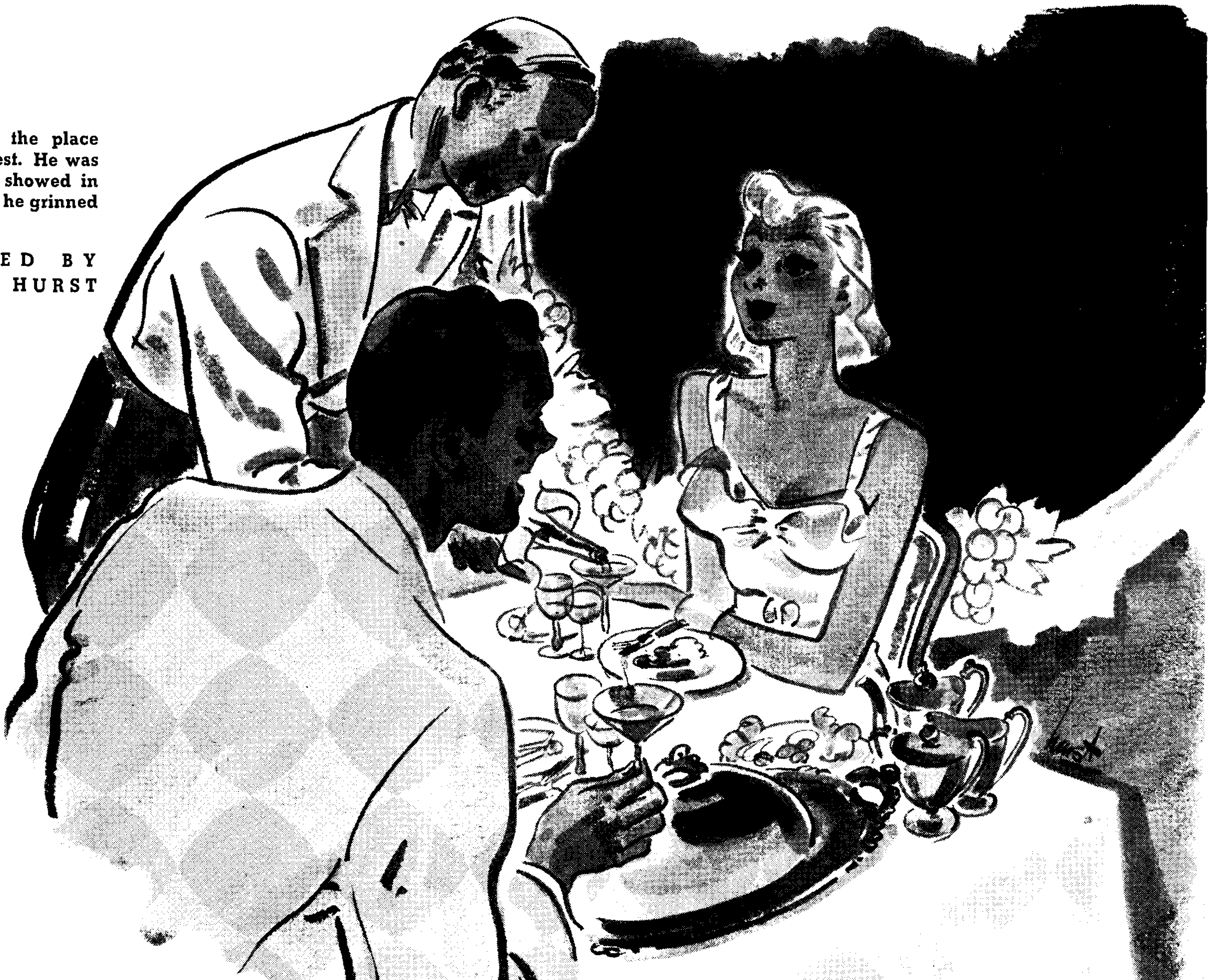
Probably right because for five years the Japanese militarists have been trying their best to provoke him into open warfare, knowing he wasn't ready. They have done things that would have brought any other nation raging into battle. But when his patience and that of his people seemed tried beyond the limit, Chiang has taken a fresh grip on himself, crushed the war spirit relentlessly and gone on—getting ready.

He wasn't going to let go his one-two punch until it had behind it the steam of his millions. A weak punch would mean the end of China—and he knew it. People called him coward, and he said nothing—knowing that his record in the old days, when he often led his troops, would refute the charge. They called him a traitor and he pointed to his record. Pressure groups urged him to fight, to surrender, to bribe, and he only shook his head.

The Japanese, who insist their motives are only benevolent toward China, and who know a good man when they see one, have a high regard for Chiang Kai-shek. The Japanese also overlook few bets. Lately, in the Orient, they have been popularizing the legend that Chiang's forebears were bold Japanese sea raiders who sailed across from Nippon and settled in Ningpo.

Of course, it's "incredible" and "impossible" that China might win a war against Japan—but you never can tell. Impossible and incredible things happen in the Orient all the time.

And if the incredible happened—well, it would be sort of comforting to Japanese "face" to let the world know that, after all, it was really the old Japanese blood, iron and sukiyaki that led China to victory.



Of all the girls in the place Kitty was the loveliest. He was proud of her and it showed in his eyes and the way he grinned

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

By Frederick Nebel

The sorrows of Joe Ackerman, a good man with cars but terrible with women. A story of the warmer climates, where they take their love seriously

The Grand Manner

JOE ACKERMAN finished the valve job on the big red phaeton at noon and Tom Edge, the service manager, took it out for a road test. Joe, whistling contentedly to himself, cleaned and put away his personal kit of tools. He went into the washroom, removed his grease-stained coveralls, and washed up. From his locker he took a pair of swimming trunks and put them on; then he put on a pair of white ducks, not too wrinkled, a blue polo shirt, and a pair of white sneakers. It was Saturday and he was finished for the day.

He went into the office and Mr. McNerney, the owner-manager, gave him his pay envelope. Mr. McNerney almost always wore tweed coats and white flannels and made quite a picture among the sleek new cars in the showrooms.

"Well, Joe, you've been with us a month."

"Yes, sir, a month, about."

"You're a mighty fine mechanic, Joe."

"Yes, sir."

"You know it, don't you?"

"Well, I know engines, Mr. McNerney."

Mr. McNerney laughed. "That's the stuff, Joe!"

Joe hung around the pumps outside until Tom Edge came in with the phaeton. Tom said, "Okay, Joe. Hunkydory."

Joe smiled. "She's some buggy, Tom, but the guy that drives her ain't kind to her at all. It busts my heart, the way some guys manhandle a swell job."

He strolled out into the bright white downpour of the Florida sunlight, crossed the square and crunched his feet on the shell and limestone parking lot in front of the Orange Blossom. A dozen cars were drawn up and people sat in them eating from trays clamped to the doors. The girls who served the sandwiches and drinks wore short orange-colored dresses, with berets to match. A long open-air counter stood beneath an orange awning which shaded a row of fifteen high stools.

KERESSEY, one of the countermen, said, "Hi yuh, Joe."

"Hi yuh. A bowl of chili and a bottle of milk."

Joe climbed aboard a stool, swiveled so that his back was against the counter, and looked around for Kitty.

She was down at the other end of the parking lot taking an order. She was lovely to look at, Joe thought, with her little heels together, her body very straight, her elbows against her sides and the pencil and order pad in her hands. He wondered if she'd ever break down and give him a date.

Presently she came toward the counter. Joe said, "Oh, hello, Kitty."

"Oh, Joe—hello!" she replied, giving him a bright, friendly smile. Instead of making him happy, it made him gloomy, because it was the way she smiled at everybody.

A horn tooted and she turned and went off to take care of one of her customers.

Joe's chili arrived and he bent over it. She probably didn't know he existed, he went on thinking. For three weeks, ever since she came to work at the Orange Blossom, he'd seen her every day. He always came here to eat, sometimes twice a day, just to see her. Sometimes he met her on the beach, but it was always by chance. She was usually with her older sister, Edna, or with a couple of girls from the Orange Blossom. They'd sit around and talk and kid and maybe take a swim together, but she'd never go out with him. He wasn't on the make, he was really crazy about her, but she didn't know that and there was no way a guy like him could tell her.

When she came back to the counter with a tray of empty dishes, he said, "Going down the beach this afternoon?"

"Why, no, I'm not."

"I figured maybe you'd like to run out

to the Gondolier tonight and dance some."

"Well, no, I can't."

"All dated up, huh?"

She nodded. "Hmmmm."

"Maybe I could have a date, maybe, *a month from now," he said, putting an* edge on his voice.

She laughed. "Oh, Joe, you're so funny."

She took hold of the laden tray which Keressey put on the counter and clicked her heels out across the parking lot.

Keressey said, "Get wise to yourself, pal. You're swinging at thin air."

"Who asked you for your two cents?" Joe growled.

"I'm just telling you. Hey—" Keressey lifted his nose and nodded past Joe's shoulder. "Pipe the gocart just rolling in."

JOE turned and saw the red phaeton he had finished working on that morning. It was pulling into the parking lot and Kitty was going toward it laughing and waving her hand. Joe turned back to the counter again and grumbled, "Well?"

"What would you say a gocart like that costs?"

"I dunno, around four grand."

"Yeah. About what you knock down, say, in three or four years. And," Keressey added, prodding Joe with a long, bent forefinger, "that fair-haired boy at the wheel ain't the chauffeur, sweetheart; he *owns* the gocart."

Joe was blushing. He snapped, "Well?"

Keressey was imperturbable. "Well?" He rolled his large, pale eyes. "Buddy Dumont is that way about our little Kitty," he simpered.

Joe paid his bill, and walked out.

He got out his old repainted touring car, and whanged it out Las Olas to the beach. He undressed in the car, gave his trunks a hitch, and took a long swim. Then he lay on the sand, in the sun and the trade wind, face down, and heard the sound of the waves and the laughing voices of girls and fellows and radio music from one of the cars parked on the embankment.

He thought the whole thing over, then sat up, squinted and said, "Well, let her—let her run around with him. No skin off my back."

HE GOT up and set out on a long walk up the beach, kicking at seashells or hanks of kelp. A girl's voice yelled, "Hey, Toots," and because he recognized the voice he turned his head and saw Mabel Gates lying on the sand and smoking a cigarette. Mabel was one of the girls at the Orange Blossom. She was a redhead who painted her lips too much and was rated a pretty hard number. She didn't like Kitty.

Joe went over and dropped down beside her. She tossed him a packet of cigarettes and he took one and said, "Thanks," and leaned over to get a light from hers.

Mabel said, "Trouble with you, Toots, you don't make a pass at the right girls. That little Kitty Maxwell thinks she's somebody swell."

Joe was preoccupied. "Yeah," he said.

"Sure. Her and her airs! I burn!"

"Um."

She lay back luxuriously. "As a matter of fact, Joe, I think you're a pretty swell guy, except maybe you're a dope."

Joe tossed up a handful of sand and made a pretense at catching it. "How about going to the Gondolier tonight?"

"I ain't playing no second fiddle to Kitty Maxwell! Ha, I guess not!"

"Okay, skip it. It was just an idea."

She looked at him narrowly. He was really a pretty good-looking guy, with a good build and a quiet but hefty way of talking. He had nice bushy hair and clear skin and he probably wasn't more than twenty-one or -two. A kid. A nice kid. A dope. Mabel sighed.

"Well, s'pose you give me a ring around five," she said.

"Skip it, I said." He was preoccupied, *a million miles away from her. "If you* got a date, you got it. And you'll still have it at five."

"I mean, I'll break it."

He called for her at eight and they drove out to the Gondolier. Joe discovered after the first few dances that Mabel certainly knew how to go to town.

"You're tops," he said.

"You ain't no slouch yourself, sugar. You got rhythm. . . . Oh, look, there's Oggie Biemeister and some guys and gals. I'd like you t' meet 'em, Joe."

There were about eight in the group and Joe never did get the names straight, except Oggie Biemeister's. Oggie was *an unhealthy-looking fellow, all neck* and eyes and big teeth; the first thing he did was slap Joe on the back and say, "Good old Joe. Glad t' meet you, Jo-jo." Joe didn't like to be slapped on the back by strangers.

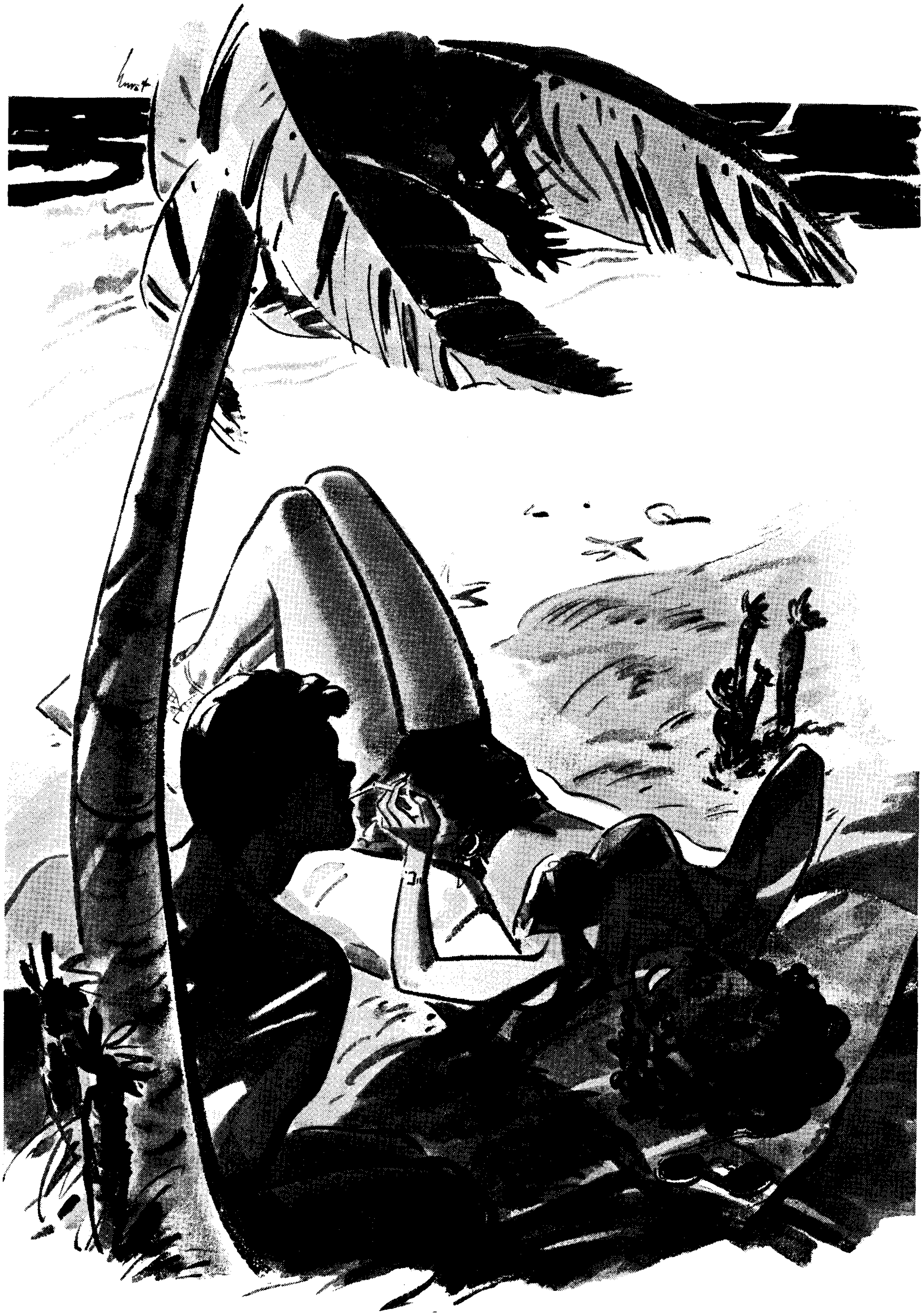
They wound up at a small, noisy night spot out off the beach road. It looked pretty rough to Joe, not the kind of place he'd like to take a girl to. Mabel was getting tight and when she threw her arms around him at the table and kissed him Joe said under his breath, "Hey, cut it out!" He had to pry her away. She turned to a fellow on the other side of her and began hugging *him, and Oggie yelled:*

"Hey, Jo-jo, look what your gal's doing!"

"Let her," said Joe offhand. "Makes no difference to me."

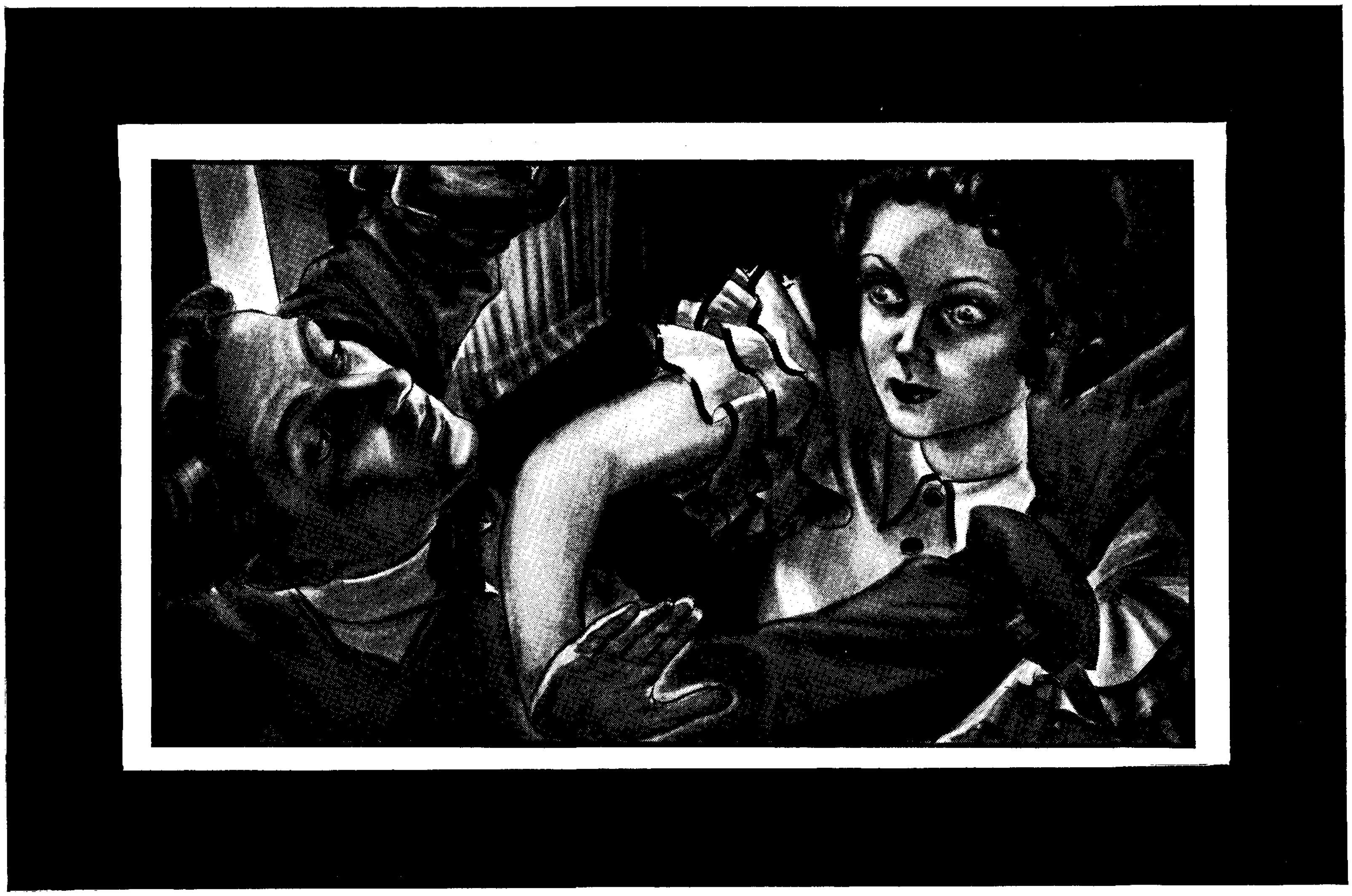
The next thing he knew Mabel was yelling at him, "Oh, it don't, don't it?" She was flushed and her red hair stood on end. "Well, maybe you think I care

(Continued on page 56)



"As a matter of fact, Joe," she said, "I think you're a pretty swell guy, except maybe you're a dope"

PROPERTY OF UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Invitation to Dance

The very human story of a girl in search of a good time, regardless of consequences

By Libbie Block

THERE never had been and never would be anything she wanted as much as that lipstick. It was indelible and guaranteed, see, to make your lips as sweet and shiny as the caramel they dipped apples in. But she didn't have a dollar, so she swiped it.

You'd have thought she was reading a movie magazine, leaning there against the scratched counter of Old Man Hinkle's Pharmacy. He'd let you hang around and look at the magazines if your hands were clean and your folks bought medicines from him. You could figure how you'd look with a haircut like Hepburn's, or look at Clark Gable and wonder what it would be like to have him kiss you.

Nobody could notice her; she just acted like she was looking a long time at some picture, holding the magazine with one hand. The other hand, though, reached up and tickled the lipstick off the pile and into her jacket pocket. Now it was there; it seemed to burn her deliciously where she could feel the light pressure of it against her side. Hers! She'd show the guys that hung out around Hinkle's how she looked wearing lipstick that cost a buck.

"You better put that back."

The boy was leaning against the counter, too. He must have been there a long time, watching her. He had his elbow on the glass top of the showcase. A million buttons had met and scratched that glass; you could hardly see through it.

She gave him the eye, a long, bitter look specially designed to put him in his place and show him she wasn't afraid of him. She tossed her head and drew her long eyebrows together till they made a black satin ribbon across her forehead.

"Go on now. Put it back. What you want, Old Man Hinkle to find out?"

He blew smoke out of his nose, right at her, but she didn't turn her head away. He wasn't whispering but his teeth were clamped so tight and the words came out so low it seemed like the voice of your conscience she had heard about some place. Anyhow, nobody else heard. There was always plenty of noise around Hinkle's.

SHE put her hand in her pocket; lovingly the lipstick slipped into her curled fingers and stayed there. She wasn't giving it back, and she wasn't giving it up.

"Says you!" she hissed back at him. She could do that too, so nobody could hear but the one you were talking to. Then, swinging her hips, she walked slowly by, touching her shoulder against his and biting a curled underlip, pink without benefit of cosmetics.

The eight or nine boys who always hung around Hinkle's doorway during school vacation parted unwillingly to let her out into the soupy sunlight of Western Avenue. There was a whistle from one of them, short and high-pitched. But that was nothing. They whistled like that for every girl. What she wanted from the gang was one of those quick silences, and then a sort of groan, all together. That would mean they liked her shape, and her face and the way she walked. Wait'll they saw her with the lipstick on.

The boy was walking with her, singing "They took her down to the jailhouse" to the tune of Frankie and Johnny. She tried walking a little faster, so did he. He walked easier than she did. She was having a terrible time getting used to high heels. For a few feet she didn't look at him, then she tried staring him down, half closing her enormous brown eyes. He didn't seem to mind, just kept on singing. He was really a good-looker, big and blond, and his hair was kind of curly too.

"Scram," she said.

He elbowed her into a doorway. She leaned against the wall and he put his arms up against the wall, too, one on either side of her, not touching her but pinning her there. She couldn't get away. He talked right into her face, smiling. His eyes were blue, and wise.

"What's your name, kid?" he asked.

"What's it to you?"

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen." She wouldn't have told him but she wanted to see if she could get away with it.

"Nuts. You're no more than fourteen."

"Sixteen."

"Well, what's your name? Tell me or I tell Old Man Hinkle you swiped a lipstick."

"Edie." She relaxed against the wall. Under the thin white dress each little fledgling curve asserted itself.

"Mine's Danny. Why didn't you buy that thing if you had to have it?"

"Go ahead and snitch. Who cares?"

"I get it. You didn't have the dough. That it?"

SURE her old man would be just the one to lay out a dollar for a lipstick. She could just see him. If she only had a sister, maybe, who already used it. Not from the dime store either; their stuff wasn't guaranteed.

"Well, are you going to tell him or not? Lemme out of here."

He put his hands back in his pockets and they stood there a second, brown eyes deep into blue. Then he gave his cigarette to the sidewalk and squashed the glow with his heel.

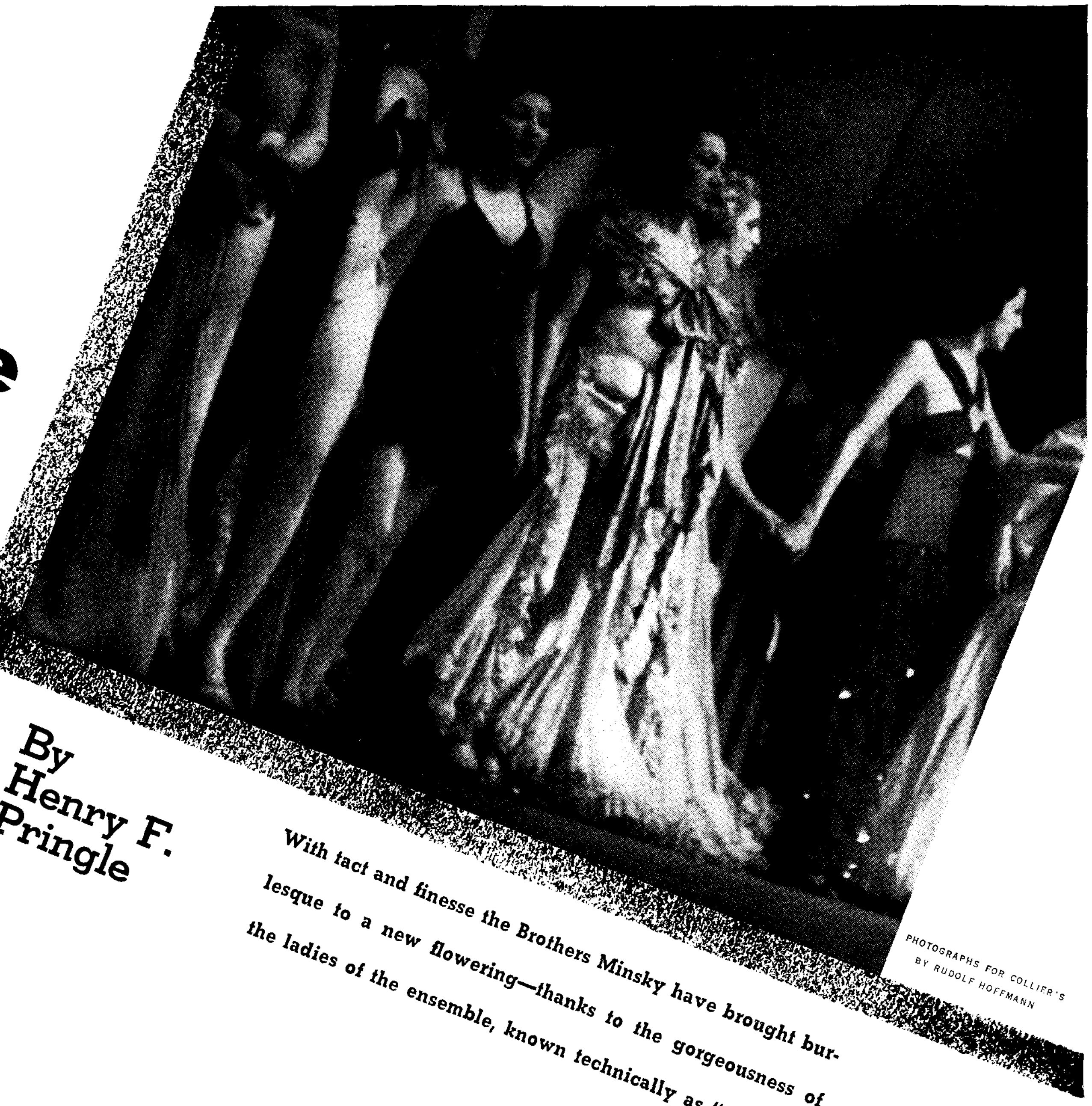
"I wouldn't soil my mouth telling anybody. You'll like it at the reform school They'll get you there without my sayso."

She ducked out of the doorway and

(Continued on page 64)

The Minsky Kids

By Henry F. Pringle



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RUDOLF HOFFMANN

With tact and finesse the Brothers Minsky have brought burlesque to a new flowering—thanks to the gorgeousness of the ladies of the ensemble, known technically as "the kids"

IN a very short time, if the hopes and ambitions of Messrs H. K. and Morton Minsky are realized, a Minsky burlesque girl will be at least as glorified as were the pretties of the late Florenz Ziegfeld. The Brothers Minsky were not content to have their name synonymous with burlesque; they yearned to have it stand for the ultimate in feminine pulchritude as well. So they have dedicated their latest theater, the Oriental on Broadway and Fifty-first Street, to the glorification of the babes of burlesque.

The Oriental Theater, which was opened with appropriate ceremonies on Christmas Night, is by no means the only Minsky burlesque house in the United States. Messrs H. K. and Morton, for that matter, are not the only Minskys in burlesque. They have an older brother, Abe, who runs a rival house a few blocks south of the Oriental and who appears to be less interested in the higher aspects of their calling. There are rumors, indeed, that all is not harmony in the Minsky tong. But these rumors have no bearing on the aspirations of Mr. H. K. and Mr. Morton. I shall touch on them later.

Excitement ran high at the Oriental Theater prior to the opening on Christmas. The Minskys buzzed in and out of their offices on the second floor. They answered three telephones at once. Mr. H. K. found time, however, to dwell on his hope that even Follies girls would not scorn to work for him.

"In fact," he said, "we're already hiring girls from the Follies."

At this opportune moment a golden babe was ushered into the room and was formally presented. I did not catch her name: Goldie, as she must frequently be addressed, will do. She admitted that she had been in one of the extravaganzas which still bear Ziegfeld's name.

"Pleased to meetcher," she said in a throaty voice.

Mr. H. K. and Mr. Morton beamed with pride as she undulated out of the room.

"You see!" said Mr. H. K. "That's the way it's going to be: from Minsky's to the Follies and back to Minsky's."

The day has passed, even in less splendid burlesque establishments, when the girls are well beyond the spring of their youth. Most of them, these days, are just beginning what they hope will be careers. Their experience is slight and their pay is correspondingly small; about forty dollars a week. The traditional method of obtaining burlesque recruits is to advertise for dancers, "No Experience Needed." Then they are whipped into shape during long and arduous hours of practice. The hard work doesn't seem to hurt the "kids," as they are technically known. Their health records, in fact, are excellent. Maybe it's because they get so much exercise and because they don't wear too much clothing.

The matter of clothing sometimes brings up delicate situations. "Do you pose?" is the euphemistic question asked by the dance director when new girls report for work. Most of them are sophisticated enough to know what this means; that they will wear little or nothing and, in time, work up to the honored post of strip artist if they are good enough. Sometimes, though, a very innocent damsel will be puzzled.

"Do you pose?" a Minsky aide asked one girl recruit prior to the Oriental première.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" she answered suavely. "I've always wanted to be a photographer's model."

The other girls thought it was very funny.

Messrs H. K. and Morton Minsky were not satisfied with the traditional method of obtaining new burlesque talent and an innovation at the Oriental Theater is a training school. Its hours will be somewhat unconventional: it will convene along toward midnight after the final show and its classes will continue until dawn. The courses will be unconventional, too. Minsky College will give lessons in dancing and singing. The most important course will be in the fine points of the strip act.

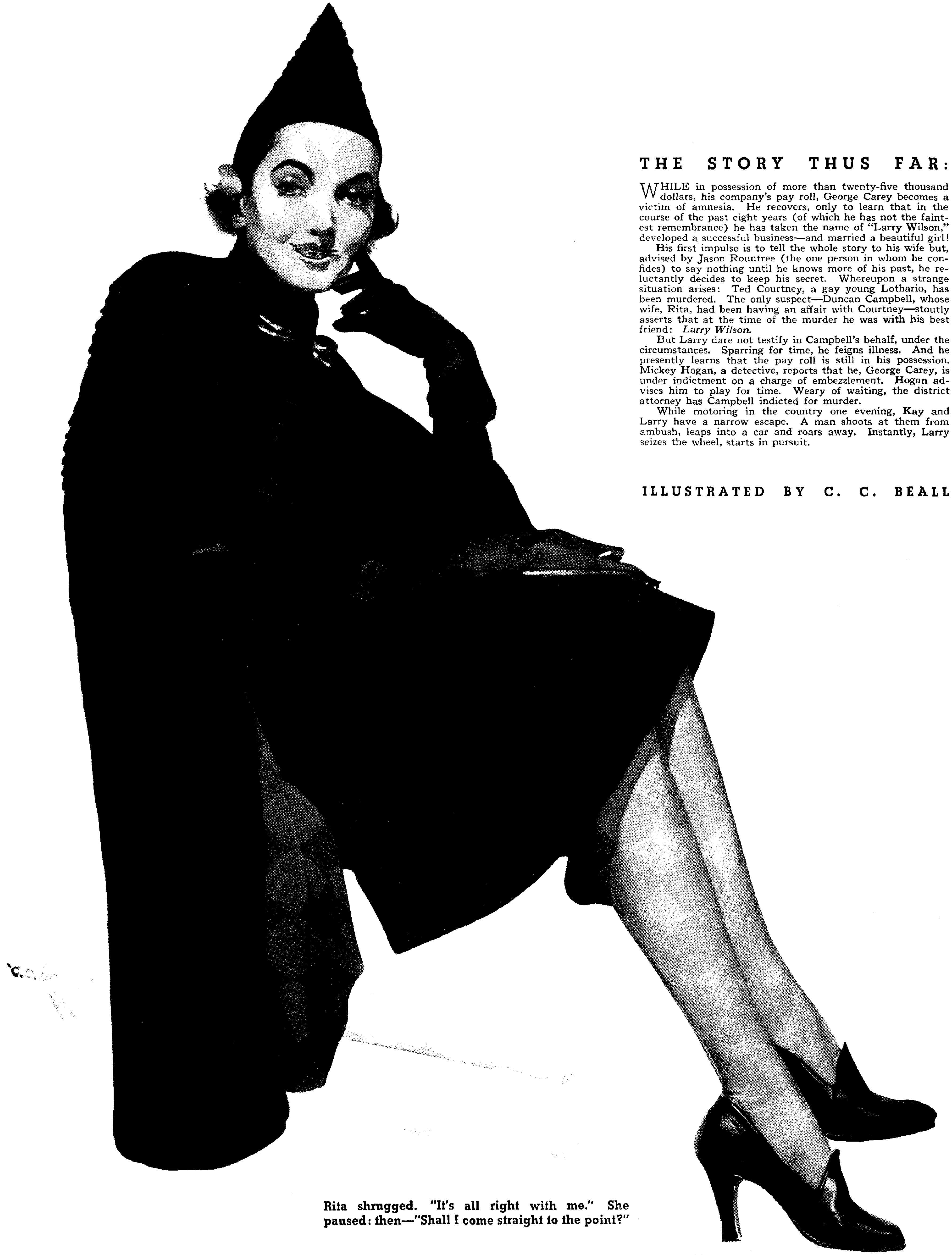
"It's not easy to get good strip girls," Dean Morton Minsky will tell you. "It's impossible merely to pick out some pretty chorus girl and tell her to undress. For one thing, it would be indecent. For another, she wouldn't hold the audience. Stripping, you see, is an art. The girl must have personality, poise and a sense of rhythm. She must have rhythm because she takes off her clothes in time to music. She must also be able to dance a little. It helps if she can sing."

The graduates of Minsky College will get jobs at the Oriental or in other houses. Dean Morton Minsky is hopeful that another Gypsy Rose Lee will be developed in due time. Miss Lee, among the most eminent of the strippers, is a Minsky alumna. She demonstrated her college spirit, a few days before the opening on Christmas, when she christened the Oriental Theater.

Messrs H. K. and Morton, in the official

(Continued on page 60)

H. K. and Morton Minsky, producers of an old art in a new setting, and, above, a scene on the stage of their newest shrine to Burlesque



THE STORY THUS FAR:

WHILE in possession of more than twenty-five thousand dollars, his company's pay roll, George Carey becomes a victim of amnesia. He recovers, only to learn that in the course of the past eight years (of which he has not the faintest remembrance) he has taken the name of "Larry Wilson," developed a successful business—and married a beautiful girl!

His first impulse is to tell the whole story to his wife but, advised by Jason Rountree (the one person in whom he confides) to say nothing until he knows more of his past, he reluctantly decides to keep his secret. Whereupon a strange situation arises: Ted Courtney, a gay young Lothario, has been murdered. The only suspect—Duncan Campbell, whose wife, Rita, had been having an affair with Courtney—stoutly asserts that at the time of the murder he was with his best friend: *Larry Wilson.*

But Larry dare not testify in Campbell's behalf, under the circumstances. Sparring for time, he feigns illness. And he presently learns that the pay roll is still in his possession. Mickey Hogan, a detective, reports that he, George Carey, is under indictment on a charge of embezzlement. Hogan advises him to play for time. Weary of waiting, the district attorney has Campbell indicted for murder.

While motoring in the country one evening, Kay and Larry have a narrow escape. A man shoots at them from ambush, leaps into a car and roars away. Instantly, Larry seizes the wheel, starts in pursuit.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Rita shrugged. "It's all right with me." She paused: then—"Shall I come straight to the point?"

I Love You Again

By Octavus Roy Cohen

VI

LARRY jammed the throttle against the floor board, and the car leaped ahead. For a few moments there was no sound within the sedan. Then Kay spoke.

She said, "I hate to admit it—but I'm frightened."

Larry took his eyes from the road only long enough to flash her a reassuring glance. He said, "So am I."

"Then what's the idea?"

"Of what?"

"Trying to catch that car?"

"I'm not trying to catch it. I only want to get close enough to recognize it if I see it again."

She said, "And I hope *I* never see it again. I'm just beginning to realize that I could go hysterical in a large way."

"Don't do it."

"I'm really scared to death."

"It's over. He missed me."

"Have you any idea who it was?"

"Your guess is as good as mine, Kay."

"Is it?"

"It's better." He grinned crookedly. "I'm a bit jumpy myself." He raced on through the night. Then, trying to make the question sound natural: "You didn't happen to get a look at him, did you?"

"No. Right after he fired, he turned on the headlights and they blinded me." She touched his arm: "Oh, Larry—why should anyone try to kill you?"

"I don't know," he answered with perfect truth. "Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless it was the man who killed Ted Courtney."

"I see. . . ." Her voice was gentle. "That bullet hole in the windshield makes me feel a bit sickish."

"Makes me feel important," he said, in an effort to dispel her nervousness. "Really, your husband must amount to something around here. Not every man is given so much personal attention."

"Suppose his aim had been better?"

"Let's not play that way. He missed—and that's all there is to it."

"Except this." He felt her body closer to his. "This really isn't sensible, you know."

"Chasing him?"

"Exactly. He's got a gun."

He released the pressure on the throttle and the car slowed down. "You appeal to my common sense. But I'd sure like to know who it was."

She said, "Thanks, dear. This is no time to find out."

The ruby taillight of the car they had been pursuing vanished around a curve. Larry reduced his speed to fifteen miles. He shrugged and said, "Thus endeth the first lesson."

He saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "Chin up, honey."

"It's up—but trembling."

"You'd have made a most attractive widow, you know."

"I've always thought . . ." Her hand reached out and touched his long, strong fingers as they lay on the wheel: "I'm trying to make light of it, Larry—but I can't. It's too close and too real."

"I'm not cheering, either. The gentleman—whoever he was—meant business."

"It's peculiar . . ." She hesitated for a moment and then went on: "I was so annoyed with you just before it happened, because you wouldn't tell me things. Then it all became suddenly so unimportant."

"Naturally."

"Now it's over—and I'm annoyed again. You've got ideas about who it might have been—"

"Wrong. I can't even make a guess."

She said, thoughtfully, "You're a very queer person, Larry."

"Just finding that out?"

"Yes. For days you distinguish yourself by doing nothing. Then—under pressure—you are foolhardy."

"Instinct, that's all. It didn't take much persuasion to make me abandon the chase."

"You refuse to be heroic about this incident?"

"There's nothing of the hero about me. I'm just normal—or a trifle less."

She was pulling herself together. She smiled gratefully. "You do very well—on occasion."

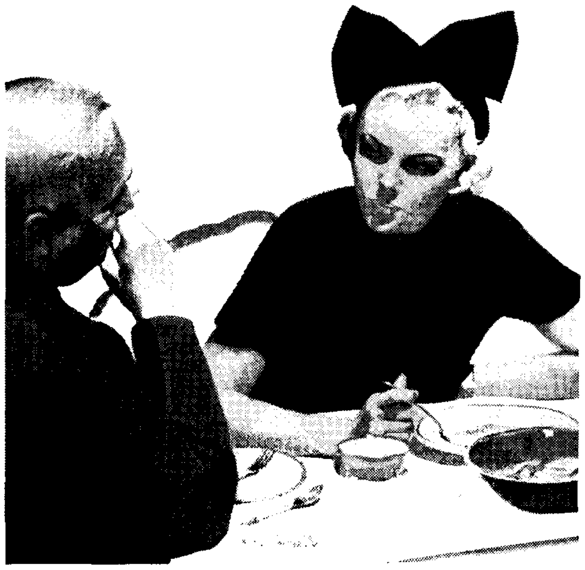
"I aim to please." He stopped the car and lighted a cigarette with fingers which were not quite steady. "I'm kind of washed out myself. It's difficult to be nonchalant."

"You seem to be doing quite well." Again that serious note in her voice: "Surely, you must have *some* idea."

"I haven't. Really. Let's talk about something else."

"I'm afraid we couldn't carry it off."

"I suppose not. I had been planning some brave gay speeches, 'Well, the thrill was worth it,' and that sort of thing. But I know they'd sound a trifle hollow."



"Listen," protested Mr. Rountree, "you're too nice a girl to be using such expressions"

"I'm afraid they'd make me cry," Kay replied.

Larry hesitated a moment and then his arm went around her, and he kissed her lightly.

"Don't," he advised—"I can't take it."

He slipped into gear again and drove on toward the city. The road wound up toward the mountaintop in broad sweeps and on a gentle grade. They passed over the crest and again he saw the jeweled panorama of city spread below him; again he was impressed by the size of Habersham. His right foot toyed with the brake as they started downhill. They came to an intersection—a place where the road from over the mountain spread into a Y, both arms of which eventually fanned out into a maze of streets with which he was totally unfamiliar. He pulled over to the curb and opened the door beside him.

He said, "Mind taking the wheel, Kay?"

"What for? We're practically home."

He could not explain that he didn't know the way: that the streets were strange to him. He said, "My head aches like the devil. I'm a sissy, I suppose."

HE MOVED around the car and slipped into the other side. She moved under the wheel because there seemed nothing else she could do, but there was a questioning light in her eyes. She repeated, "Just a few blocks . . ."

"Be a good girl . . ."

She laughed shortly: "'Theirs not to reason why . . .'"

They dropped down a steep thoroughfare to the broad, level stretch of Mountain Avenue. The street had a strip of park in the middle: trees and shrubs and flowers. Stately old homes stood stanchly in back of well-tended lawns and fragrant gardens. Over everything was an air of splendid tranquillity, and of safety. The little round hole in the windshield was an incongruous—a thoroughly unbelievable—thing. Larry tried not to look at it; tried to forget that it was there. He did not wish to remember what it meant, or what it portended.

Kay drove the car into the garage. They entered the house together and Larry went immediately to the buffet. He returned with two small glasses. "A bit o' brandy," he said. "Good for what ails you."

She gulped it down. "Thanks. It seems to demand an encore."

"I didn't know you drank."

"Only on special occasions—or when I need it."

"Waiter," called Larry, as he started back for the dining room, "two more brandies—and make it snappy."

Later, as they sat on the veranda, he took her hand.

"Feeling better, Kay?"

"I should say yes, shouldn't I?"

There was a pause. He spoke again.

"You were splendid, Kay."

"Too scared to protest. And you shoved me around scandalously."

"My natural cave-man instincts. I'm really a very tough lad."

"You're a very stubborn one."

"My apologies. Try to forgive and forget."

She turned away from him, so that he could not see the tears which unexpectedly filled her eyes. The car was in the garage, but she could still see the bullet hole, could again hear the crack of a revolver on a dark road.

He was looking at her intently, and when he spoke his voice was infinitely gentle:

"Will you do me a favor, Kay?"

"What is it?"

"Concentrate. On this night. On this very minute."

"Why this, particularly?"

"Because at this moment I'm telling you that I love you."

She faced him.

"Is that new?" she asked.

"It's always new," he said quietly, "and at this moment it's particularly real."

Her hand found his.

She said, "I'll do it, dear. It's easy to remember something you want to believe."

"CAN you imagine that?" inquired Jason, and Larry answered, "I'm willing to try."

"Look," went on the astonished Mr. Rountree: "I thought this sort of a town was always placid."

"We learn and live."

"Yes—but just barely. Gee, Larry—what's to say how long you'll live if this sort of thing keeps on?"

Larry said, "It's not very complicated, Jason. The gentleman who used me as a target last night must be the chap who killed Ted Courtney."

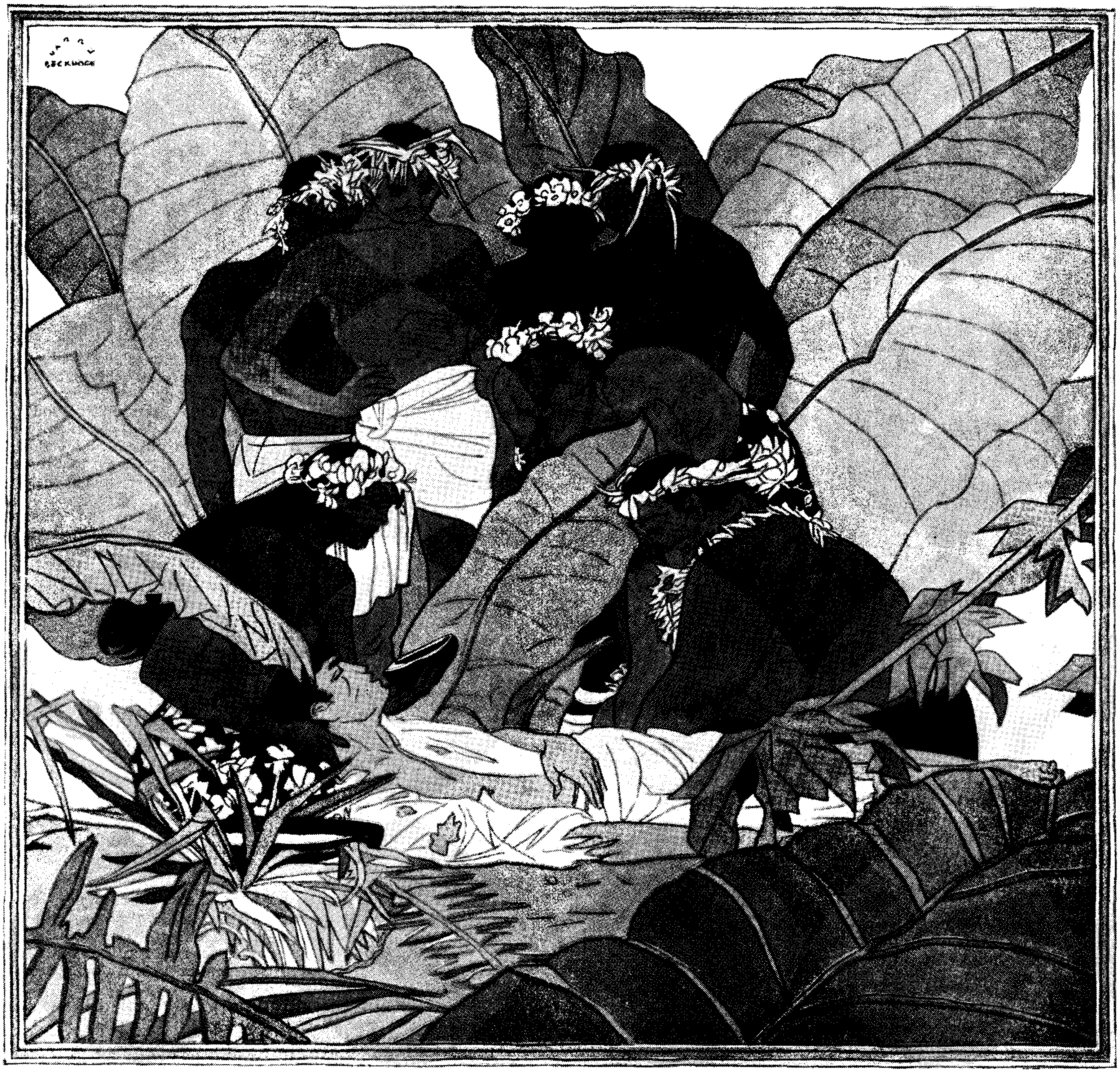
"Well," Mr. Rountree polished his bald pate, "what's the answer?"

"It isn't so awfully difficult. Imagine for a minute that you killed Ted Courtney and that Duncan Campbell told everyone that as soon as I got back to Habersham I'd okay his alibi. Of all people in town, you know that I will, because you know that you are guilty. Then I return and keep my mouth shut. What does that make you?"

"Scared. Badly scared."

"Sure. Because, being guilty yourself—you're afraid of anything you can't understand. If I had done what this chap expected me to do, he'd have been

(Continued on page 28)



Later, when he came to, Tehina had his head cradled in her lap as she fed him

White Man's Burden

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF

The story of Tomi, who thought white men wonderful, and nearly lost his life proving it

THIS is the story of Tomi, who is the white man on Opahiki, though his grandmother was daughter to a Rutiaro cannibal chief. His real name is probably Thomas, of which Tomi is a logical variation, but nobody knows. On Opahiki nobody cares, because Tomi has a vast, an enormous, an incredible reputation there. And anybody on Opahiki would explain the reverence accorded Tomi by saying simply:

"He is a white man."

It is almost true, to be sure. But there is something more than lack of pigmentation behind Tomi's eminence on Opahiki. He landed there without trade guns or weapons—indeed, without strength to walk a hundred yards. He was practically naked, and three parts starved, and so weary that he had to crawl across the beach to shelter, once he had emerged from the surf. But nowadays the old men listen respectfully to his words, and the young men envy him his scars, and the women—well, they envy Tehina.

His coming, though, was not intentional. It resulted from the explosion of the gasoline tank on a trading schooner whose name is not recorded. The explosion blew four native sailors to bits and killed the white skipper outright, but it flung Tomi clear and, swimming, he watched the schooner burn and sink. Then he floated to a charred spar for two nights and a day, suffering, before he saw the loom of land below the horizon. And he knew that if he did not make that land he would be carried on by the current which had borne him here and die leisurely in the open sea beyond. So he made it.

This is not the story of that struggle. It meant prodigious exertion when he had lost all his strength from hunger and thirst and long immersion. It meant calculation of the most precise and accurate sort, with no data to speak of. And when his calculations turned out to be reasonably correct—he found himself on the windward side of the island, outside of a spouting barrier reef. There was no opening in that reef on this side of the island. He had to go in over it. And he did.

Monstrous rollers heaved him up. Breakers buried him out of sight in their unsubstantial, strangling foam. He had tied himself to the one charred spar, and he was a spinning mote, a helpless, suffocating atom, as the combers played brutally with him. But he was lucky, at that. Presently he came dazedly to realize that he no longer fought for breath. The swells were lessened. Live coral branches had flayed strips of flesh from him, but he was alive. More. Presently he felt sand bottom bumping his feet. Which was more than any man would have had reason to expect.

He was too far gone to walk across the beach, though. He crawled out of the water on his hands and knees, tottering with weakness and exhaustion, and just inside the first line of palm trees he collapsed. He was not a pretty sight just then. His clothes were reduced to shreds by fire and soaking and his journey through the surf. His skin was shriveled and bleached by the water. His body was shrunken by privation so that the beating of his heart made visible pulsations between his ribs.

He had collapsed. He rested. Presently he even slept after a fashion. Some strength came back to him. He was still weak when he woke. He was weak and ravenous and tormented with thirst. But there were coconut palms about him, and green nuts for drinking and maturer ones for food. He saw them at once, but even as he crawled feebly in quest of food he was realizing that there should not have been any land in this place.

THEN he saw Tehina.

She was all slim golden shapeliness. She was staring at him with a lively, amazed excitement. She wore flowers in her hair and nothing else of much importance. She had been swimming, and she had seen the dragging, reptilian trail of Tomi's crawling across the beach. She'd followed that trail out of curiosity.

She came nearer, staring, and then seemed to realize that he was half-starved and weak and—with increasing excitement—that he was a stranger. She made astonished noises and fled. And Tomi stared after her, watching her brown body twinkle in the speckled sunshine underneath the trees. She did not run like one who was frightened. She was going for help.

Tomi was still on his hands and knees. He was too weak to stand. But the sight of Tehina had told him much. Her manner had told him more. No white man had ever been seen on this island. Tomi's skin was practically white. And a great change came over Tomi as Tehina vanished in the distance.

He crawled to the scarred base of a great palm tree and set his two hands upon it. He ground his teeth and drew upon the last reserves of his strength. He managed, sobbing with the anguish of exertion, to drag himself erect. The girl had gone to bring others here. And Tomi—because his skin was practically white—wished to be erect when they came.

He was. He wavered on his feet, and he stood upright only by the help of the friendly palm trunk. But when Tehina came back he was standing, and the whiteness of his skin was plainly to be seen. The startled folk of Opahiki had followed Tehina to see the prodigy she described. They now uttered inquiring, placatory words. Tomi fumbled out their meaning. He knew more than one of the island dialects. This was not impossible to understand.

"I am a white man," he said firmly, though his head reeled with his weakness. "And therefore you must bring me food and drink—"

And then the horizon slanted crazily and the earth came up and struck Tomi in the face. He had fainted. But he had created a desirable first impression.

Later, when he came to and Tehina held his head cradled in her lap while she fed him just as much and just as swiftly as she dared—later, Tomi came to be definitely convinced that fate had called him to this island for the fulfillment of a delectable destiny. Because he was a white man on Opahiki. *The* white man on Opahiki.

So a very great peace descended upon Tomi.

There was no suitable timber nor any tools with which a boat could be built to take him back to civilization. Fed and rested, Tomi went all over the atoll and made sure. He visited each of the many *motus* in turn, with Tehina swinging along beside him and watching him openly or covertly every moment and frankly delighted at the find she had made. To her, Tomi was at once heroic and infantile. He was still weak, but he was handsome enough, even though his skin was practically white. He was to be marveled at, and admired, and undoubtedly he needed to be coddled into full strength and vigor again. Every woman feels such instincts when she has once seen a man lie helpless.

To Tomi, Opahiki was at once a refuge and a blessing. It is not remarkable to the eye, to be sure. It is a succession of *motus*—lesser islets—about the rim of a vast, sapphire lagoon. It is like ten thousand other atolls, from the green palms with their angularly graceful fronds, to the wide white beaches of dazzling coral sand. It is surrounded by ocean of a quite incredible blueness; but one degree less preposterously blue than the cloud-flecked sky overhead. There is a soft, sad, booming noise perpetually in the air from the surf upon the reef or on the beaches, and there are clouds of sea birds to blend their cries with that booming. It is immensely lonely and impossibly beautiful, and no man should need lotus leaves to make him content on Opahiki.

But Tomi looked at other things besides. He was a white man on Opahiki, which had never seen a white man before. He was *the* white man. So he took due notice that there was pearl shell in the lagoon, and there could be copra from the coconut palms, and there might be sea cucumbers in the waters off the beaches. It could be planted more thickly to coconut palms, and it could be carefully tended, and with due attention to quality and packing it would amount to a gold mine to a man who owned it. Tomi considered that as its discoverer he was its logical proprietor. He made plans in his own mind for this thing and that. For a store, which would contain brass beds and alarm clocks and corned beef in cans and perfume and other desirable objects. It would be a typical white trader's store. He, Tomi, would be the white trader. This was manifestly the destiny for which he had been cast on Opahiki.

BUT with no timber or tools to build a boat, it was not possible in any way to set about the furtherance of his destiny. It must wait until a white man's ship somehow touched at Opahiki and Tomi had made good his claim to proprietorship.

But it was intolerable to dream of destiny and make no progress at all toward its fruit. So when Tomi had been on Opahiki for a certain short time, he called the elders of the island together. He was still emaciated, still bony, still a living evidence of the privations he had undergone. But he frowned portentously at the elders of the native population.

"I am a white man," he told them severely. "And therefore you must build me a house of my own in which to live."

The elders did not debate the matter. It was less trouble to build a house than to argue about it, on Opahiki. So a day or two later the village became subject to a sudden burst of energy. The small children watched over the still smaller ones. The middle-sized ones fetched materials. The grownups built Tomi a house and had a very pleasant party and a feast to boot, all in one day.

When Tomi took up residence in his own house, the conviction that fate had sent him here grew stronger. Was he not a white man on Opahiki? *The* white man on Opahiki?

Sitting upon the palm-thatched veranda of his house, Tomi felt a vast satisfaction sweep over his whole being.

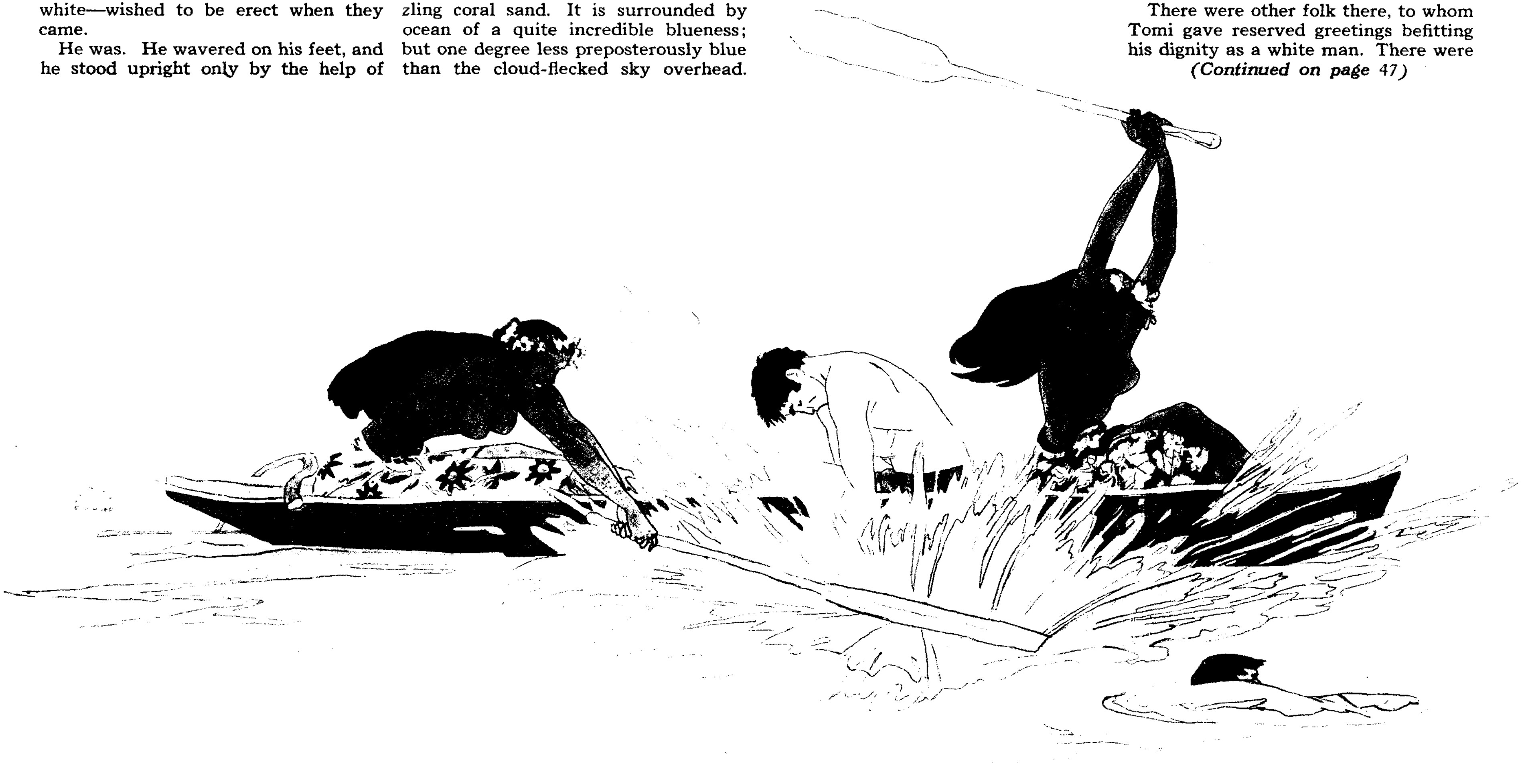
But there was Tehina. She had discovered him and felt that she owned him. Daily she came to the house which was the newest evidence that Tomi was the white man of Opahiki. Her costume was, by ordinary, a single wrapping of native-made bark cloth. To her, the round slim perfection of her body was so completely a matter of course that she did not even try to fascinate Tomi by the display of it. Even her long and lustrous hair—there were golden glints in it sometimes—appeared to be more of a nuisance than a conscious means of allure. Yet there could be no question but that she tried to fascinate Tomi.

He did not notice because he was very much absorbed in his new status as a white man on Opahiki. He woke in the morning with the boom of the surf in his ears, and there was a soft humming sound near by. That was Tehina, waiting for him to wake up. Sitting on the absurd veranda of his house. Perhaps combing her hair with a native-made comb. Perhaps rearranging the morning flowers in its dark mass. Waiting patiently, singing softly and wordlessly to herself.

When he rose and went outside, she smiled at him. She had brought him fruit, or some other item of food neatly wrapped in green leaves. Tomi took the offering as a tribute to his white skin and superior status. But Tehina watched gravely while he breakfasted, and then followed him down to the beach to swim.

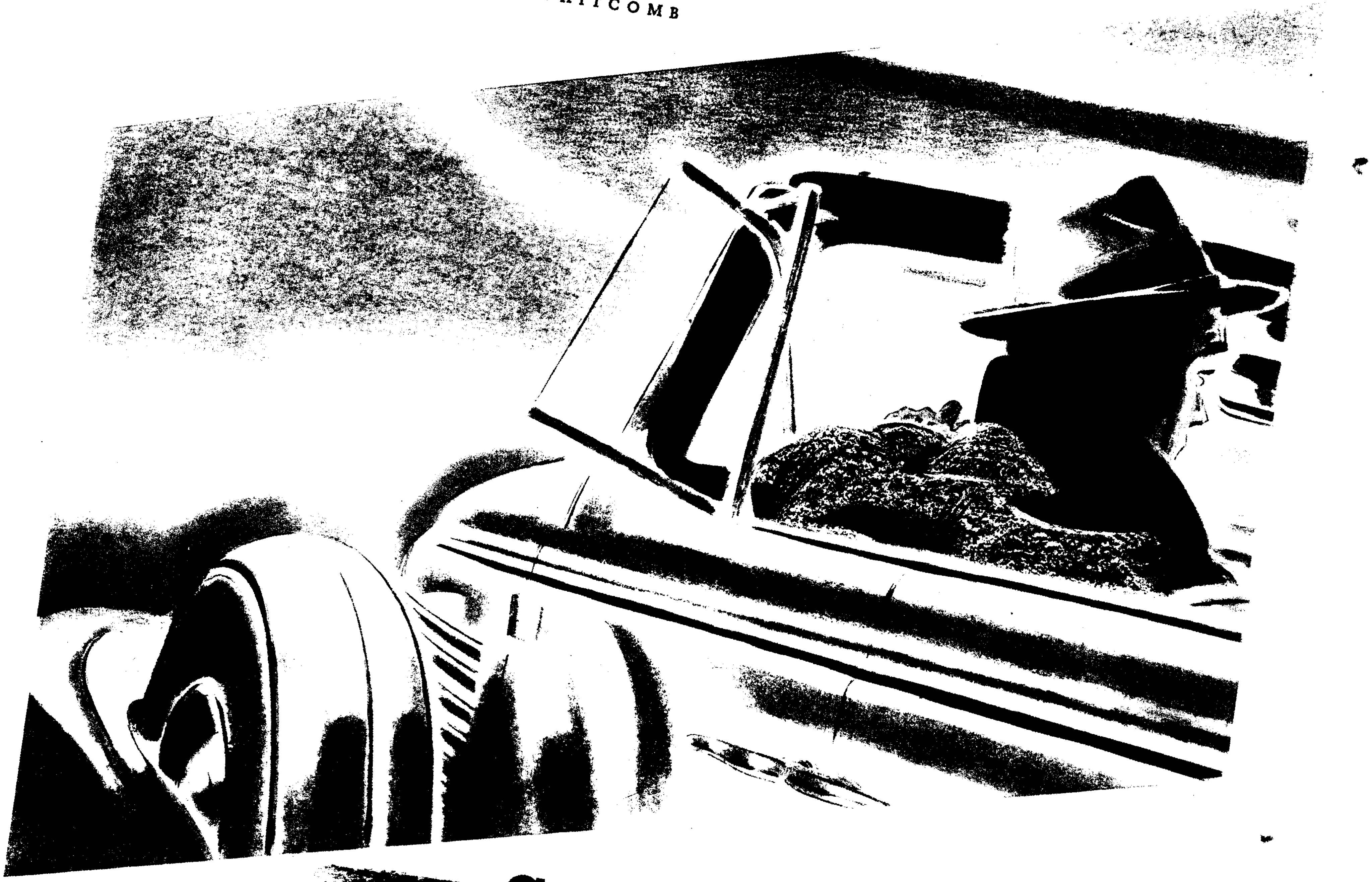
There were other folk there, to whom Tomi gave reserved greetings befitting his dignity as a white man. There were

(Continued on page 47)



They chased down that speck and the two girls hit at it with their paddles

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



Castle Key

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

The Story Thus Far:

GREG ADAMS and his closest friend, Hugh Carlisle, are together during an airplane crash. Greg survives. Hugh is killed.

Grief-stricken, Greg's first thought is of Hugh's sister, June. She has a small job; but, with Hugh no longer with her, she will be in sadly straitened circumstances. So what? Greg knows the answer: He will tell her that he and Hugh had been speculating secretly; he will give her Hugh's share of their winnings—twenty thousand dollars!

At his home, another shock awaits him. Rita, his wife, is playing hostess to a number of guests, among them Perry Crane, Greg's broker; everyone is drinking, chattering gaily. Greg remonstrates with Rita, tells her he cannot bear the thought of having a party. Whereupon, all the guests, led by Rita and Crane, leave for a near-by roadhouse.

That same evening, Greg sends his old friend, Bill Keith, to June, who declines to accept the gift. Bill walks home, sees a car. In it are a man and a woman. They kiss. Bill recognizes them: *Perry Crane and Rita!*

II

"YOU peckin'," Delia said. "You only peckin'. Look at you. Look at them aigs. Ain't touched 'em." She put the plate of pancakes on the table, grumbling. They were light and brown and crusty as Delia always made them, but Greg wasn't hungry.

"Peckin'," Delia said again. "You eat your breakfas'. Hear?"

Greg laughed. She looked enormous in her starched white uniform; enormous and responsible and her responsibility was Greg, and time meant nothing. He could grow a long white beard, Greg guessed, and Delia wouldn't even notice; he would still be just a little boy who had to eat breakfast. Greg laughed at her again.

"How many times," he asked her, "do I have to tell you that I've grown up."

"Don't eat like it," she said.

"I'm twenty-seven, Delia," Greg said, "going on a hundred. Six feet one."

"An' sittin' peckin'. Like some dwarf or somepin'. Dwarf." The word amused her and she muttered it again: "Dwarf. Might as well be cookin' fo' a dwarf."

"Look, Delia," Greg said. "How do you think I'd look with a beard?"

"Humf," Delia said. "Won't have the stren'th to grow one, iffen you don't eat your breakfas'."

She sailed out to the kitchen. Rusty looked up from his plate and Delia told him: "Peckin'. Peckin'."

"Who? Me?" Rusty said. He snickered. "Tha's right, Delia. Seem like thirty, forty hot cakes fill me right up lately. Jus' brown one more stack, since you insis'."

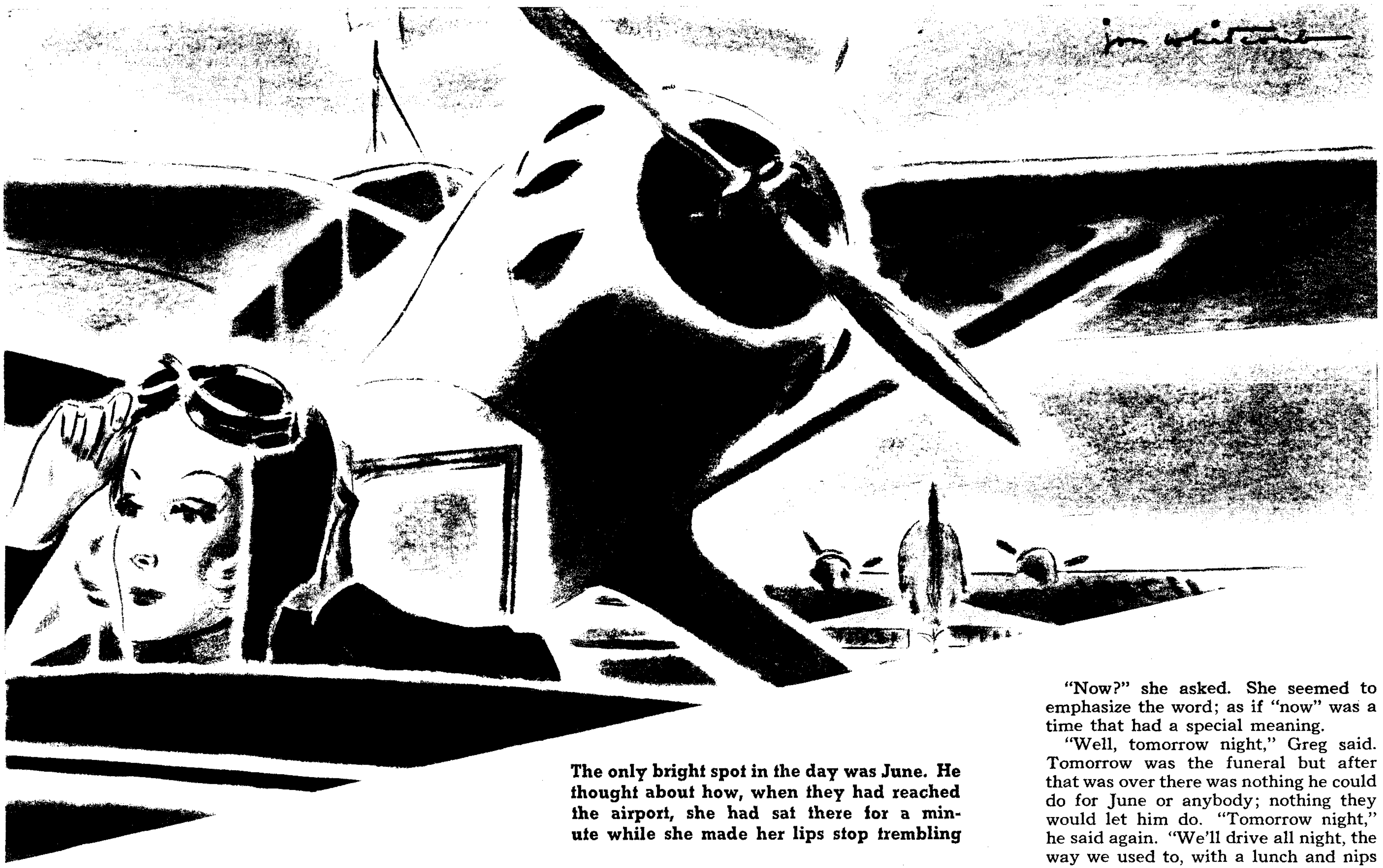
"You!" Delia said.

She rubbed the bacon rind upon the griddle, poured the creamy yellow batter and a fragrant smoke arose.

"You!" Delia said again. "We use' to have some breakfas' in this house an' use' to have some people eat it. Breakfas' in her baid! 'A cup of coffee an' a piece of dry toas', Delia!' Every mornin'; in her baid. What time Mis' Adams come home las' night, Rusty?"

"Brown them cakes," he said.

"There's goin's-on aroun' here lately," Delia told him. "Goin's-on; tha's what they is. Who all these folks nobody ever hear of bangin' in an' out this house all day an' night? An' pokin' in my kitchen



The only bright spot in the day was June. He thought about how, when they had reached the airport, she had sat there for a minute while she made her lips stop trembling

an' my icebox like they own it. See them empty bottles? Jus' las' night an' Mistah Greg half killed; an' Mistah Hugh—" She put a corner of her apron to her eyes. She said: "It's goin's-on, tha's what it is. It's her. I seed it comin' from the firs'."

THE phone rang in the hall and Rusty went to answer it.

"It's Mistah Bill," he told Greg.

Bill said: "How you feeling?"

"Fine," Greg said. "A little hard to shave around the bandages; but fine."

"The shoulder all right?"

"Sure."

"I thought I'd come on out," Bill said.

"I have to go out, for a while," Greg told him, "And I'm having lunch with Perry Crane and Rita's father at the club. This afternoon?"

"I'd like to see you before lunch," Bill told him. "Try to make it, Greg."

"About the—funeral, you mean? Or June?"

"No," Bill said. "But before lunch."

Bill sounded rather special, Greg thought. He said: "Well, it's nine now. I'll be back about eleven. Come out then and we'll drive back downtown together."

Greg went back and drank his coffee. There had been no use in telling Bill that he was going to the airport, and he'd not tell Rita either. People were peculiar about flying and they'd think they had to make a fuss about it, after yesterday, and there would be a lot of words; and if there were and then he went ahead and flew they'd think that he was dramatizing it or something. But it wasn't that; it was the custom, that was all. If you cracked up, especially when it was your first, the thing you did was go right out and fly again, as soon as you were able. Not that anybody at the airport gave a damn, but if you didn't, you just weren't a flyer.

They would be wondering, out there, not caring but just wondering, if he'd show up today; but when he did he knew that everything would be exactly as it always was. He'd walk into the hangar and the boys would say hello and go about their business. Harry would say, casually: "How about the Stork today?" and they would wheel the Stork out. Harry would say: "'Chute?" and he'd say: "No, just going for a ride." And then he would get in and fly. There wouldn't be a single mention of the accident, or Hugh, or of his smashed-up plane, because that wasn't how they did it. But when he came down he'd finally be a flyer.

Greg went upstairs. He didn't know that Rita was awake but in the hall he heard the murmur of her voice and whistled, walking toward her door. It had been six months since Rita had redecorated, for herself, the big room that had been his bedroom and the playroom and, before that, twenty-seven years ago, the nursery. It had been ridiculous of him, he guessed, to feel the way he had about it, for a room was just a room; just walls and floors and ceilings, but he'd grown up in it and been sick and well and had important times there. He had said: "I thought maybe we might have it for a nursery again; the same room sometime." And she'd answered: "Silly; not for years. Besides, goop, separate rooms are more intriguing. Wait until you see it."

SHE had done the room in white and in a glowing yellow she called jonquil. Jonquil drapes and spreads and pillows; ivory furniture and chairs with soft white leather cushions; mirrors and a low wide bed and white goat rugs. Oh, it was beautiful, all right; a room that glowed, and made her glow, and yet that seemed not to belong in that old solid house. But beautiful; and Greg had tried hard not to hate it, but he did. Because it seemed, somehow, to be all hers, a thing he couldn't share. As if — but that was foolish, maybe—she had meant it that way; planned to have a thing for her alone; a thing she wanted no one, even him, to share.

Greg tapped on the door and went in. He had thought she'd heard him but she looked up in surprise and said into the phone, a little rapidly; "I'll call you later. Yes—yes— 'By."

Greg sat down on the bed beside her. He leaned toward her but she turned away to take a cigarette from the container on the table by her bed.

Greg said: "About last night; I'm sorry I flew off the handle."

"Let's drop it!" Rita said. "Do you feel all right?"

"Fine," Greg said. "I went to sleep as soon as Bill left. Didn't even hear you come in. Was it late?"

Rita looked at him. She said: "Oh. Checking up, Greg?"

"No. Of course not."

He went over to a chair and drew it to the bedside and sat down. He said: "Look, what's the matter with us? Why should you suppose that I'd be 'checking up', for Pete's sake! Checking up on you? Good Lord!"

He leaned toward her again and tried to find her eyes but she was reaching for another pillow, putting it behind her head.

He said: "We didn't use' to be this way. We used to be together on things: everything, I thought. But lately —" He looked at Rita and she shrugged and blew a thin blue stream of smoke toward the ceiling and the gesture seemed theatrical and hard and insincere, and not the way she used to be. He said: "It's these damn' whoopee people, Rita. It's —it's this damn' room."

She laughed then, and Greg told her, rapidly: "Let's beat it somewhere. Traverse Island or somewhere for golf or New York for a spree. The way we used to. How about it, honey?"

"Now?" she asked. She seemed to emphasize the word; as if "now" was a time that had a special meaning.

"Well, tomorrow night," Greg said. Tomorrow was the funeral but after that was over there was nothing he could do for June or anybody; nothing they would let him do. "Tomorrow night," he said again. "We'll drive all night, the way we used to, with a lunch and nips along the road. We'll bum around a month, or longer if you want to."

"I don't know," she said.

"I thought about it last night," Greg said. "I—I thought you'd want to."

"I don't know," she said again. "I'm having clothes made—and—and there are dates and things."

Greg said: "It's been darn' near a year since we slid off, like this. I thought you'd want to."

"But I'll have to think. We'll—we'll decide tonight."

THEY'D never used to think or plan and that had been the fun about it. They'd be sitting in the living room together, in the evening, maybe, and not have a single plan and he might say: "What's on the radio?" and she would turn it on and maybe it would be Bing Crosby. "See?" he'd say. "You hear that? Capital is doomed, just like I told you, and we better beat it, honey." And she'd say: "I won't stir. When?" And they would pack in fifteen minutes and be off somewhere.

Greg got up and walked toward the door. He said: "I've got to go out for a while. Let's go tomorrow night. The hell with all the clothes and dates and things."

She said again: "I'll have to think."

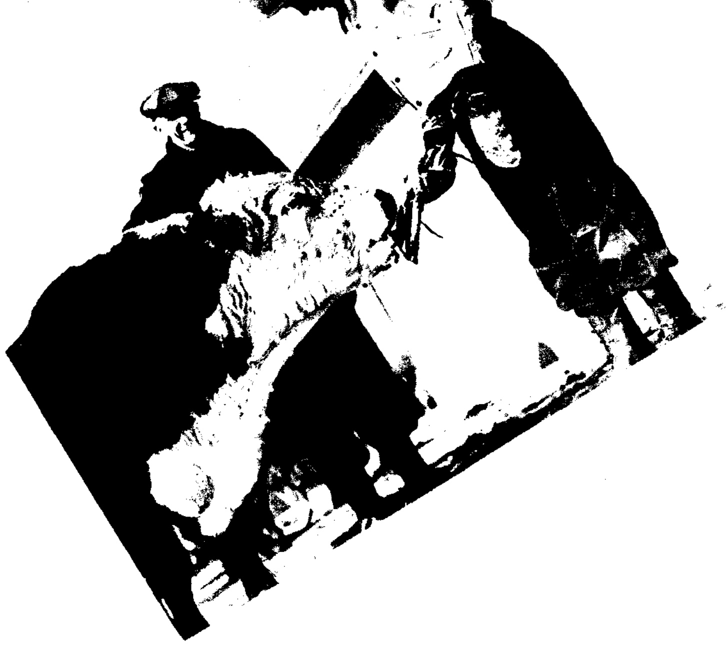
She heard him whistling, walking down the hall. She thought: "Now? Go away? Now?" Unconsciously she looked toward the telephone. She'd said: "I'll call you back." She didn't need to, though, and if she didn't call, and went away tomorrow, Perry couldn't fail to understand, and it would drop. She'd known that last night had been coming, for a long time; as you knew those things. She'd known it by his eyes, the minute they had met. People kissed a lot, these days, and it was casual and transient and you laughed about it afterward but kissing Perry had been different, as she'd known it would be all this time it had been coming.

(Continued on page 61)

High School Hero

By Kyle Crichton

A big-league ball club offered $100,000 for Bob Feller before he had finished high school. That's a fancy price for a skinny farm kid just turned seventeen. We take you out to Van Meter, Iowa (pop. 410), to investigate



Last season's most sensational rookie, Bob Feller, at home. Fast cars, hot-stove sessions with youthful friends at the filling station, and farm chores help to pass the winter season

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY VALENTINO SARRA

WITHOUT knowing the town of Van Meter, Iowa, it is impossible to understand the miracle of Bob Feller. As all good patriotic Americans know, the seventeen-year-old Feller arrived in Cleveland from nowhere in the middle of last season and broke the American League record for strike-outs by mowing down seventeen of the minions of Connie Mack of Philadelphia in one game and fifteen of the hired men of Rogers Hornsby of St. Louis in another. The nowhere whence young Feller arrived is Van Meter (population 410; nineteen miles west of Des Moines on the main line of the Rock Island; one train west every day at 8:36 in the morning; one east at 7:37 in the evening, stopping only when flagged).

Upon completing the aforesaid wonders of baseball hurling, young Feller returned to Van Meter High School and might have been seen there any weekday last winter, alternately keeping an eye on his algebra and his ear cocked for the decision of Judge Landis in the celebrated Feller case. Because Feller had reputedly been signed by Cy Slapnicka of Cleveland against the rules which maintained that sand-lotters couldn't leap directly into the big leagues, there was a good chance that the Van Meter High senior might be ruled a free agent. In that event the young man on the open market would have been worth as much as $100,000, all of such amount going to himself.

To alleviate the mystery, it may be said that Robert soon had nothing but his algebra to worry about—the judge ruling that he was the property of Cleveland but awarding Lee Keyser of Des Moines unction to the amount of $7,500 as an injured party. Everybody but the Feller family agreed that it was a most remarkable decision and even they couldn't see how Lee Keyser got in.

I got to Van Meter two days after the edict was handed down and there was no milling in the streets. It was Saturday but you could have wandered around with your eyes closed and have been in no danger of death from collision. One look was enough to reveal that a good active walker could touch every house in town in fifteen minutes. There was a main street looking like a movie set for a Buck Jones Western and almost no activity. There is no bus service into Van Meter, no movie house, no drugstore, no pool hall, but a group of the kindest, nicest people I've met anywhere.

The first person I saw about Bob Feller was R. R. Tassel, superintendent of schools at Van Meter until illness made it necessary for him to resign.

"That boy started being a big-league pitcher in the second grade," said Mr. Tassel. "His father had bought him a baseball outfit, spiked shoes and all. What he should have been wearing was a pair of suspenders because he was such a skinny kid he spent most of his time trying to keep his pants up.

"There was never anybody with such a one-track mind. From the beginning he always carried a catcher's glove and a pitcher's mitt with him. When he came in on the school bus in the morning, he'd hunt up some kid and start pitching to him. He did it at recess; he did it at noon hour; he did it after school. When he got home he pitched to his father. When he was in the sixth grade he got up a team and played the high school squad. . . . Beat them seven times out of eight games. He was around ten years old then."

The same sort of testimony came from everybody in town. Earl England at the filling station was in school with Bob.

"The other farmer boys used to think he was a bit sissy," said Earl. "He was playing ball almost as soon as he could walk but he was pretty skinny and his father used to make him drink milk at certain hours. The Fellers are well-off farmers and Mr. Feller wanted Bob to have what he wanted and what Bob wanted was to be a ballplayer. So if some new kind of glove came out, Bob got that. Even as

(Continued on page 42)

"Nous l'aimons toutes!"

["WE ALL LOVE IT!"]

say Marie · Cecile · Emilie · Annette · Yvonne

POURING SPOUT
Karo

Two tablespoonfuls of Karo in a glass of milk improves its flavor and increases its energy value

KARO
is rich in
DEXTROSE
The Food-Energy Sugar

In any language — in every language — Karo is the world's most popular table syrup. A great energizing food as well as a delicious one.

Karo is sold by grocers everywhere.

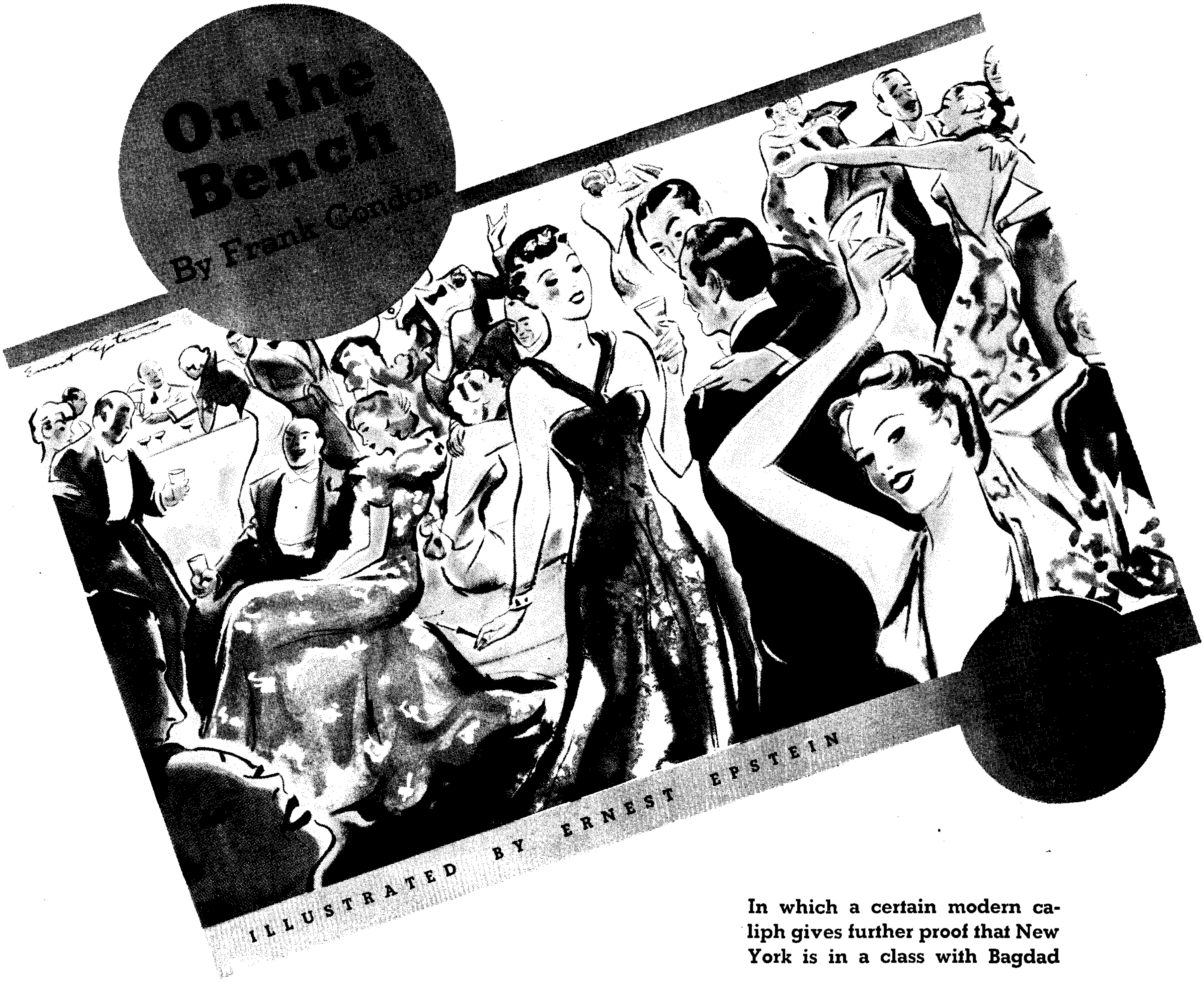
ACCEPTED
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN
Council on Foods

The world's most famous babies are adorable darlings to watch at play. Keen, eager, healthy and energetic, they are the "wonder children" of the world.

All reproductions copyrighted 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

On the Bench

By Frank Condon



ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

In which a certain modern caliph gives further proof that New York is in a class with Bagdad

ON a certain warm afternoon, Mr. Ward's horse came in first at Belmont, winning the Wellesley Handicap, thereby adding shekels to Mr. Ward's account and, to his name, glory and renown. Mr. Ward therefore was strongly impelled to celebrate and did so, hoisting and hosting a party at his place in the country. He was thirty-seven and unmarried.

There were sixty guests at the party, all New Yorkers like himself. They celebrated and congratulated from Friday to Sunday, at which time many were mellow and some were, as they say, stiff.

The party cost Mr. Ward twenty-five hundred dollars. His full name was Abernathy Pitcairn Ward and he belonged to the social order that owns things. Besides the walled-in and pine-treed country place, he had his apartment on Park Avenue. He owned the building, too.

Late Sunday night, a few of the guests departed, but many remained in festive carousal. Eating and drinking continued—especially drinking—and pranks were played by the more whimsical and inventive spirits. Mr. Ward joined in the clean fun and got his clothing soaked. A gay young matron, filled with merriment and the bottled laughter of France, turned the sprinkler on him, while the company broke into merry peals. Mr. Ward likewise stumbled into a muddy ditch. Everyone was exuberant and the host started to change his damp garments, in fact, went upstairs to do so, transferred his watch and wallet, when four roisterers came suddenly in and dragged him off, still damp, to watch the perpetration of a fresh joke.

The jollity continued until, suddenly wearied of his party, and saying no word, lest they halt him, Mr. Ward quietly faded from the merriment, hunted up his chauffeur, whose name was Joseph, climbed into his car and started for New York City. Nobody missed the host. At a really first-rate party, nobody is ever missed after the second midnight.

MR. WARD'S car cost probably twenty thousand dollars. It had special extra wheels. It had a very superspecial motor and a special radiator, special body and special insides. Mr. Abernathy Ward, being fatigued and still fairly full of champagne, leaned drowsily back on his supercushions and Joseph whizzed into the great city. Joseph had been long with Mr. Ward and enjoyed his confidence.

It was late, or perhaps early, not far from dawn, when the car sped north on Fifth Avenue. The galloping horses of the night were fading on the horizon. It had been muggy and hot, but now it was cool and lovely with the first breezes of early morning, and suddenly Mr. Ward spoke to Joseph, using the tube.

"Stop a moment, Joseph. I would like to step out and inhale a breath of fresh air, as I feel stuffy, what with the wine and the heat and those people."

"If you will pardon the suggestion, sir," replied Joseph, "I believe it would be a bit cooler at Madison Square—only a few blocks."

Mr. Ward acquiesced, and in a few moments the machine halted at the north end of Madison Square Park. Its owner emerged from his handsome carryall, stretched, breathed deeply, and walked into the park. He wore no hat. As he was the black- or purple-whiskered type, his beard needed shaving off and his garments were sadly rumpled, for he still wore the damp clothing of the party. There were few people in the park, and Mr. Ward sat down on a bench intending to smoke one lone cigarette and go home to bed.

On the next bench, close by, were two occupants—plainly prowlers of the night. In the far corner lay a figure, curled into a knot, head covered with a newspaper to fend off the street lights. He was a faded down-and-outer and his legs looked old. He wore frayed socks, and holes were in his shoes. The other night owl was younger, somewhere in his twenties, dressed neatly in a gray suit, with tan shoes. He held a small brief case on his knees. Mr. Ward ran his hands through his damp pockets and discovered he had neither cigarettes nor matches and he glanced at the next bench.

"Could you spare a cigarette and a match?" he asked of the young man.

"I will be glad to do so," said the one addressed, and he handed a cigarette and match to Mr. Ward, who thanked him.

THE derelict stirred and came slowly out of his fitful slumber, pushed the paper aside, and blinked at the other occupants. He pawed at a straggly goatee beard and, when he stood up, he was lanky and lean, a thin old fellow, with high cheekbones, a hawk nose and a mop of bushy white hair.

He stood irresolutely for an instant, staring at his fellow benchers, both of whom ignored him. Mr. Ward puffed on his cigarette and perceived thankfully that the effects of carousal were fading, as he could now see with both eyes.

"Gentlemen," began the man with the faded goatee, and his manner was timid, "you happen to be sitting tonight on a bench with one of the world's unlucky men. I have indeed suffered from harsh luck, and possibly my own folly, too. I am a veteran newspaperman, gentlemen, one of the old school that is no

(Continued on page 64)

"I'm keeping a promise I made to this boy"

"YEARS AGO, a little freckle-faced boy watched with envy as a magnificent new motor car went by.

"To that boy, it was *more* than a motor car. It was a symbol of a way of living that reached above the mere necessities of life. It was an emblem of success.

"And as his longing eyes followed the disappearing car, I promised him that some day, he, too, would own a Packard.

"Yes, *I* was that boy. And today I'm keeping the promise I made to myself some twenty-five years ago.

"*I'm going to get my Packard.*"

• • •

If you, too, have long wanted a Packard, *you need wait no longer to realize your ambition.*

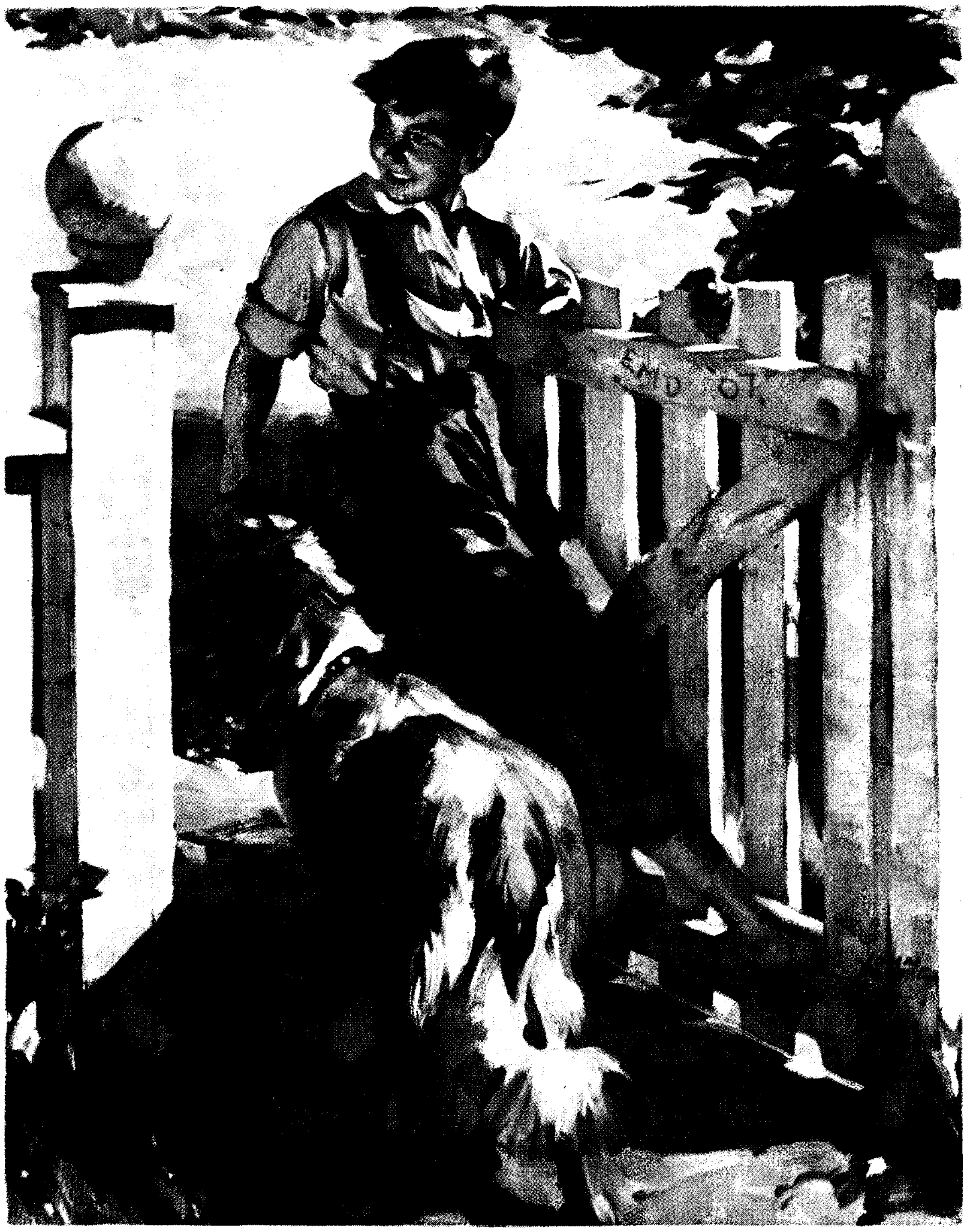
For Packard now offers you *two* great motor cars priced within the means of almost every one who will buy a new car.

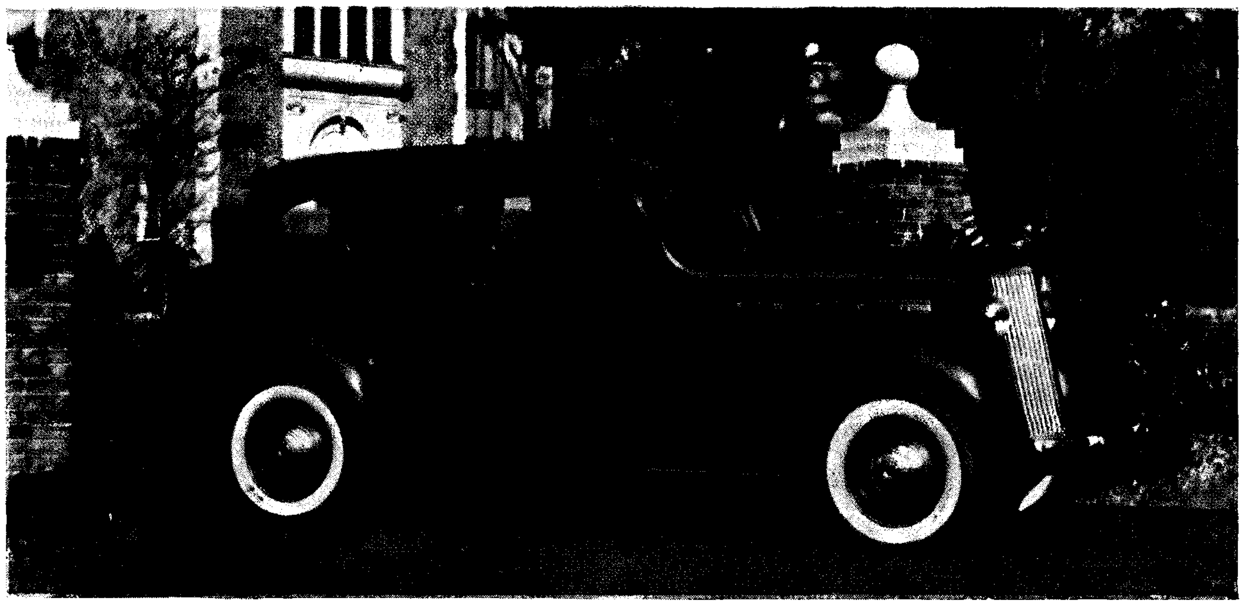
These cars are the 1937 Packard 120 and the sensational new Packard Six.

Either can be bought for little or no cash, if your old car is of anything like average value. And the monthly payments are only a few dollars more than those of even the *lowest*-priced cars.

Furthermore, both the Packard 120 and the Packard Six are astonishingly thrifty to operate and service, and this can be proved to your satisfaction in any Packard showroom.

Don't fail to see these new Packards. You'll find them thoroughbreds, through and through. They offer you the smartness, the long mechanical life, the traditionally beautiful lines, the long style life, for which Packards are famous the world over!





The car illustrated is the Packard Six Touring Sedan for Five Passengers

PACKARD

PACKARD 120 ★ PACKARD SIX

Let your Packard dealer give you complete price information and tell you the easy terms by which you can own a Packard. Ask for booklet "The Business of Buying and Owning A Motor Car," an invaluable guide in the selection of any car.

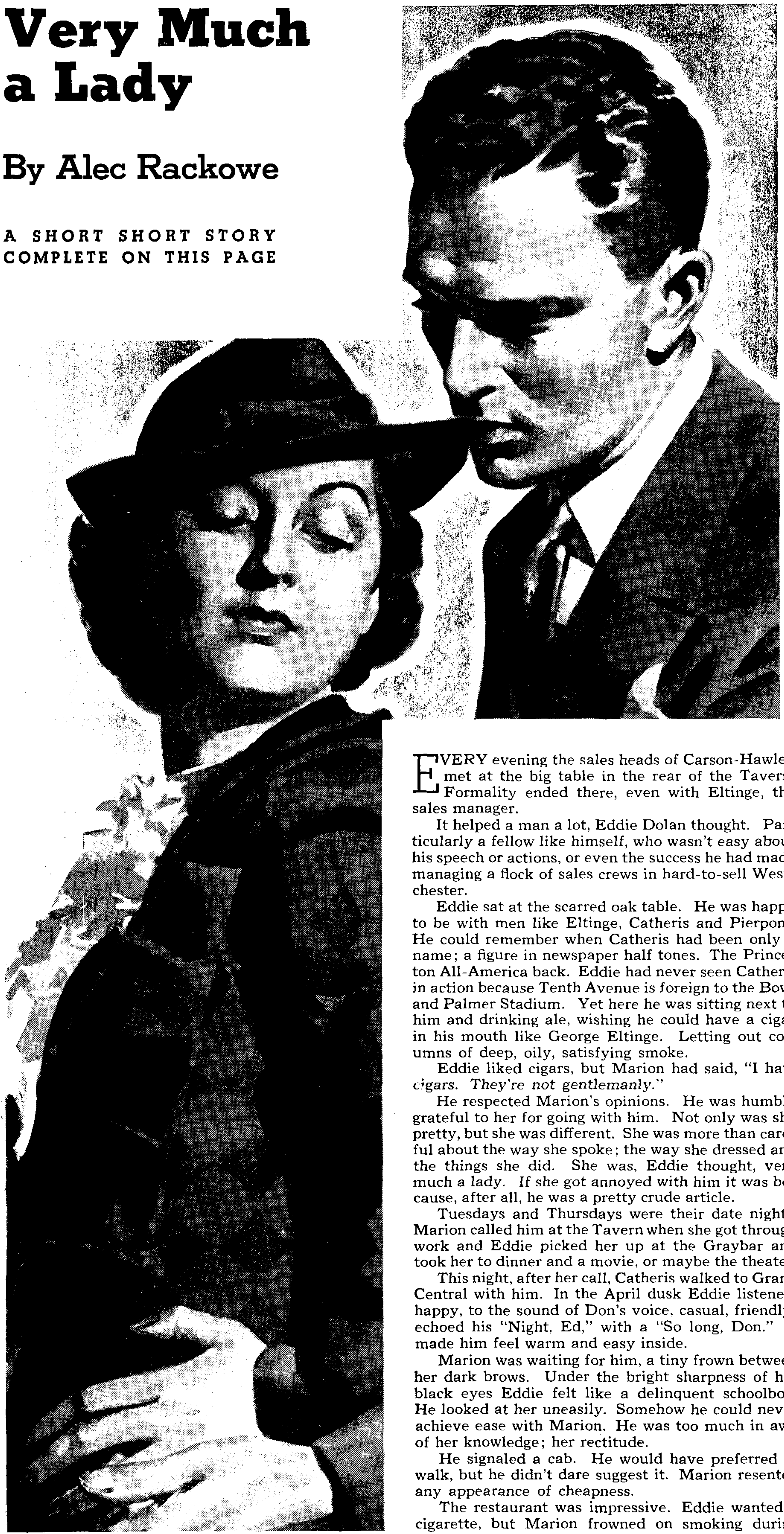
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Very Much a Lady

By Alec Rackowe

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY



Eddie said, "See you Thursday?" Her hesitation was momentary. "I don't think so"

EVERY evening the sales heads of Carson-Hawley met at the big table in the rear of the Tavern. Formality ended there, even with Eltinge, the sales manager.

It helped a man a lot, Eddie Dolan thought. Particularly a fellow like himself, who wasn't easy about his speech or actions, or even the success he had made managing a flock of sales crews in hard-to-sell Westchester.

Eddie sat at the scarred oak table. He was happy to be with men like Eltinge, Catheris and Pierpont. He could remember when Catheris had been only a name; a figure in newspaper half tones. The Princeton All-America back. Eddie had never seen Catheris in action because Tenth Avenue is foreign to the Bowl and Palmer Stadium. Yet here he was sitting next to him and drinking ale, wishing he could have a cigar in his mouth like George Eltinge. Letting out columns of deep, oily, satisfying smoke.

Eddie liked cigars, but Marion had said, "I hate cigars. They're not gentlemanly."

He respected Marion's opinions. He was humbly grateful to her for going with him. Not only was she pretty, but she was different. She was more than careful about the way she spoke; the way she dressed and the things she did. She was, Eddie thought, very much a lady. If she got annoyed with him it was because, after all, he was a pretty crude article.

Tuesdays and Thursdays were their date nights. Marion called him at the Tavern when she got through work and Eddie picked her up at the Graybar and took her to dinner and a movie, or maybe the theater.

This night, after her call, Catheris walked to Grand Central with him. In the April dusk Eddie listened, happy, to the sound of Don's voice, casual, friendly; echoed his "Night, Ed," with a "So long, Don." It made him feel warm and easy inside.

Marion was waiting for him, a tiny frown between her dark brows. Under the bright sharpness of her black eyes Eddie felt like a delinquent schoolboy. He looked at her uneasily. Somehow he could never achieve ease with Marion. He was too much in awe of her knowledge; her rectitude.

He signaled a cab. He would have preferred to walk, but he didn't dare suggest it. Marion resented any appearance of cheapness.

The restaurant was impressive. Eddie wanted a cigarette, but Marion frowned on smoking during meals. Gradually, forgetting externals, he began to talk of his work; and of Eltinge, Catheris and the others.

Marion's face sharpened. Her sniff was audible. "I don't see how you stand their condescension; the way they patronize you."

Eddie blinked, looking at her seriously. "They don't do that. They treat me swell. Like one of them. Like I'd gone to college with them."

Marion laughed and he said defensively, "They don't have to kid me. There's no reason why they should."

"Oh, my goodness," Marion said, her eyes wide with annoyance, "you know you're not like them. Mr. Eltinge is in the Social Register. Tony Pierpont is engaged to that Van Schelling girl. The most important debutante of the winter."

Eddie nodded. "Sure—I'm not in their class. But just the same they treat me fine."

"It's very kind of them," Marion said and Eddie nodded before he realized she was being sarcastic.

She said, "There's a fellow comes into our office who is just as social as they are. But I don't get any ideas just because he jokes about dates." She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, let's forget it. I got that new dress."

Eddie brightened. "I wish you'd worn it."

Her laugh was brief. "For dinner and a movie? Uh-uh. It's for special occasions. Big nights."

The evening rolled through movie and the cab ride uptown. At the door Eddie said, "See you Thursday?"

Her hesitation was only momentary. "I don't think so. I'll be working late." Her hand was cool in his. "Thank you for the evening."

ON THURSDAY it was pouring outside when Eddie sank into his chair and took the goblet of beer the barman brought him. The greetings of the others were casual, hearty. He shook his head regretfully when the humidor was offered him.

Tony Pierpont was the first to leave. Catheris, leaving as well, asked, "Walking over tonight, Ed?" and when Eddie answered, "Not tonight, Don," Eltinge said, "That's good. I want to talk to you, Eddie."

The others left almost in a body. Eltinge lighted a fresh cigar and sat forward. "Eddie, I'm leaving Carson-Hawley. Going over to Terrelson's as general manager. Don's coming with me. I want you as well—as sales manager."

Eddie swallowed. Eltinge said, "I want you with me because of your ability and also—well—because you're one of us. I'd rather have my friends with me than outsiders. Besides, the men want to do things when you ask them. Perhaps it's personality—or perhaps it's just that you're such a decent egg. I don't know—but that's how it is. Will you come with me?"

"Sure I will," Eddie said. "Why wouldn't I?"

When the barman said, "You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Dolan," Eddie got up and went to the booth. It was Marion. Her voice was cross. "Come over and pick me up in a taxi, Eddie."

Eddie said, uncertainly, "I've got some pretty important business on hand, Marion. I thought you'd be working late."

Her voice sharpened: "You've simply got to call for me. It's raining—I'm not going to get my new dress ruined walking home from the subway."

Eddie said, "Your new dress—" In the stillness of the booth his eyes widened in sudden, bitter comprehension. His Thursday. His date night. And Marion, in the dress his dates weren't good enough for, being stood up. He felt a queer sense of shame. Not for himself—but for her. Eltinge, Catheris and the others. It wasn't that she knew them. She didn't. She judged their opinion of him by her own. He could see that now.

She said impatiently: "Hurry. I'm downstairs."

"Sorry," Eddie said. His chest rose with the deep breath. "Sorry, Marion—but I'm not coming."

He went back to the table. The humidor glowed on the brown oak. He raised the lid and took a cigar, sat down and struck a match.

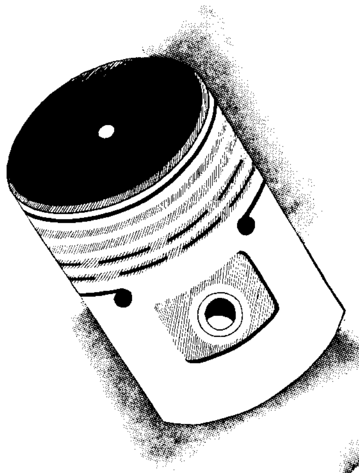
Eltinge said, "If you're not doing anything, suppose we have dinner together? I'd like it if you could."

Eddie nodded. He could feel Eltinge's unspoken understanding. He took a deep draft of rich smoke; let it float from between his lips. He said, vaguely, gropingly, "Women—they—they're—"

His hand curved about the bowl of his glass. His eyes met Eltinge's and he saw the long vista of the evening before them. He felt suddenly warm and easy. He gestured with the cigar. "This is nice tobacco, all right."

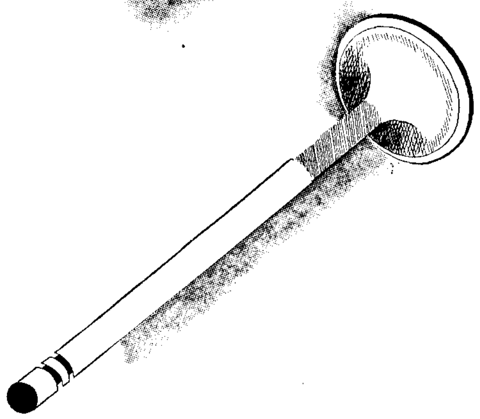
The understanding in Eltinge's eyes became a faint, rueful smile. "'But a good cigar is a smoke,'" he quoted.

Here's the wear—



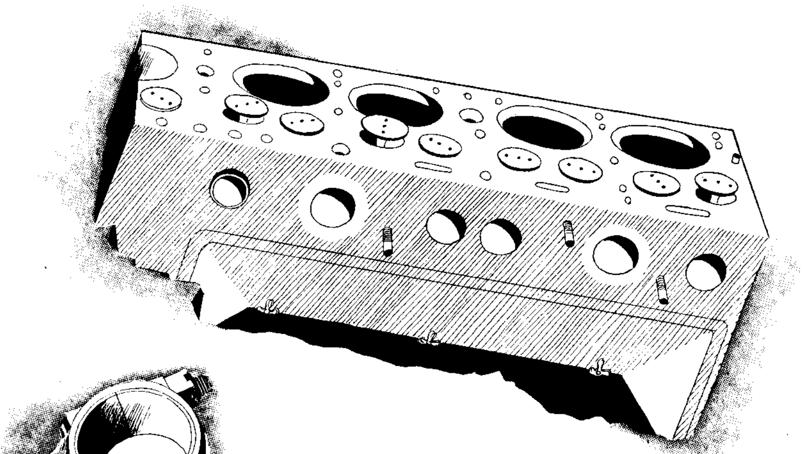
Here

Pistons and piston rings are fitted into the motor block to extremely close limits to prevent power loss. To reduce their wear, your oil must be *fast-flowing* . . . reach them the instant your engine starts—and *tough bodied* to withstand the heat of steady running.



Here

The intake and exhaust valves in your engine are constantly opening and closing. Their stems, which are fitted into valve guides also to very close limits, require constant lubrication to prevent undue wear. Your oil must be *fast-flowing* and *tough bodied* for long, "healthy" valve life.

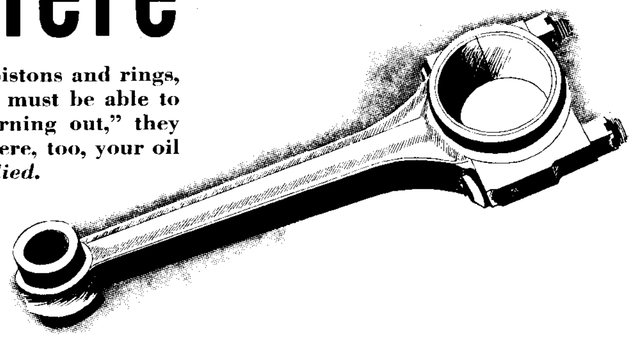


Here

Your motor block is designed and built to last the life of your car, provided the oil you use gives adequate lubrication under all driving conditions. To reduce motor block wear, your oil must "cushion" moving engine parts from your motor block—yet "stand up" under heat.

Here

Bearings throughout your motor, like pistons and rings, are fitted to very close limits—yet they must be able to "take it." To keep bearings from "burning out," they must be properly lubricated—always. Here, too, your oil must be both *fast-flowing* and *tough bodied.*



Starting causes more engine wear than all the running

It's not stepping on the gas that wears your engine out . . . it's stepping on the starter!

In fact, automotive engineers state that approximately ¾ of all engine wear occurs in the starting period. Unless your oil is fast-flowing, over one hundred closely fitted parts in your engine scrape against each other "dry" of lubrication when you step on your starter.

To reduce engine wear, Shell engineers have developed a new-type motor oil—an oil that is fast-flowing and tough bodied.

The instant you start your engine, it flows to each part—puts a protective oil cushion between metal surfaces. And when you "get going," it keeps on giving safe, positive lubrication because it resists breaking down into sludge and carbon.

The name of this new motor oil is Golden Shell. There's a Shell station in your neighborhood.

SHELL

Golden Shell—the **new** motor oil

GOSH, DARLING, THIS IS THE THIRD MORNING THIS WEEK YOU HAVEN'T WAKED ME IN TIME TO GET A DECENT SHAVE
FOR ONCE YOU'RE WRONG! YOU CAN SHAVE IN A JIFFY WITH THE GILLETTE BLADES I BOUGHT FOR YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR

BETTY SURE IS RIGHT ...THE BLADE THAT MATCHES MY RAZOR DOES GIVE QUICKER, SMOOTHER SHAVES!
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

Here's Why Shaves are Velvet-Smooth

when you use the blade that was made for your razor

MEN are amazed to discover how much pleasanter shaving is when they use a Gillette Blade in their Gillette Razor.

If you could visit the Gillette factory, you would understand the reason. Here millions of dollars' worth of exclusive equipment is used to produce this world-famous shaving combination. You would marvel at the precision with which razor and blade are matched. Every step in their manufacture is designed to make them function smoothly *as a unit*.

This teamwork is the real secret of the smooth shaves you get when you use the Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor and see why millions of men agree that there is no shave like an "All-Gillette" shave!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

I Love You Again

Continued from page 17

worried—but in a different way. It would have been definite. Now he's wondering whether I might not have some positive dope on him."

"Suppose," asked Jason, "that you've got another enemy in this peaceful little town? Remember you don't know anything about anybody."

"I seem to be aware of that. But why look farther than I have? The man who killed Ted Courtney wouldn't hesitate to potshot somebody else if he thought it would make him safer."

"Lovely. So there's some man you don't even know walking around Habersham determined to kill you."

"Probably. And my job is to find out who it is."

Jason laughed shortly. "I'll help. But I've pumped Ella dry, and she thinks I'm eccentric, anyway—always having teeth fixed." His mouth opened. "Look! Another inlay."

Larry was amused. "I'd suggest," he remarked, "that you have your dates outside of the office."

"It isn't as easy as that. She got irritated when she learned I was living at your house and had never told her. So she won't see me any more, except when I'm in the chair." Jason walked up and down the room, his round, pink face marked by lines of worry. He spoke suddenly: "How do you know it wasn't Duncan Campbell who shot at you last night? He's out on bond."

"I don't *know*," returned Larry seriously. "Except that from what I've heard, he doesn't shape up to be that sort of a person."

"It was somebody—"

"I know, Jason. And don't get the idea that what I've been doing is easy. This sitting down waiting for things to happen. I'd give plenty if I could go downtown and do a little investigating on my own."

"That isn't even sensible. You'd be cutting people you're supposed to know and otherwise getting yourself in so deep you'd never get out. Never."

Larry laughed shortly. "I suppose so." He lighted a cigarette. "I must look like a prize package to Kay."

"She's awful—awfully fond of you."

"I can't figure why. My opinion of myself isn't very flattering. In fact, it occurs to me that I'm a prime sap."

"Don't go up in the air."

"I'm becoming annoyed at myself. My opinion of Larry Wilson is rapidly becoming unprintable. And the immediate future doesn't look any brighter."

"Meaning—?"

"Duncan's trial. Did you get any dope on it this morning?"

"A LITTLE." Mr. Rountree was not at all happy. "It looks bad. I got the information from that reporter who interviewed me on How It Feels to Be Rescued at Sea by Prominent Citizen of Habersham. He's a smart lad and full of language. He says the primaries are approaching and that Morley Anderson is planning to play smart politics—*very* smart politics."

Larry nodded. "I've got that figured out for myself, Jason. Anderson's the district attorney. He's supposed to have his eye on the governorship—and here's first-rate publicity falling right in his lap. If he convicts Duncan, he rates as the friend of the common people and the foe of vested interests, or words to that effect. If he fails, then he's the champion of truth and justice, and maybe gets a pretty contribution from the Campbells for his campaign fund. What I want to find out is this: How fast can he push the trial through?"

"The newspaper lad says fast. Maybe within a week."

"It's a laugh, Jason. They think they'll be trying Duncan. They don't know that I'll be on trial, too." He spoke earnestly. "I've been thinking of what it'll be like—up on that witness stand. It's always the same, you see. Name? Age? Where were you born? What did you do before you came to Habersham, Mr. Wilson? I'm being *shoved into a corner, Jason—and I can't* fight back. That's what gets under my skin." Larry stepped closer and lowered his voice. He said, "There's just one person in Habersham who knows all the answers."

"Who?"

"Rita Campbell. Listen: Didn't your Miss Morrison tell you that there was a suspicion that there had been another man in Rita's life before Ted Courtney?"

"Yes."

"Did she give you a hint as to who it might be?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"You."

"Mmmph!"

"I told her she was crazy," said Mr. Rountree hastily. "I said I had seen you on the cruise and that while you were regular, you didn't chase women."

THERE was a light knock on the door. Larry said, "Come in," and Kay entered. She nodded to Jason and said, in a curiously flat voice:

"There's somebody downstairs to see you, Larry."

"To see me?" Larry cast a quick glance at Jason. "Who?"

And Kay answered:

"Rita Campbell."

Jason Rountree's fingers closed briefly on Larry's arm, and he whispered, "Take it easy." Larry flashed him a strained smile and turned to his wife. He said, "Let's go."

Her eyes opened wider. "Us?"

"Certainly."

He fancied that he detected a faint air of relief in Kay's manner as they descended the stairway. He walked one step behind her, looking down on her light brown hair which was tinted gold by the voluptuous afternoon sun. He wanted to reach out and touch her, for reassurance—and to reassure her.

He followed Kay into the living room. It was darker than the stairway, and at first he did not see Rita clearly. Then she advanced toward him, hand outstretched. He heard a clear, pleasant voice saying, "Howdy, Larry," and a *firm hand closed over his. He looked at* Rita Campbell.

HIS first impression was one of vivid beauty. Not as Kay was beautiful. Rita's was beauty sans restraint: an obvious sort of beauty which was all ivory skin and bright hair and a voluptuous figure. Her eyes were a clear blue, her complexion flawless.

He heard Kay saying, "Sit down, Rita," and saw the girl settle down on the couch, crossing shapely legs which were encased in the sheerest of chiffon stockings.

He dropped into the comfortable wing chair which he had learned to know was his. One thought drummed in his head —"Go slowly. Be careful. . . ."

Rita was speaking:

"I had to see you, Larry."

"Yes . . . ?"

"I wanted to see you alone."

Kay glanced at her husband. His expression told her nothing. His voice was firm and polite. He said, "I think it would be very much better if Kay remained."

Rita shrugged. "It's all right with me." She paused: then—"Shall I come straight to the point?"

"Certainly."

"Why have you been keeping to yourself?"

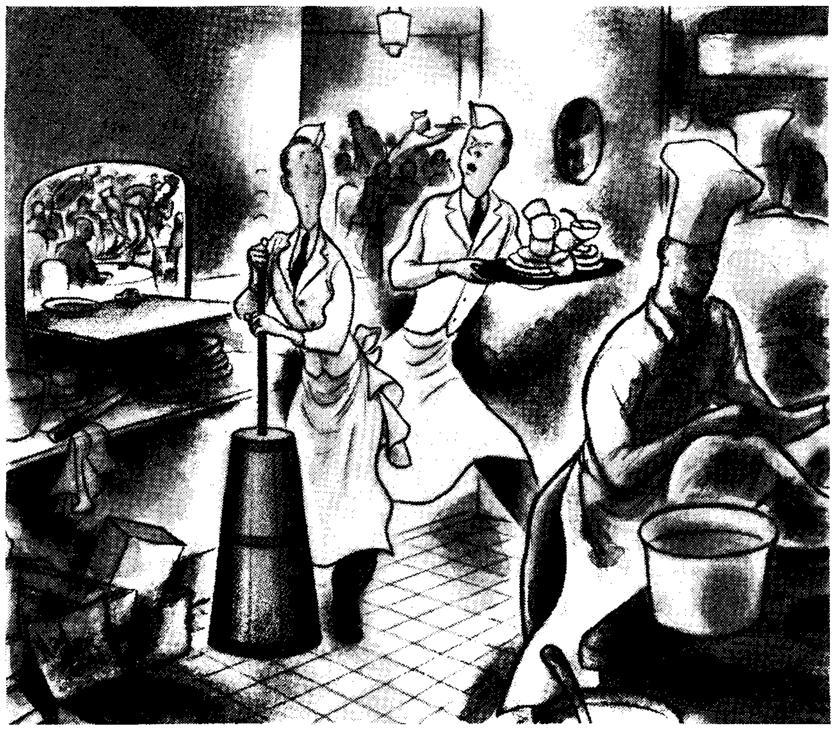
Larry said, "You tell her, Kay."

"He really hasn't been well." Kay stepped quietly into the breach. "Headaches and dizzy spells—"

"He's not the only one." Rita's voice was edgy.

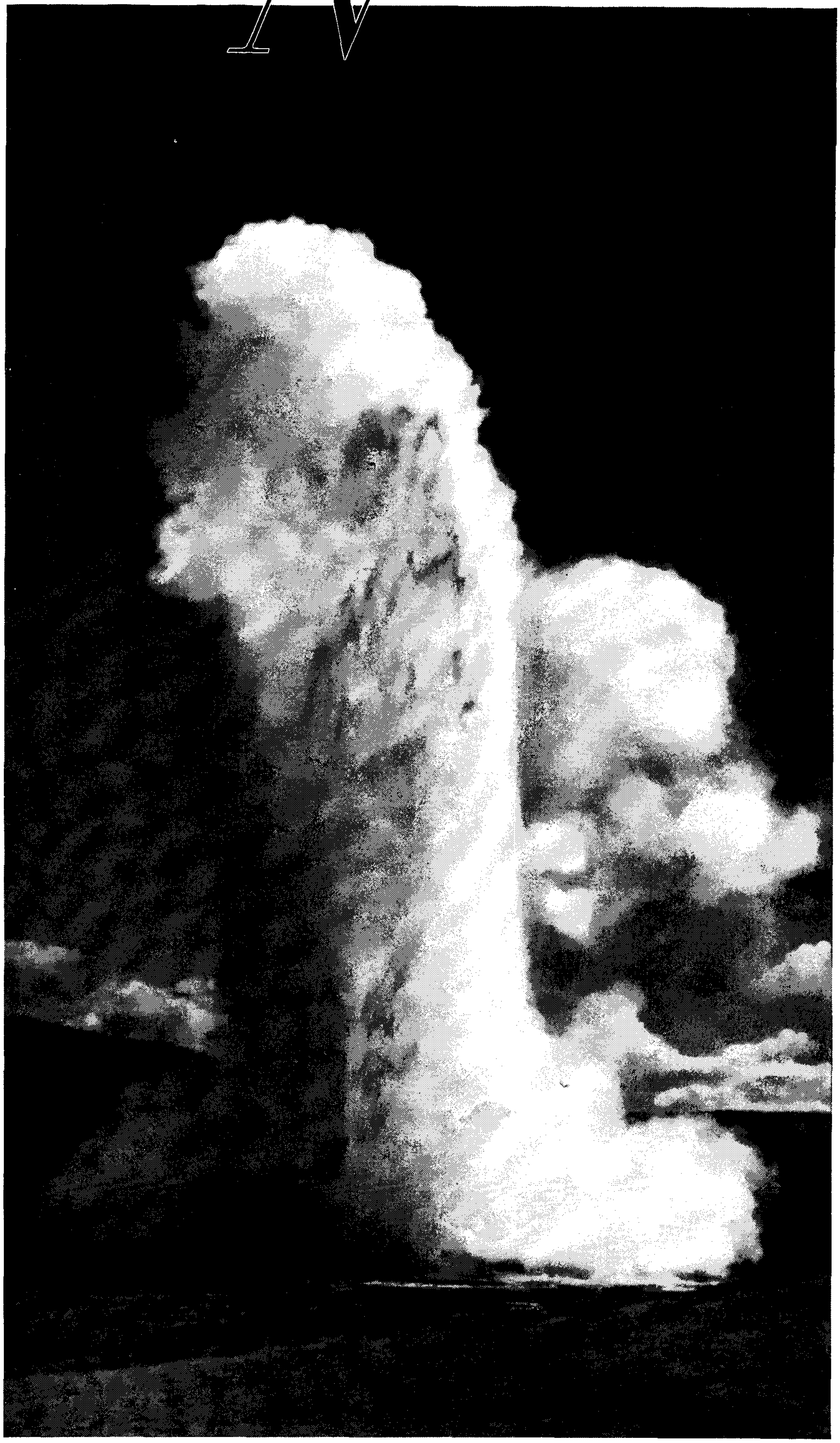
"What else do you want to know?" asked Larry.

"Lots of things. But what I really



"Homey touch or no homey touch, there must be some quicker way to get butter"

"Non-stop" incomes...



At regular intervals of about an hour, "Old Faithful" sends forth its giant geyser of boiling water and steam.

THE regularity with which thousands of men, women, and children receive life insurance income checks each month may be compared with the certainty of "Old Faithful's" eruptions.

You, too, can arrange to have your hard-earned and harder-saved dollars provide a regular income for your wife and children should anything happen to you. You can also plan for your own future security should you live to retirement age, as you probably will. A Life Insurance Program is the modern way and, for many men, the only way to assure themselves that these ends will be accomplished.

A "non-stop" income may be included in *your* Life Insurance Program. Ask a Metropolitan Field-Man to help you prepare a Program which will be adjusted to your present income and the future requirements of yourself and your family. Telephone the nearest Metropolitan office and ask him to call—or mail the coupon.

The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, I would like to have information regarding a Life Insurance Program to meet my needs.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________________

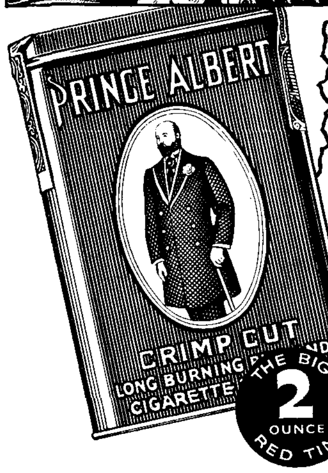
STATE ______________________ 37-C

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board **ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.** **LEROY A. LINCOLN, President**

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CURIOUS AFRICAN PIPE
HELLO, JUDGE — HELLO, CHUBBINS— A BIT OF A SURPRISE, WHAT?
SIR CLEVE - I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AFRICA! COME IN, MAN, COME IN!
BY GEORGE, THIS IS A SPLENDID NATIVE PIPE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME. IT'S A WHOPPER TOO!
OF COURSE IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF AFRICAN PIPES
NATURALLY IT'S LARGE— IN THE DARK CONTINENT 'BIGGER' MEANS 'BETTER'
I'VE SEEN CHIEF'S PIPES TEN FEET LONG, A REAL 'TOP-HAT' PIPE, SO TO SPEAK
YOU WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE TIME I DISTRIBUTED PRINCE ALBERT TO MY BOYS, JUDGE. OF COURSE THEY HAD NEVER SMOKED ANYTHING SO TASTY, MILD, AND MELLOW. P.A. WAS A SENSATION
- IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE, THEY CALLED IT 'TOBACCO LIKE HONEY FROM STINGLESS BEES'
- AND THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE DESCRIPTION OF COOL-SMOKING 'NO-BITE' PRINCE ALBERT


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

THIS NO-RISK OFFER TAKES YOU STRAIGHT TO SMOKIN' JOY, MEN!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

'CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT GIVES YOU A NEW SLANT ON COOL SMOKIN'
MY HAT'S OFF TO P.A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE
AND, PARDNER, IT'S A MIGHTY FINE 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO TOO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

want is the truth. I haven't gotten it yet."

"That's your opinion, Rita."

"Humph!" Her nervousness was more apparent now. "I'm not entirely stupid. You've got a reason for keeping to yourself this way."

"That's obvious, isn't it?"

"It certainly is. The trouble—"

"The trouble is," he interrupted, "that you're trying to figure out something you can't understand."

"At least I can try. And you know all the answers."

Larry leaned forward. He said, "So do you."

Her eyes opened wide. "What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly that, Rita. You know a lot more than I do."

"What makes you think that?"

"How could I think anything else?"

She fumbled in her bag, produced cigarette case and lighter. Larry made no move to help her. He was feeling a sense of elation, for he knew instinctively that she was on the defensive. When she spoke again, her tone was more subdued, and it was she who chose words carefully as though fearful of betraying herself.

"There's still a lot you haven't explained, Larry. But only one thing is important . . . really important, that is."

She stopped speaking, and Kay broke in. She said, "Why not come out with it, Rita?"

"Larry's making it difficult, that's why. But here goes." She turned her attention back to the young man. "Is Duncan's story true? Was he with you the afternoon Ted was killed, or wasn't he?"

Larry chose his words meticulously. "Do you expect me to answer that question?"

She rose and walked, with quick, nervous steps, to the mantel. She exploded: "Why don't you quit beating about the bush? Are you going to clear Duncan or aren't you?"

"I can't answer that now."

"You'll have to answer soon. They're rushing the trial."

"I'll talk when the time comes."

"You've got something in your mind," she said. "Something I can't understand. You frighten me."

"I'm sorry."

SHE walked two steps toward his chair. "What's come over you, Larry? Why can't you talk? Is it because Kay is here?"

"Why should that make any difference?"

"Why should . . ." Her body sagged. "One of us is a little crazy, Larry—and I don't think it's me."

"So . . . ?"

"After all the confidential talks we had . . . when this thing was brewing . . . Larry—don't you understand what's happened? All right—let's admit you don't. Well, I'll tell you then: I'll tell you both. I'm terribly sorry for Duncan. In fact, if it didn't sound sappy, I'd say that I'm falling in love with him."

"Again?"

"Oh . . . don't be that way, Larry. You know about Duncan and me. He was just a kid. He had money. It's an old story to you. But I admire the way he's taken this, and I want to help him."

Kay said, "Isn't it rather late for that, Rita?"

"Late? Of course it's late. But I can try, can't I?"

Larry asked, "Just how hard are you trying?"

"Every way I can. Oh, I'm not deluding myself. I know when it's all settled I'll be kicked right back onto Broadway where I belong. I had my big chance, and now I've lost it. But Duncan's too fine a boy to suffer for what I did."

"Which was?"

She regarded him curiously. She asked, "Are you completely crazy, Larry?"

"I don't follow."

"That you should ask me a question like that. Do I have to tell *you* that I haven't played fair with Duncan?"

Instinctively, Larry's eyes sought those of his wife. He fancied that her face was a shade paler, but otherwise she gave no indication of having heard—or understood—Rita's statement.

He leaned forward. His eyes were cold, his voice crisp. He said, "Would you be terribly surprised, Rita, to know that somebody has already tried to murder me?"

HE SAW that she was startled—and frightened. Twice she tried to speak, but without success. Larry pressed on relentlessly:

"A man shot at me while I was driving with Kay."

"Did—did you recognize him?"

"Why should you be so interested in that?"

"It's natural—"

"And why are you so little surprised?"

"Larry! You're not being fair."

"I'm fair enough. And you know it. You know a great deal that I'd like to find out."

"I didn't come here to be cross-questioned."

"You still haven't told me. Why aren't you surprised?"

She rose abruptly. "You're talking like an insane person—"

"For the first time in several days, I'm talking sanely. I'm asking sane questions. But I'm getting no answers. You haven't even made a guess as to who might have wished to kill me."

"How should I know?"

"That's why I'm trying to find out."

"Well, you're wrong. I don't know anything. You *did* surprise me."

Larry's voice became more gentle. He said, "You could help a lot — if you would."

"How?"

"By telling us what you think."

"But I didn't come here for that. I came to find out what kind of game you're playing. Duncan says he was with you. Everybody expects you to agree with him. But you don't do it. You keep to yourself. You bring a detective with you . . ."

"A detective?"

"Yes. This man Rountree. Everybody in town knows he's a detective."

Kay said, "Don't be absurd, Rita. That's the man whose life Larry saved."

"I'm supposed to believe that?"

"Believe what you like," said Larry. "It happens to be true. Besides, what would I want with a detective?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out." Rita opened her fingers and closed them again convulsively. "This whole visit has turned out wrong. I came to ask questions, and instead of that I've been cross-examined. I thought maybe we could get together. I thought we could talk alone, Larry . . . like we've always done—"

"I'll get out," offered Kay.

"Stay. Please," begged Larry.

"You see . . ." It was Rita speaking. "We're working against each other instead of together."

"What do you suggest, Rita?"

"I don't know. I've been trying to find out why you've been keeping silent."

"Who sent you?"

"Graham Vale."

Larry knew another moment of panic. The name meant nothing to him, and he was grateful when Kay asked casually, "He's defending Duncan?"

"Yes."

"He'd want to know—naturally."

"He's got to know. He's afraid of Larry."

"Why?"

"Because everything depends on Larry. Graham doesn't know which side of the fence he's on . . . Larry, I mean."

Larry asked, "Is he going to use me as a witness?"

"That's what he wants to know. If you'll testify for Duncan, he wants you. But suppose you get on the stand and say that Duncan lied about being with you that afternoon . . . can't you see?"

The trial! Larry shrank from the thought of it. He dreaded the ordeal of the witness stand, knowing that he could not survive even the friendliest of direct examinations.

He heard himself saying, "I'm not ready to talk yet."

"You used to be ready enough." Her voice was accusing.

"I suppose so. . . ." Larry touched his forehead. "I'm not feeling so well. If you'll excuse us, Rita—"

Rita turned angrily. She said, "Oh, I'll go, all right; but I've got one more thing to say before I go."

"Say it," invited Larry quietly.

"I will. It's this: I've got one idea in life right now—that's to clear Duncan." She hesitated briefly. "I thought maybe you'd help. But you have point-blank refused. Well, there's one statement I'm making before I leave: Just one."

"What's that?"

She said, "You're inviting trouble, Larry—and you're going to get it."

IN a city like Habersham, the machinery of the law may function swiftly or slowly, according to political expediency. In the case of State vs. Campbell, the imminence of a primary—plus the impatience of the public—generated speed.

Morley Anderson, fifty-one-year-old district attorney who aspired to the governorship and was therefore acutely aware of the Scylla-and-Charybdis aspects of the case, issued a diplomatic statement to the press.

"Public prosecution is not a game," he declared. "This office has, in the past, been held by men less scrupulous than myself; men who point with pride to their percentage of convictions, regardless of whether they might have convicted innocent defendants. My present opponent in the race for the gubernatorial nomination is doing just that—as though he considered the office of district attorney the managership of a baseball team, rather than as an instrument for dispensing justice.

"I have not—and never have had—the slightest desire to convict any but the guilty. I do not care about my batting average—my percentage of cases won and lost. But I do care about this: That there has been a greater percentage of justice done in the courts of this county during my tenure of office than ever before.

"I am pressing the case against Duncan Campbell to an immediate and definite conclusion. I shall probe for the truth to the best of my ability. Should the conduct of the trial disclose the fact of his innocence, then I—myself—shall request an acquittal. Should it appear that he is guilty of the murder of Ted Courtney—guilty beyond all reasonable doubt—then I shall seek his conviction and the maximum penalty which the law may impose. His wealth, the prominence of his family, will not weigh in his favor.

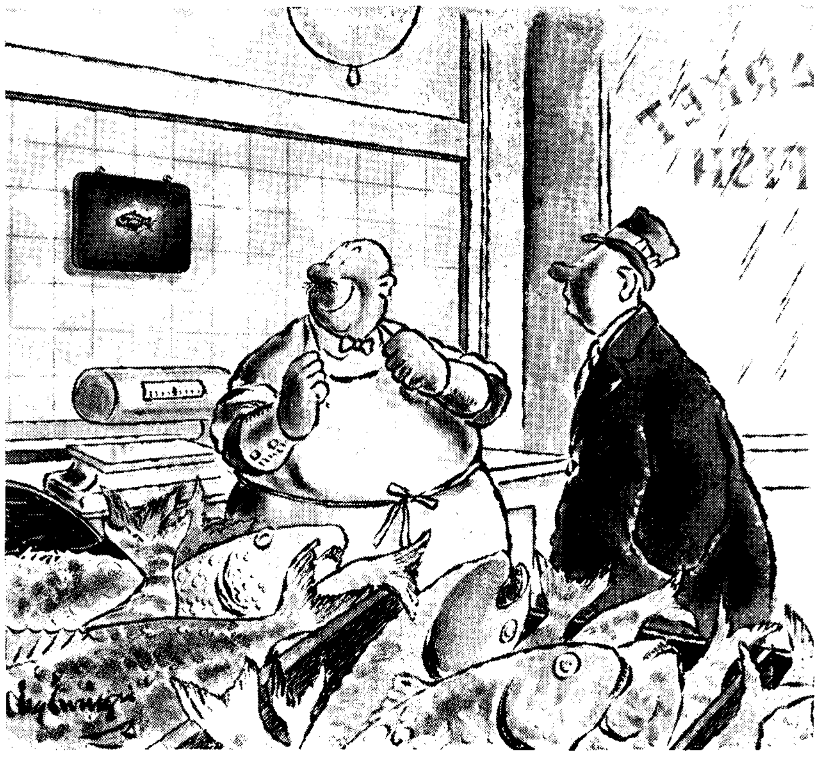
"I have only one final statement to make: That I seek Justice, regardless of whether that means conviction or acquittal."

The city buzzed with gossip. The case offered a glimpse behind the scenes of what was vaguely referred to as "the Country Club set," it promised to break through the wall of privacy which had long encircled the lavish Campbell estate. Street-corner orators harangued lustily anent the privileged classes in a manner which neither they nor their audiences quite understood. The average man read Morley Anderson's statement and approved it.

ON THE day before the trial, young Graham Vale, brilliant defense counsel, consulted with Duncan Campbell. They were in Vale's offices on the sixteenth floor of the Habersham First National Bank Building.

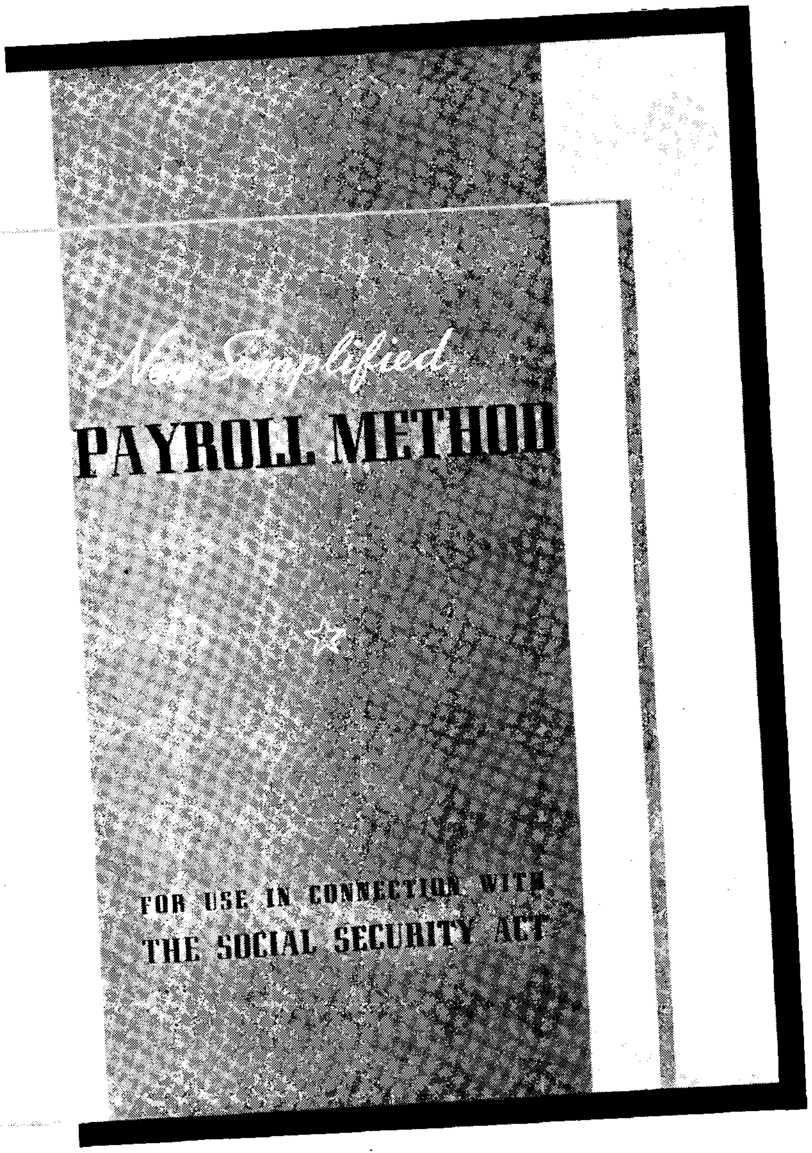
Despite the fact that murder was not, in theory at least, a bailable offense, Vale had obtained Duncan's freedom on bond without difficulty. The district attorney had agreed, and the court was willing.

Vale was tall, thin and patrician. His hair was sandy in color, his eyes warm blue at times, and at other times a cold, steely gray. He was thirty-one years of age, well-trained, alert and resourceful. He could match thunder with even so redoubtable an opponent as Morley Anderson, but he had an additional weapon—a keen cutting sense of satire which he



"I caught 'im myself"

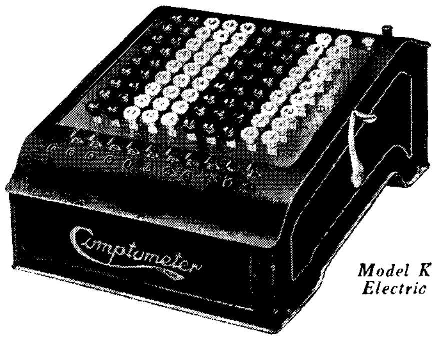
JAY IRVING



A NEW and unique payroll method devised by the "Comptometer" research staff provides an ideal solution to payroll accounting problems resulting from Social Security legislation. The "Comptometer" Payroll Method provides for the recording of employee records with respect to earnings and deductions of all kinds in a simple, economical and highly flexible manner.

Outstanding features of this Method are (as in normal figure-work routine handled by "Comptometers"): *accuracy, economy, speed and extreme adaptability.*

For a copy of the illustrated six-page folder shown above, in which the "Comptometer" Method is outlined, write (on your firm's letterhead) to the Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Illinois.



COMPTOMETER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

used sparingly, but with tremendous effect.

Duncan Campbell was seated beside the desk. He looked older than his twenty-three years. His brown eyes were somber, tiny lines had appeared in a fortnight at the corners of his mouth, there were faint, vertical furrows on his forehead. He ran short, strong, square fingers through his unruly hair and said, "What now, Graham?"

"You've read Anderson's statement?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't let it fool you. He's straddling the fence—and he's smart. He'll convict if he can."

"That's a natural."

VALE'S keen eyes bored down at his youthful client. He said, "There's only one thing that can lick us, Dunc."

"What is that?"

"The unexpected."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"I've got to get the straight of this Larry Wilson thing."

Duncan Campbell looked up and shrugged. He said, "I'd like to know it, too."

"A layman," stated Vale quietly, "often conceals things from his lawyer. He thinks he can get away with them. Then he gets on the stand, finds himself subjected to a harsh cross-examination—and everything goes haywire. Worst of all, in such cases, the defense attorney is helpless. He's been caught with his guard down."

Duncan said wearily, "I've told you all I know."

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word."

Vale shook his head. "That makes things difficult. There's some mighty good reason why Larry has kept his mouth shut. What's your idea?"

"I haven't a hunch." Duncan was thoughtful. "Maybe he really was hurt badly."

"Ridiculous! He was out driving with his wife the other night."

Duncan nodded. "Yes, I know he was. I can only repeat that I was with Larry from five o'clock until he took the plane at seven. And he didn't have ten seconds to spare."

"But there's some reason—"

"What's the use of going over all that again? It isn't getting us anywhere."

"I hoped that we might get the answer. You see, Duncan, Larry is our case. Larry and Rita."

Duncan rose and walked to the window. He spoke without looking around:

"I'd rather not have Rita put on the stand."

"Why?"

"Because, damned fool or not—I love her."

"You love her? . . . After what—"

"That's my business. I love her and I'm sorry for her. I think she's a good scout, naturally. I think she'd spill everything if she thought it would help me."

"It's the only thing that will help you. I've got to use her."

"I say no."

"DON'T be a complete idiot. We've got to check Larry out. We don't know what he's planning or what he's going to say. The public thinks you killed Ted Courtney. If it was true about Ted and Rita—they won't hold it against you. They'll think you did the right thing. Listen, Dunc, I'm not trying to hurt you: I'm trying to make it easy. But we've got to use Rita."

"I'd rather take what's coming to me."

"Which will be plenty. It's Rita—or else."

Duncan whirled. "Listen, Graham—hasn't she put up with enough? Why subject her to that kind of an ordeal?"

"She asked me to, that's why."

"She's a sweet kid. . . ." Duncan's voice dropped and he spoke, half to himself. "I suppose I married her because she was a figure on Broadway," he said gently. "At least, that's what started me chasing after her. But later . . . well, take it this way: I don't blame her for anything she's done since she got here. I don't know what she might have done before we married. But, damn it! I'm not going to have her get on the stand and admit something under oath. And that's all there is to it."

"No," answered Graham Vale. "That isn't all."

"What else is there?"

"Me. With Larry an unknown quantity and Rita not testifying—I wouldn't care to go through with the case. Nor would any other first-class attorney."

"Drop it then. I don't give a hoot what happens to me."

Vale crossed to Duncan and dropped his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Listen, youngster," he said softly, "you're coming through in great shape, but it isn't sensible. It isn't as though Rita would testify to anything that the public doesn't already know. You see, Dunc—you made threats against Ted. The State will have half a dozen witnesses to establish that. Then Ted was killed. They've got to think you did it, because so far as I can find out, he didn't have an enemy in Habersham. Our only chance is to establish that you had a sound reason behind those threats: something that a sentimental jury can use to justify an acquittal. Understand?"

"Yes. But I still say no."

"Good guy. But it's got to be. Think it over . . . we've still got a little time."

Duncan said hopefully: "Maybe Larry will come through."

"I wish I knew. I've subpoenaed him as a defense witness."

"Without talking to him first?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because your story is either true or untrue, Dunc. If it's true, I'll find out."

"How?"

"Because I'll have Larry where the law will make him answer questions. If he's a friendly witness, all well and good: our case will be simple."

"And if he's hostile?"

"In that case," snapped Graham Vale, "I'll have the court rule him a hostile witness, and I'll subject him to the damnedest grilling a man ever got."

Duncan dropped into his chair. "I'm all mixed up, Graham. None of it makes sense—"

"To you or anybody else. Every man, woman and child in this town is gabbing about it."

And Mr. Graham Vale was right. Everybody *was* talking about it. Even Jason Rountree and Miss Ella Morrison, who were lunching together at Habersham's most elaborate cafeteria.

Miss Morrison was leaning across the table. She said, "Well, like this or lump it, Jason — I think your friend is a louse."

"Larry?"

"Yes — Larry. A double-dyed, all-wool, first-class, self-made louse."

"Listen," protested Mr. Rountree, "you're too nice a girl to be using such expressions. And besides, you're wrong about him."

"Humph! You're sticking up for him because he dragged you out of the ocean, that's all."

"It isn't that. I know lots you don't know."

"What, for instance?"

"We-e-ell, I'd rather not say."

"You know what I think? I think your friend Larry killed Courtney himself."

Jason passed his right hand across his bald pate and smiled angelically. He said, "I suppose a pretty girl isn't even supposed to have brains."

"WHAT'S screwy about thinking that?"

"Well, there's Duncan Campbell's own story, for one thing. If that's true, then Larry couldn't have done it."

"Says you, he couldn't. Look: Suppose Duncan and Larry were together just when Duncan says? Suppose they were talking about Courtney and this Rita? Suppose they went to Courtney's house to tell him to lay off—"

"There was only one man in the car that drove away."

"The servant only saw one. There might have been two. Maybe the other guy was in the car already. See?"

"Go on," encouraged Jason. "I like to hear you talk silly."

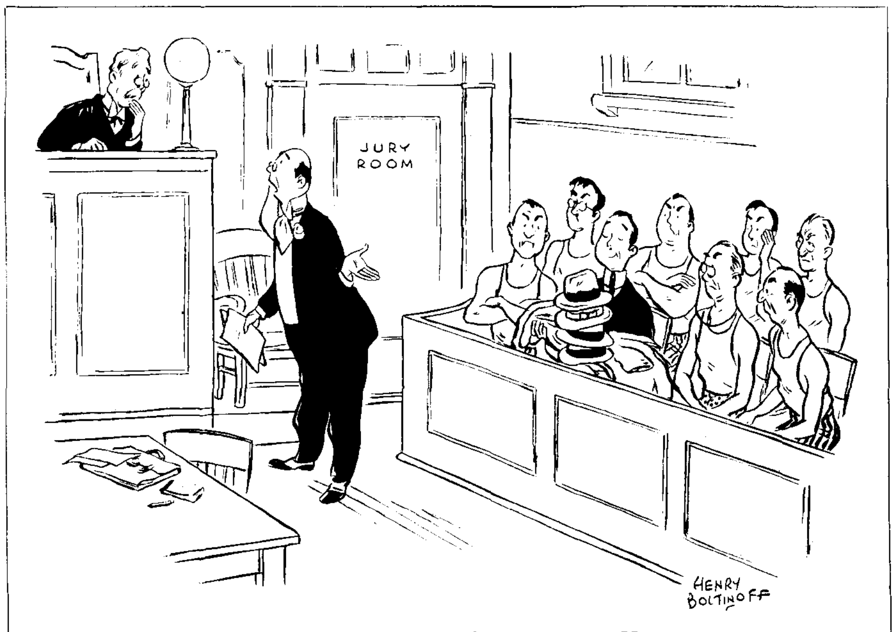
"Well, Duncan killed this bird, or else Larry. If it was Duncan—why, Larry was a witness. So what would be more natural than for Duncan to say he was with Larry then—which he was—and figure Larry would come across for him, knowing he had a good reason for doing what he did?"

"You can ask more foolish questions to the square inch—"

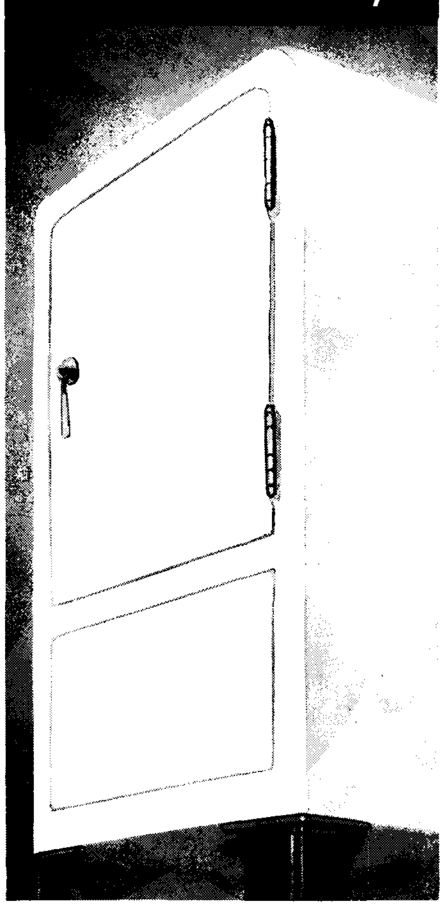
"Which you don't answer." She speared a fresh piece of butter and spread it on a biscuit. "And what's more, you weren't even here, so you can't swear Larry Wilson didn't do it."

Jason said nothing. There was nothing he could say. But he was thinking, "I certainly couldn't swear that—and neither could Larry."

(To be continued next week)



"Exhibit A was a deck of cards, your Honor!" HENRY BOLTINOFF



DU PONT PAINTS for EVERY PURPOSE in Home and Industry

3,000,000 Modern Refrigerators gleam with DULUX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AMAZING has been the rapid rise to popularity of Du Pont Dulux as the modern refrigerator finish. Women find that Dulux brings a purer, cleaner whiteness into kitchens. It *keeps* its original, gleaming beauty for years.

Dulux is one of the many modern Du Pont Finishes designed to make products—and paintable surfaces of all kinds—look better and last longer.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Paints.. Varnishes Enamels.. Lacquers
DUCO-DULUX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IN SEALED CANS
FOR YOUR PROTECTION
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL

"That's the oil I want! It's *distilled!*"

In bitter winter weather, the oil you buy *must* be free from non-lubricating impurities in order to give fast starting and protect your motor.

To keep out these impurities which are present in all crudes, Havoline is *wholly* distilled.

So ask for *distilled* oil when next your crankcase is filled. Just say "Havoline!" For Havoline is 100% distilled. In modern scientific vacuum stills, every drop of our crude is turned into a pure vapor. And then it is condensed back into rich, rugged oil. By this process, impurities present in so many partly distilled oils are eliminated.

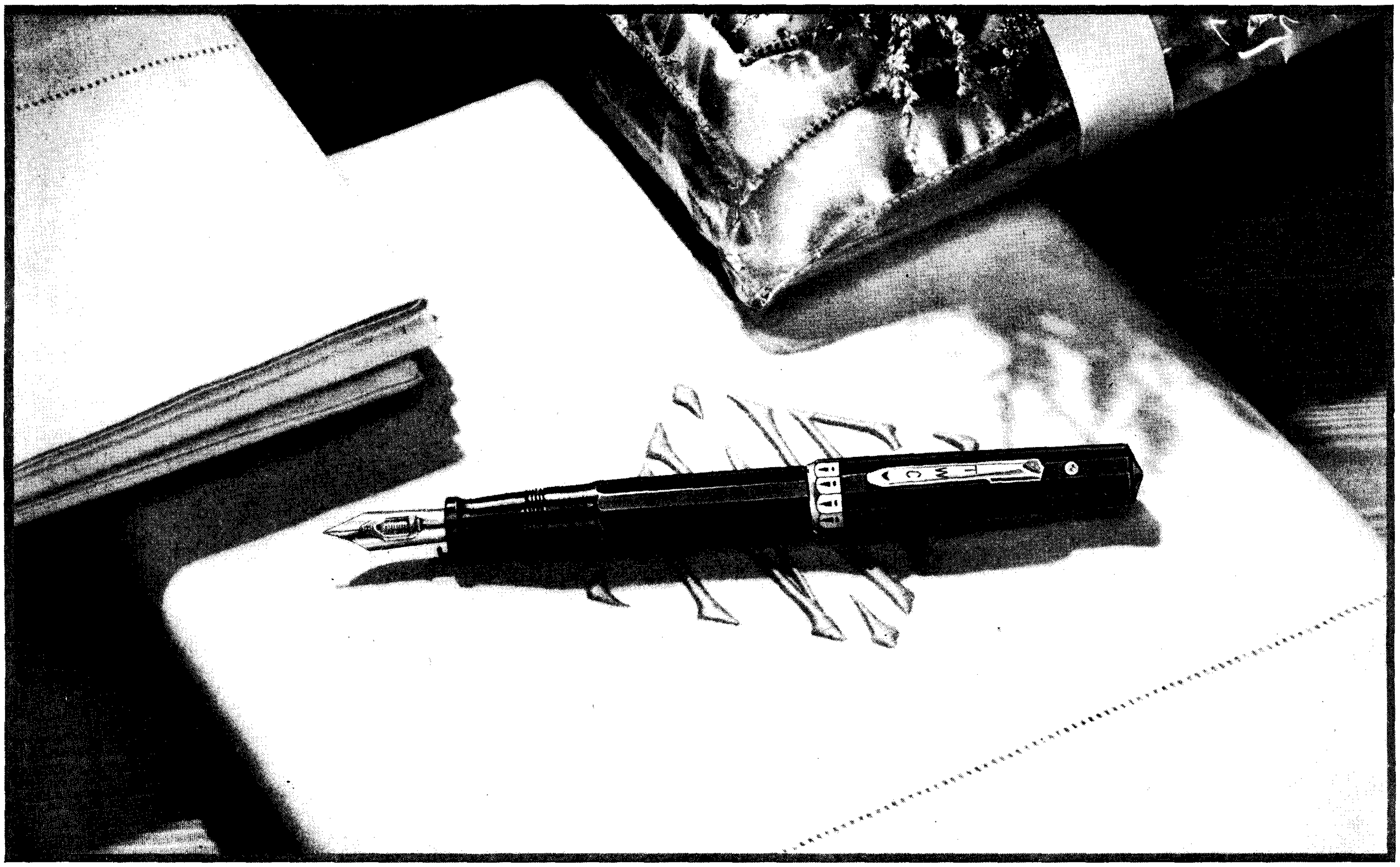
Havoline keeps your engine clean. It cannot form the hard carbon that steals power and is so costly to remove. It is waxfree and never grows sluggish in cold weather. It flows instantly.

At all Texaco dealers. Indian Refining Company, Indianapolis. Affiliated with The Texas Company.

Keeps your engine clean

THE EVERSHARP PEN CAN'T LEAK . .

NO MORE INK-STAINED FINGERS!



● *This pen can't leak when capped, so there's* no ink *on the finger-rest when you uncap it. Always so clean you could safely lay it on one of your finest monogrammed towels.*

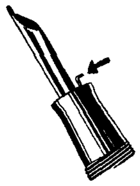
THE INK IS IN YOUR EVERSHARP...BUT NEVER ON IT!

ONE OF THE FAULTS of the ordinary fountain pen is often found on your fingers.

Cap it as tightly as you may—yet the ink has a way of leaking from the pen-barrel into the cap. Then onto the finger-rest. Then onto your fingers, papers, purse, clothing.

A farewell to ink stains!

Eversharp has put an end to this annoyance. The Eversharp pen *can't leak*—because its Safety Ink Shut-Off* locks the ink in the barrel the instant the cap is screwed on.



Screw the cap firmly into place, and it closes this little valve, sealing the ink in the pen-barrel as tightly as a cork seals a bottle.

Pack an Eversharp in your suitcase, carry it upside down in your pocket, leave it on its side in your desk—its Safety Ink Shut-Off keeps it *clean* . . . Only Eversharp has this feature.

And only Eversharp offers you this choice: a regular point or the Adjustable Point. Any one can "tailor" the Adjustable Point Eversharp to fit his own particular writing style. It's the greatest of gift pens—the one gift pen that can't be wrong!

You can get an Eversharp in pyralin—in the handsome Doric design shown above. Or you can get it in gleaming gold—a gold-filled pen—the handsomest Eversharp ever built!

Sold at stationer's, jeweler's, department or drug stores. Holds an amazing amount of ink, fills in one stroke, shows when to refill.

Guaranteed-for-life Eversharp pens, $7.50 to $10.50. Other models $2.75 and up. Pencils to match, $1.25 to $5. Prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto.

* * *

Eversharp *Square Lead* fits all makes of mechanical pencils. And because it fits them *tighter* and *better* it won't slip or twist—and it's stronger. Smoother, too, and holds a keener point. Try it—the genuine comes only in the "Red Top" package. Ask for it.

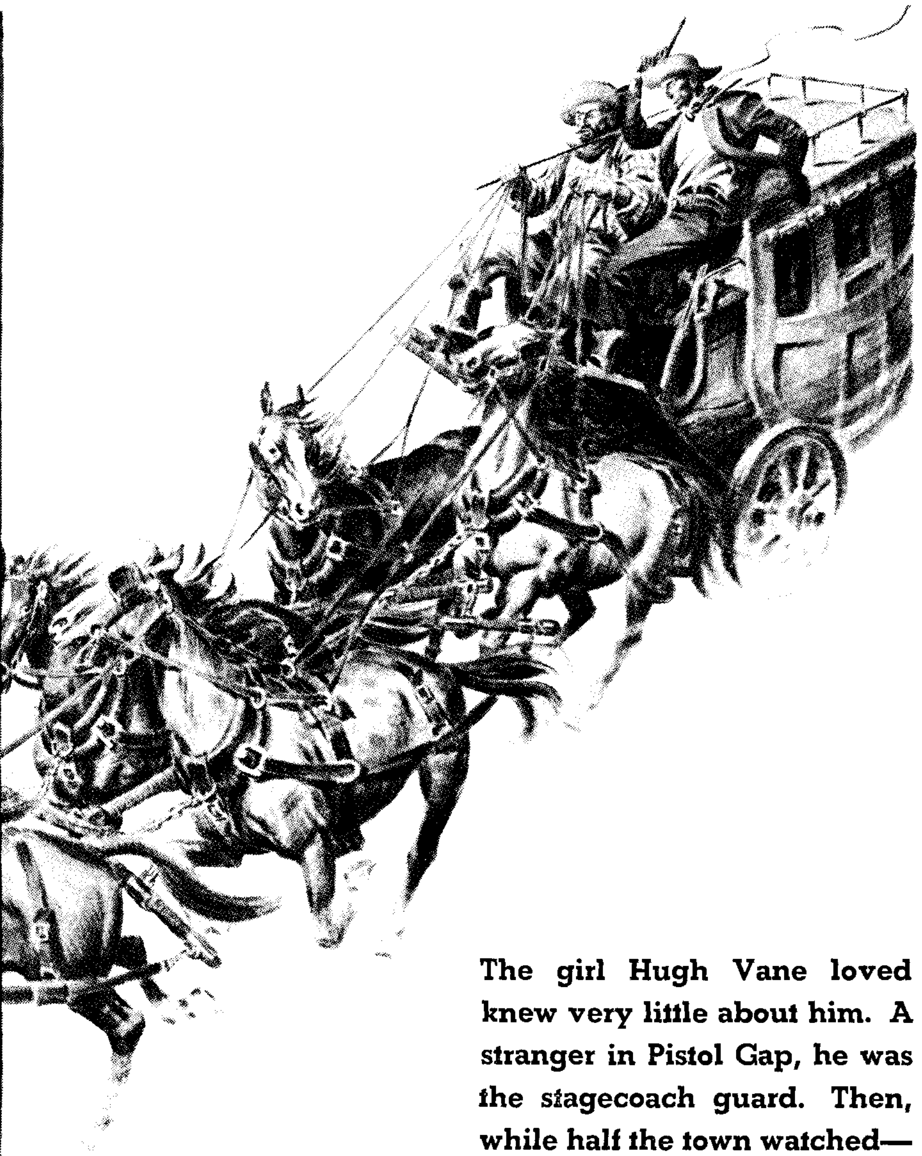
*U. S. PAT. APPLIED FOR

EVERSHARP

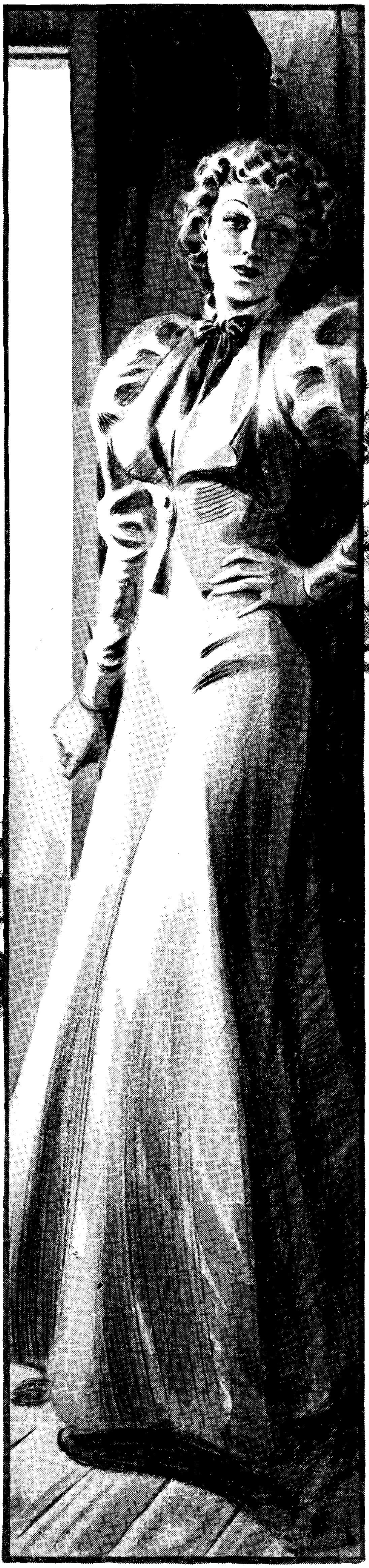
THE ONLY PEN WITH THE SAFETY INK SHUT-OFF

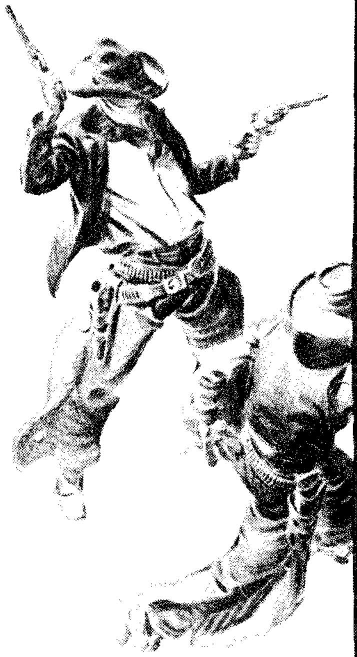
Man with a Past

By Ernest Haycox



The girl Hugh Vane loved knew very little about him. A stranger in Pistol Gap, he was the stagecoach guard. Then, while half the town watched—





Two men jumped from the trees before the horses, bandanas covering their faces. One man's voice said: "Stand 'er up, Nick"

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND

AT EIGHT o'clock this fine July morning Nick Hills drove the stage up from Ed Sigurney's stable to the dull brick front of the Wells-Fargo office and stopped there. Three men came from the office with a brass-cornered bullion trunk and heaved it into the stage's boot with a show of effort everybody noticed. One of the men said to Nick: "You're travelin' heavy today." An Omaha whisky drummer and an army major looking very gallant in his sharp-creased blue uniform got into the stage and closed the door.

Nick Hills let the reins lie slack between his hands and indifferently considered the audience gathered beneath the board awning of the Pride of the Hills saloon. Then Hugh Vane walked very deliberately from the hotel with a shotgun tucked under his arm. Abreast the stage he said, "Mornin', Nick," and climbed over a wheel to take his place beside Hills.

Driver and guard, they made an odd pair. There was about the graying, shriveled Nick Hills a typical stage-driver's profane carelessness as to speech and dress. Beside him Hugh Vane made a contrast that any man might notice—that most men in Pistol Gap did notice. He was dressed in a blue serge suit, with a string tie against a white shirt and a flat-brimmed hat shading a well-shaved face that, as now, presented the world an unbroken expression. At thirty he was neither young nor old, yet behind him lay some kind of a life that had seasoned him and turned him quiet. Pistol Gap, knowing him only a year, accepted him and asked no questions.

Vane laid the shotgun across his knees, muzzle pointing away from Hills, and adjusted the holster of his gun belt to ease the weight of the .44 carried beneath his coat. He lighted a cigar, said something to the Wells-Fargo agent standing by the wheel, and let his glance touch the crowd. He nodded at Al Pedigo, the evenness of his lips breaking before a smile at sight of the boy's thin and mobile face; and afterward his attention reached Johnny Bones standing by the saloon door, whereupon the gray of his eyes instantly sharpened and grew chilly. A moment later he lifted his hat to Elsie Singer, who came from Clay Cornfoot's store. There was this small moment of attention between man and girl. Afterward he said, "All right, Nick," and the stage rolled out of Pistol Gap, raking a high cloud of dust behind.

Vane said: "Traveling heavy."

Nick Hills drawled: "You like that Pedigo kid and I don't know why. He's crooked."

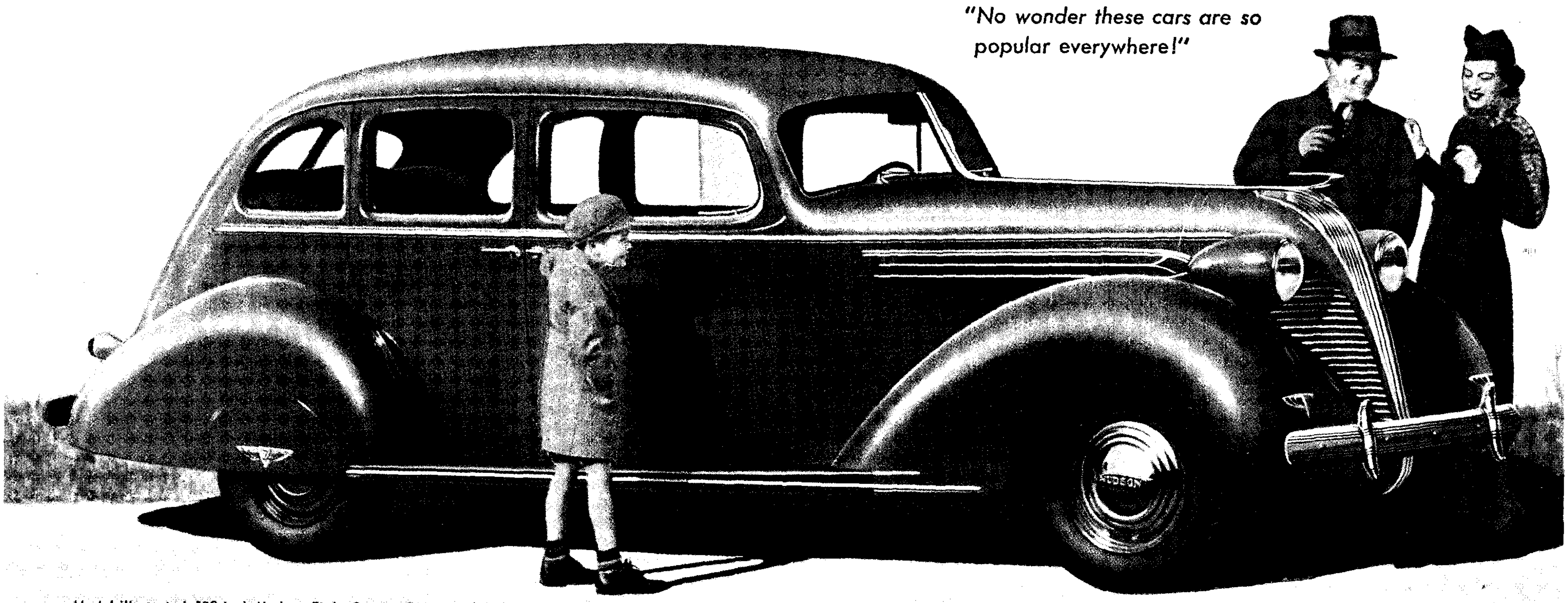
"Maybe," admitted Vane, with a reluctance in his voice that Nick Hills could hear. "Maybe a little wild."

"You noticed Johnny Bones?"

The consideration went out of Hugh Vane's voice. "Yes," he said.

There was no more talk then, for the stage had reached the canyon's head and was leaving it in one rash downward sweep. Hugh Vane's glance began to narrow down and to touch the wooded points along the road one by one as they rushed up. They were traveling heavy today and Johnny Bones had shown himself in the Gap. There had been no attempt on this stage for a year, but on that occasion Nick Hills had brought a dead guard and an empty bullion box into the Gap. Exactly one year ago Hugh Vane had taken that dead guard's job.

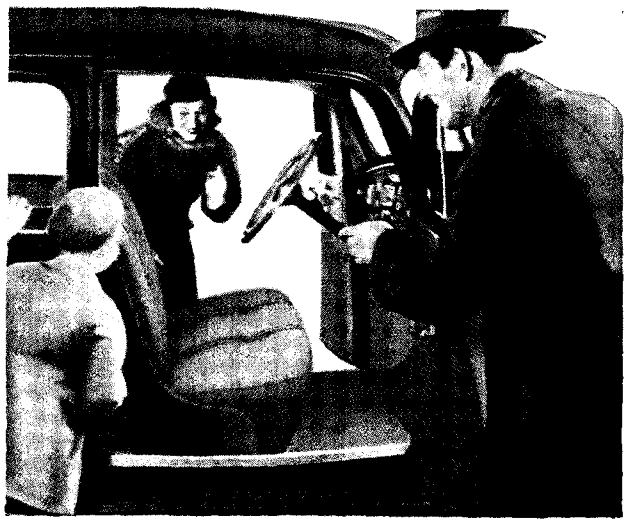
That night he slept at Desert Cross-



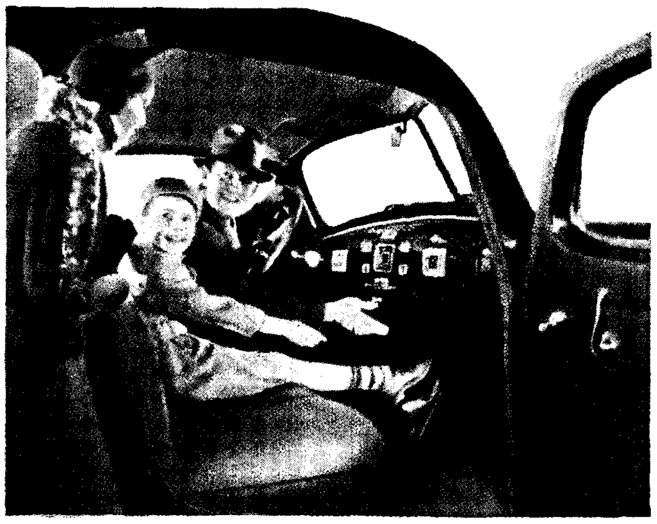
"No wonder these cars are so popular everywhere!"

Model illustrated, 129-inch Hudson Eight Custom Country Club Sedan

HUDSON BRINGS GREATEST DRIVING



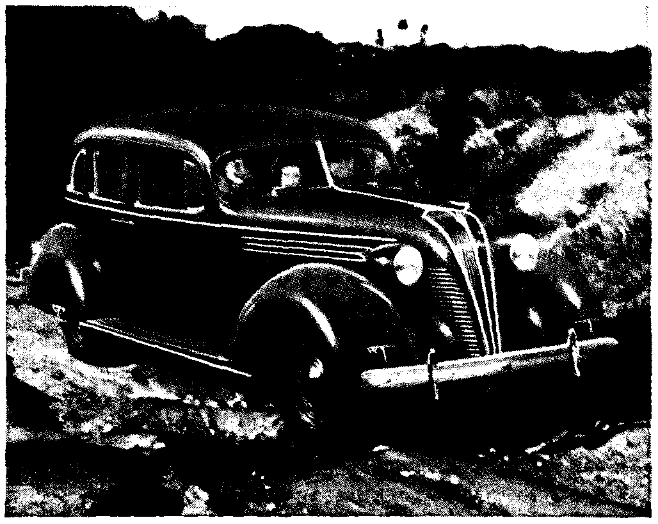
"How Beautiful!" Real praise, this! For the Thompsons found much to admire in many different 1937 cars. But here, in the Hudson and Terraplane showroom, they're face to face with truly *distinctive* style that combines *both* good looks and usefulness . . . style that sets these cars apart from all the rest.



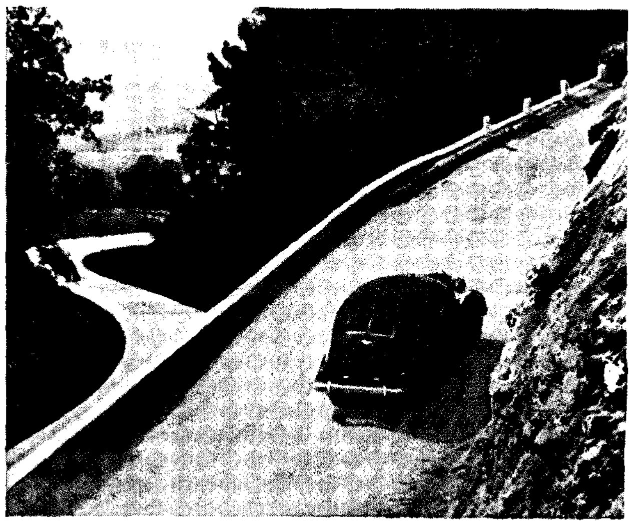
"Floor All Clear!" The youngest member of the Thompson family noticed it first. No gear shift lever in the floor! No brake lever there, either! Nothing to stumble over . . . room, at last, for all three pairs of feet! And that rear floor *level* . . . no "hump." But . . . *no gear shift lever* in front! How, then, do you shift? "Up at the wheel," says Mr. Thompson, "with the Selective Automatic Shift."

"So Much Room!" The Thompsons discover that tho trimly graceful exterior lines surround the *roomiest i* *terior* in *any* popular car. "Almost as wide as our dave port!" Mrs. Thompson exclaims as the whole family settl in the front seat. And she's right . . . here is 55 inches solid comfort for three . . . several inches more than you find in the front seat of any other popular car.

"What Get-Away!" And no wonder, with 96 and 101 horsepower in Terraplane . . . 101 and 107 in Hudson Six . . . 122 in Hudson Eight. Top horsepower in each price class, Mr. Thompson, with the smoothness that only Hudson and Terraplane owners enjoy. And top gasoline economy . . . *officially tested and certified!*



"Riding On Velvet!" Long, gentle springs are free for the first time from steering and braking strains. There is no "nosing down" when brakes are applied. Steering is amazingly easy and responsive, with new roller-tooth gears. It takes a *big car* for that "big car ride." And each of these cars is the biggest in its price class . . . 117-inch wheelbase in Terraplane, 122 and 129-inch in Hudson.

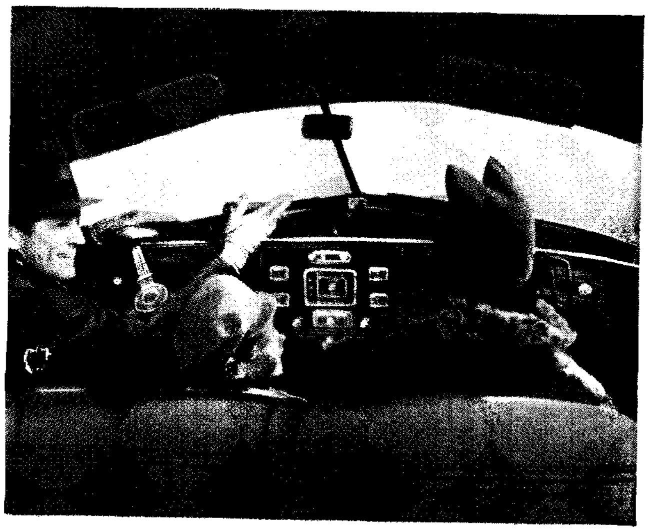


"No. 1 Performance, Too!" The Thompsons soon di cover why Hudson-built cars are known as the world's grea est performing stock cars. And they know the 1937 Hudson a Terraplane have already *proved* their right to the title. Fo in the most punishing endurance test of all time, these ca captured 40 official stock car records, certified by the Ame can Automobile Association. No other 1937 car has such pro

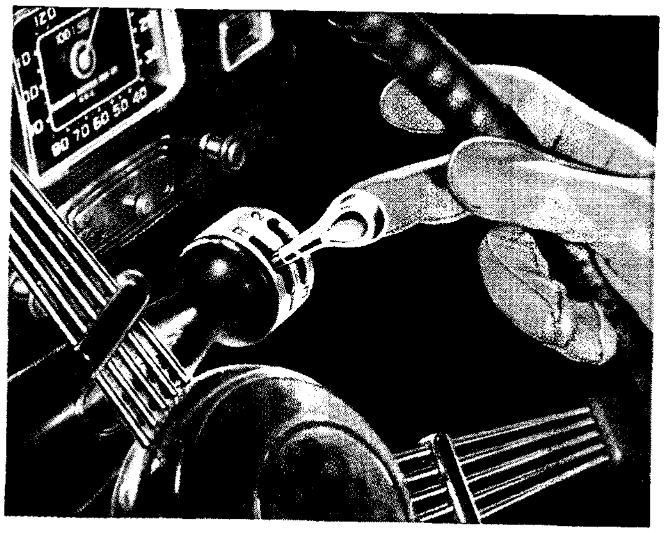
THE THOMPSONS DISCOVER THE NEW WAY TO DRIVE!

A flick of a finger . . . A touch of a toe . . . TO SHIFT! TO STOP! TO GO!

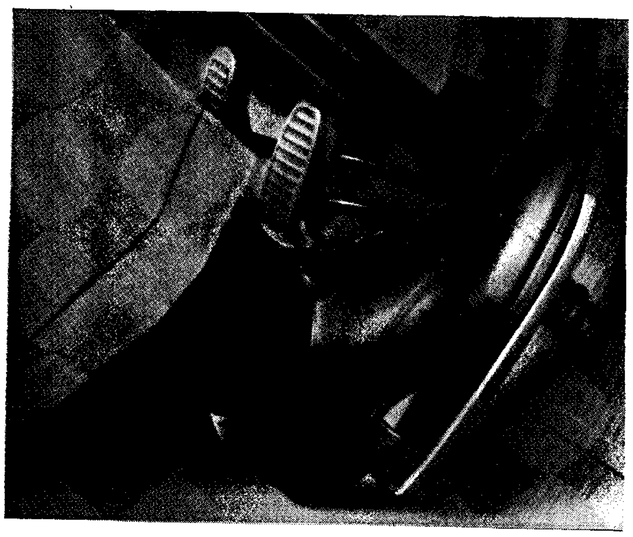
SENSATION IN YEARS . . . TRY IT!



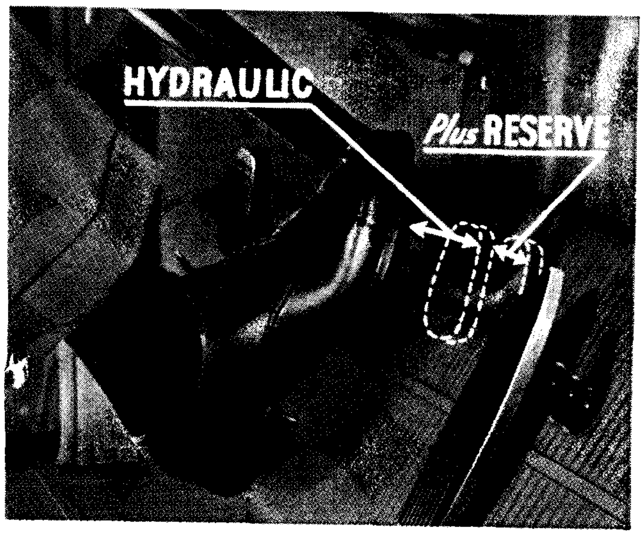
Such Wide Vision!" That's another important point. he sloping deep-V windshield is one of the smartest style otes of the season. But more than that . . . it is 52½ inches ide. "No danger of not seeing cars coming from either de," says Mr. Thompson. That extra depth means a bigger driving compartment, too. And behind the dash is a ackage locker with record roominess . . . *1002 cubic inches.*



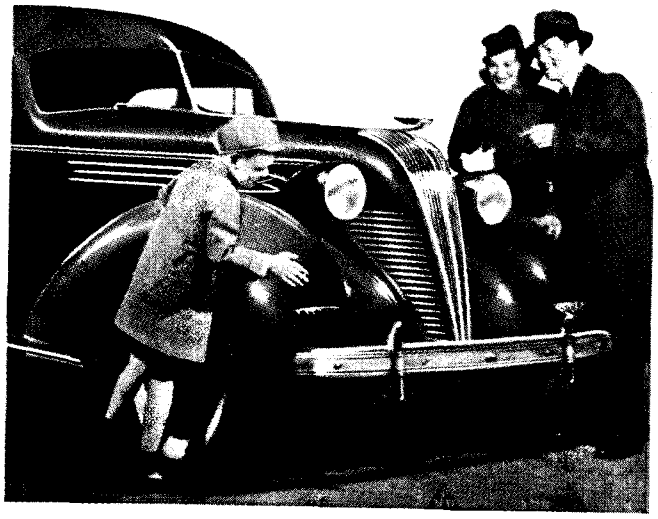
"Presto . . . To The Gear We Want!" That's the new way. Up under the steering wheel are the same familiar gear positions. You merely flick the lever to select the gear you want. Both hands stay on the wheel. "Why there's nothing new to learn," observes Mrs. Thompson. Right! And how much easier and safer . . . as more than 100,000 owners will tell you, after driving over a *billion* miles this new way.



"Change-o . . . Gears Shift!" When you're ready to shift, you merely lift your toe from the accelerator. You control every shift, but the car does all the work . . . *automatically.* "You see," says Mr. Thompson, "I never touch the clutch at all. And did you notice how fast and smooth that shift was? The gears shifted themselves."



And What Brakes!" Duo-Automatic Hydraulics . . . xclusive in Hudson and Terraplane. Giant, smooth hyaulic brakes . . . and from the *same* pedal, a separate fety braking system that takes hold automatically if ever eeded. Still a *third* braking system from the easy-operatg hand brake up at the instrument panel . . . Mrs. hompson will like the way it releases at a finger touch.



"Greatest Ride We Ever Had!" Back at the showroom again. "Boy, what pep!" says Junior. "And isn't it a beauty!" "Did you notice how luxurious the interior is . . . what fine upholstery and fittings?" Mrs. Thompson inquires. But what about Mr. Thompson? He's going to talk to the salesman right away! From now on, the Thompsons are going to drive the NEW way . . . the modern way.

HUDSON

No. 1 CAR

OF THE MODERATE PRICE FIELD

TERRAPLANE

No. 1 CAR

OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD

TRY THE

NEW WAY TO DRIVE!

TODAY

at any Hudson and Terraplane dealer's. No obligation. (Selective Automatic Shift optional at small extra cost on all models.)

ing, the end of the run; and the following late afternoon saw him back in Pistol Gap again, dropping an empty bullion box into the Wells-Fargo office.

Scrubbing up in his hotel room, he had a moment's wonder at the man he had become. Twice a week for one year meant a hundred-odd trips on the box to Desert Crossing and back, the pattern of his life grooving deeper and deeper. Time went on and his smoky years receded into the yonder mists, yet there were hours when the smell and the color and the form of those earlier days came back to him with a vividness that blotted out the present; and in those hours the old feeling of wildness pounded at his will and turned him to stony quiet while he stubbornly fought the tumult away. He had these moments of bitter rebellion at the strict life he had chosen. In a way it explained why he looked upon Al Pedigo with a secret liking and a secret sympathy when the whole town pronounced the boy bad. He had been like Al Pedigo.

He took his supper in the hotel's dining room and later stood on the porch with the fragrance of cigar smoke rising keenly through his nostrils while day died. The town lights threw their soft glitter through window and doorway and somebody began to play on the Pride of the Hills' piano. He could feel the town lift out of its hot daytime lethargy and stir with night's liveliness.

He turned up a side street and climbed quickly above the tops of those buildings flung along the gulch bottom to another house cut into a small bench of the hills, a big square house topped by a cupola and guarded by a fence whose pickets glowed luminously under the moonlight. The gate latch clicked when he passed through it and Elsie Singer's voice, low and half eager, came out of the porch's darkness:

"I have been waiting."

HALF up the steps, one foot before the other, he stopped and found her risen to meet him. Light ran through an open door to frame the small, square line of her shoulders and when she turned her head slightly he saw the slow smile on her lips. She was a dark, poised girl and there was a way she had of listening rather than of speaking that powerfully stirred him—as though the things she thought and the things she felt were more powerful than words might express. She was John Singer's daughter; he ran the great Consolidated Mine for Eastern owners; and she, too, was Eastern. But of that distinction he had never been aware. It was the inner vitality which colored and gave grace to her silence and to her speech that struck him so hard. Of fire beneath smiling calm. Of a gallantry like rashness beneath the curve of her lips.

He said: "I didn't wish to be too soon."

Her answer was soft; it was a murmur: "How poor a judge you are." Her hand came out to touch him lightly and to draw him up the steps. He waited there until she sat down, and afterward took his own place in a rocker, his legs stretched before him, his long arms idle.

The noises of the Gap's main street came up in muted waves, and wind ran out of the high pines, setting up small waterfall echoes. The smell of wildness came from those tangled hills; and the dark horizon eastward faded into the farness and the flatness of the prairie.

She said: "You're looking toward the desert. What do you see over there—what do you remember?"

"Smoky by night—smoky by day. I rode up from there just a year ago this week. I was on my way to somewhere else. But I stayed here."

"Where were you going, Hugh?"

He said: "I couldn't say. At the time it made no difference where I went."

Her voice was soft and gentle again. "Why did you stop here?"

"When a man is on the run it takes a strong rope to pull him down."

Her amusement touched the silver shadows with a gentle laughter. "Sententious—in the way of an Indian talking. The deeper you get, the more laconic you are."

He could come no closer to the truth, though she was the truth of the matter. That year ago he had ridden out of the smoky desert and out of a smoky past up to these hills and through that crooked street. She had stepped from Clay Cornfoot's store, a parasol lifted against the sun, and he had seen her then as a man sees coolness after dust and thirst. He could remember that he had ridden ten yards farther before turning to watch her go along the street; and at the hotel corner she had looked behind, once and briefly, and had gone up the hill.

And so he had stayed, no soul in Pistol Gap knowing what his life had been.

"This place wouldn't be so bad if they'd quit cluttering it up with ice"

EDWARD NOFZIGER

After the long, rough years these days were as quiet and as serene as anything a man might want. It was his will to settle down and cut the groove of his life deeper and deeper into proper ways, to prove to himself that the old wildness was dead and would not return. Yet of that he wasn't sure, and so could not speak.

HE SAT there without stirring, listening to night's sounds rise from the timber, identifying all those sounds with an alert mind, alive to the night and responsive to it. Long afterward she said, in the same soft way:

"There must be some beautiful melody in the world. I can see how carefully you listen for it."

"Night," he said, "is a pleasant time."

"Some day you'll forget."

"What?"

But she was laughing again and he saw her lips turn into a long, soft shape. It was like a faint, frank insolence that held no sting. "Be what you were meant to be. Why be anything else?"

He rose and made a tall shape before her, saying nothing. She came up from her chair, standing before him and lifting her head until he could see the soft and expressive turning of her lips and the warmth in her eyes. Hugh Vane lifted his hat and said, "Good night," and left the porch. When he reached the gate the impulse to look back was like a rope pulling at him, and he saw her framed against the light, slim and still-bodied and her dark hair shining.

HE STROLLED through a Saturday-night crowd to the Pride of the Hills, passing into its smoky glittering confusion. All the tables were going and the bar was crowded. On the glittering back-bar mirror a soaped sign said: "Lou Parmenter bets Stewart Smith a thousand dollars gold that Sullivan beats Corbett before the twentieth round." And, in soap, both men had signed that bet. Above the back bar hung an enormous painting of a coal-black racing horse; and beside it was another painting of a woman, both pictures, Hugh Vane thought idly, representing the deepest hungers of men—action and beauty.

Al Pedigo's voice was behind him, young and quick, and a little unsteady: "Have a drink with me?"

He turned about. The kid had his back to the bar, both elbows hooked on it. There was a whisky pink on his cheeks and his eyes were bright and laughing, with a recklessness in them that as yet had found nothing to steady it. He had a good broad forehead, but his features otherwise still were youthfully loose; they needed to be thinned and hardened by the punishment a man got from living. This kid was a white page on which nothing much had been written. But Vane looked at the boy carefully, feeling the cold strangeness at seeing himself in flesh and blood as he had been ten years before. He said, "I'm obliged," and poured himself a drink from the bottle standing before them. The kid straightened and took his whisky down; and excitement flashed its whiter flame from his eyes.

"I'd give a lot to know where you been before you came to the Gap," he said.

From any other man it would have been an affront. But Vane knew this boy's mind. At twenty he had been Al Pedigo, restless for something he couldn't find, with the urge to be alive like hot fire in him, and with an envy toward those older men who walked the streets and seemed to know so much about the world. He understood how the kid felt about this because in his own youth he had felt it; and carefully sought his words. It was strange that he felt so personal a responsibility for this kid.

"Take your fun where you find it," he said slowly. "But listen to me. Never do a thing that makes you quit laughing. You hear?"

The kid was listening. He was trying to hear. But that brightness in his eyes was like a barrier and Hugh Vane felt a sudden impatience with himself. He was explaining something that couldn't be explained. At thirty he could look back and understand what ten years had done to him; but the kid couldn't look forward from twenty and know anything about those ten years. This was the impossible canyon lying between—those ten years. Every man had to grind out his own heart on the wheel.

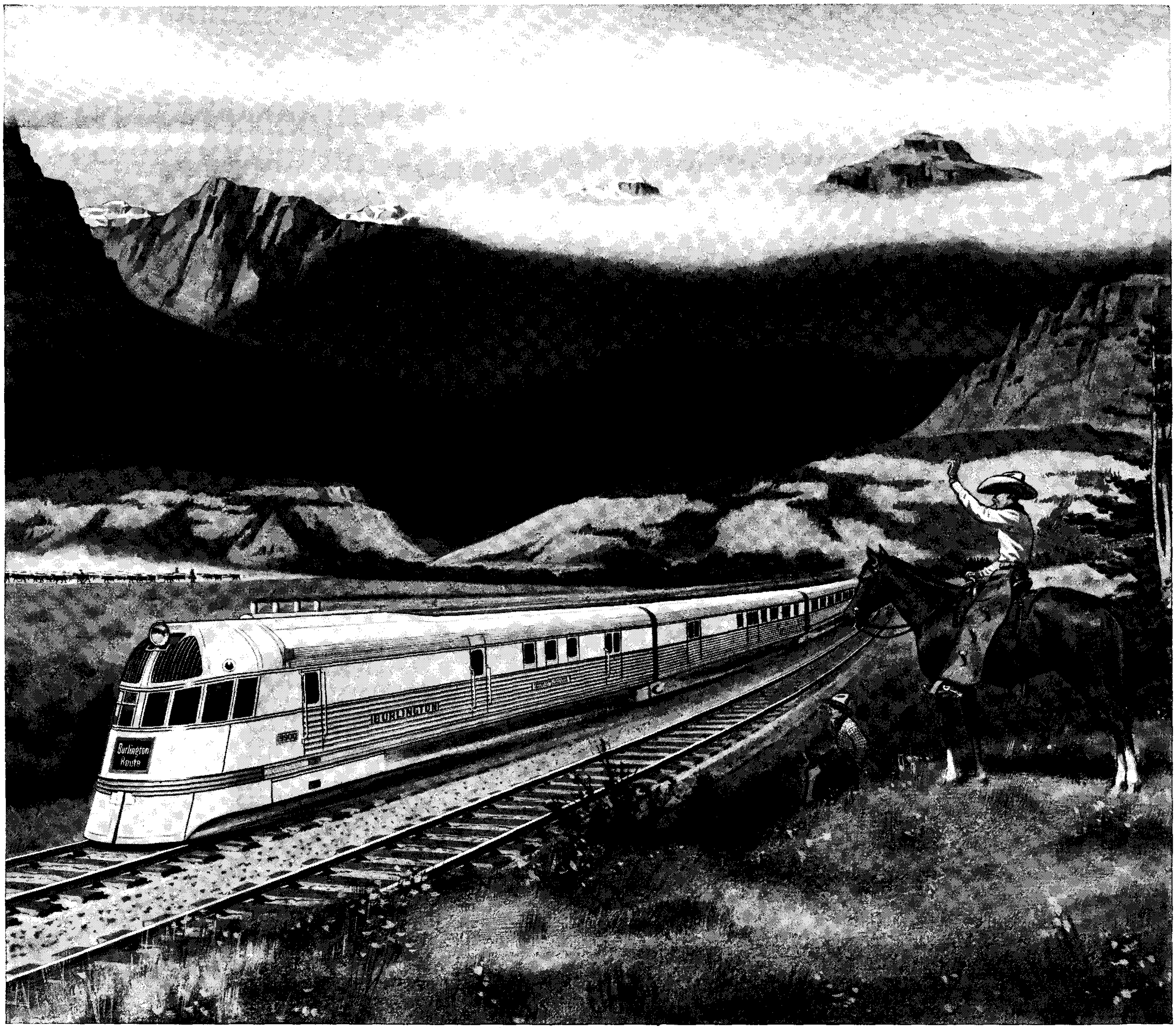
IT WAS, then, an impulse of sudden loneliness and of irritation that turned him around as Bill Mullenhaupt strolled by. The impulse made him say: "Take my job tomorrow, Bill. I want to go fishing."

Mullenhaupt said, "Sure," and went on.

Vane saw a hand lift from one of the room's corners and went over there. Doc Ben Parrott and Tom Boyle and Henry Gresham were waiting for him to fill out their private Saturday-night poker game. He sat down and received the stack of chips from Tom Boyle and leaned back in the chair, hat shading his eyes. He put his hands on the table and let them lie. Boyle said: "Talking to Al Pedigo will do you no good. The kid's a crook and a horse thief."

They had told him this before, and they knew how he'd answer. It was something he couldn't help. "Maybe he's helped himself to a few horses, or a few cows. He's young, and those are sins he'll recover from. He's like a pup, gnawing on a shoe and not knowing any better. Someday he'll sink his teeth into proper meat—and forget all that foolishness."

He looked at his cards and said, "Pass," and remained with his head tipped down; but there was a picture of the saloon room exactly in his mind, with all men posted in their places. On entering he had taken that one swift, photographic view. And now suddenly he lifted his head and his glance went across to the far end of the bar where Johnny Bones stood alone, holding his glass in a huge, black fist. He caught the full stare of Bones' eyes and for a moment they were like that, with Vane's lips slowly stretching into a longer, thinner line. These other three men at the table were watching Hugh Vane, though he didn't know it, and they saw the coldness of his face then—the frigid shining of something like cruelty in his pupils. Bones abruptly turned, putting his belly to the bar. Vane threw his attention instantly to the other end of the bar where Al Pedigo still remained. But the kid was buried in his own reflections. There wasn't any connection, Vane decided, between Pedigo



Famous modern trains *The Pioneer Zephyr: Burlington Route*

WIND OF THE WEST

HISTORY will record that the first practical demonstration of true modernization in railroad travel began with the now famous non-stop run of the Pioneer Zephyr (Western Wind) from Denver to Chicago. In May, 1934, this first of a long line of Budd-built stainless-steel trains made the run of over 1000 miles at an average speed of more than 77 miles an hour, carrying 85 passengers at a total fuel cost of $14.88.

This demonstration, though scientifically complete, did not at first make a very deep impression on railroad men. While they thoroughly appreciated the accomplishment, it was hard for them to believe that this light-weight speed marvel could stand up in the regular bruising service of railroad operation.

What many failed to realize was that the trend toward light-weight construction had been started sometime before, and thoroughly proved in the automotive field. New, lighter and stronger alloys were now being made available. The old principle of massiveness-for-strength was on its way out. The new principle of light weight for greater strength and speed with safety could no longer be denied.

The important fact about the Pioneer Zephyr is that it did not end as an experiment. It continued to stand up in the toughest kind of service. It did a full-sized job, day after day, month in and month out. And now, with its service stretching into years, it is as serviceable as ever — a practical and popular train of untarnishable beauty.

The Pioneer Zephyr has been followed by larger and more elaborate Budd-built trains. Filled with delighted passengers, these trains link scores of cities. They provide modern comfort and modern speed with complete safety. And in more than two million miles of profitable operation they have piled evidence on evidence that Budd light-weight construction is sound in principle and enduring in service.

Originator of all-steel bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.

EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.

PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

and Bones. Bones was a bad one, pure and simple. The kid wasn't.

"Open?" said Doc Ben Parrott.

The evening had gone stale, and restlessness kept pushing Vane's long legs against the floor. He nudged his stack of chips back to Parrott and said, "I guess I'll turn in."

He crossed the hall and left it and went walking toward the hotel with his head down. And then, because Al Pedigo was a problem that grew larger and larger in his mind, he made a quick swing into the alleyway beside Cornfoot's store and turned about. So presently he saw Bones leave the Pride of the Hills and walk without haste along the far edge of the street at a rolling gait. He disappeared at the lower end of the canyon, in the darkness of the corrals there. Whipping his glance back to the saloon, Vane found Al Pedigo casually following.

He said, gently under his breath, "You fool," and the point of his cigar made a quick crimson glow in the shadows. He came away from the alley's mouth and crossed the street and was beside Al Pedigo before the kid quite knew. He said, in the way of a man who had nothing particular on his mind: "Restless weather. Ever been over in Utah?"

Pedigo's face swung upward at an awkward slant. He had a sharp, half startled slyness in his eyes. He said, "No," and was faintly sullen.

"A pretty country, with nothing to crowd a man but his own shadow. Why stay here?"

They were in front of the hotel. Vane stopped, seeing that oddness on the kid's cheeks. It was a barrier he could never break through, the barrier of ten years lying between. He added, slowly and with a sense of defeat: "I've seen men die in funny ways—and most of 'em died from their own mistakes." And went into the hotel.

The kid stood there a minute, his lips loose and indecisive. There was a rider coming up the street, and when Vane turned, the kid's eyes went past the rider to find Bones making a vague shape down by a corral. That way he went.

He said: "Maybe you'd like to know something."

The shadows were strong here and Bones' copper-colored cheeks were not to be read. "Don't bother me."

"Make a trade," said Al Pedigo. "What I know for what you'll do."

Bones let the silence drag; and said with a long drag of breath: "Let's have it."

"Mullenhaupt's ridin' shotgun guard tomorrow in Vane's place—"

UP IN the hotel room, Vane opened the windows to let out the day's trapped heat. He sat on the edge of the bed, rolling up a smoke, and afterward remained in this slouched shape, arms across his knees, smoke raveling up across the established taciturnity of his face, behind which his thoughts were breaking quick and rebellious, upsetting the years' long discipline.

Mullenhaupt called through the door and came in and stood there with a touch of embarrassment about him. He said: "Ever been married, Hugh?"

"No."

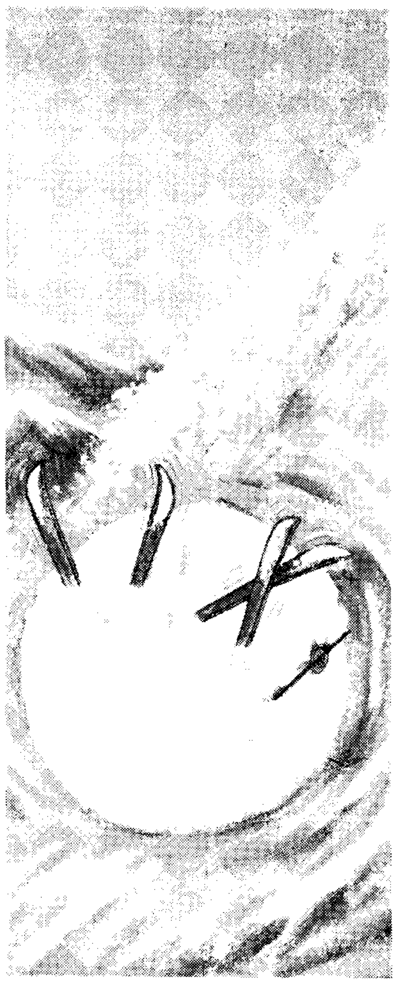
"Then I guess you won't get this. Anyhow, my old woman says I've served my time as shotgun guard. She says I don't go tomorrow. Gosh, am I that old?"

"That's all right, Bill."

But after Mullenhaupt had gone he remembered the strange expression in the gaunt old man's eyes. . . .

He stepped up over the wheel to the box and said, "Mornin', Nick," and laid the shotgun across his knees, muzzle pointed outward. The weight of his holster bit into his hip. He eased it and lighted his cigar, and turned to see the Wells-Fargo boys heave the brass-cornered bullion chest into the stage's boot. The clerk came around and said gently: "She's heavy again, Hugh." Hugh Vane looked at the crowd and marked Al Pedigo's absence. He said: "All right, Nick. . . ."

TWO hours later they were passing through the choppy hills of the bench country. Hills let his horses walk a while, and run a while, and walk a while. One mile in front of them a round butte lifted from the general tangle of trees like the peak of a cowpuncher's hat, the road rising over one of its corners and dropping away on the far side. Hugh Vane's eyes hung to that butte, his mouth changing a little.



"Fancy meeting you here!"

JAY IRVING

Sensations of trouble drummed at him through a windless air, invisible waves rolling against his senses. He said: "You're too old a hand to stampede, Nick. But brace yourself." They were nearing the crest of the grade, with the pines crowding down against the road's shoulder. Hugh Vane laid the shotgun carefully aside and drew his revolver and held it idly between his braced legs. Nick Hills grunted. That sense of trouble was like a rising blast of cold wind against Hugh Vane's cheeks and then, as the laboring horses reached the grade's summit and began swinging around the farther curve, two men jumped from the trees directly before the horses, bandannas covering their faces. One man's voice said:

"Stand 'er up, Nick."

Nick Hills said, "All right," as calmly as a man answering a question, and drew the team to a full stop.

For Hugh Vane it was something out of a book he thought he had closed. It was a pattern he had to follow. And then he had risen and thrown one fast shot straight between the horses at the larger of the two men in the road. He dropped and the smaller man was wildly firing when Hugh Vane went off the stage box at a long jump. He struck hard, going to his knees and coming up fast. The second man was firing beneath the horses to reach Vane and little snake heads of dust suddenly coiled around his boots; and running forward then, with the near horse momentarily sheltering him, he heard a rifle unexpectedly open up from the timber.

There was a third fellow hidden in the trees yonder, but his lead was spitting above Hugh Vane's head and whining through the stage's paneling. A distant part of Hugh Vane's mind wondered why, and afterward quit wondering. For he raced out ahead of the sheltering horse, into the remaining man's wicked firing. There were only ten yards between them, so close that Vane could see the fellow's black, wild eyes above the bandanna mask. He let go with his shot.

This was so old a pattern. The man let out a quick, painful grunt and he knew then, because he had heard that fatal sound before, that the man was dead. That one said, "Damn you, Hugh," but he was dead, whatever he did and whatever he said; and Vane's cocked muscles wheeled him around toward the timber. A rifle's snout retreated suddenly into the brush, no longer sounding. Vane threw three quick shots into those bushes.

Powder smell rolled back into his nostrils and silence dropped over him like a vast cape. The horses were ready to bolt. He went by them and touched the bigger man on the ground. The bandanna had fallen from this one's nose, showing the dull, round face of Johnny Bones. Rising then, Vane knew who the second dead man was: Johnny Bones' faithful partner in all matters, Les Tremont. Everybody in the country knew those two.

He called behind: "We bagged the pair, Nick. But who was that third fellow? I never knew Bones had another helper."

SILENCE followed his words; making a quick turn on his heels, he saw Nick Hills lying out on the stage's seat like a man gone to sleep. He ran back beside the horses and lifted himself over the wheel and found the small blue puncture of a rifle's bullet in Nick Hills' head.

Sweat ran down his cheeks, the taste of its salt mingling in his mouth with powder smell. His throat was dry.

Here lay Nick Hills dead in this seat. There was a rule about that which men, no matter how wild, almost never broke. A driver was responsible for his horses and for his stage; but it was the guard who was hired to do the shooting, and to furnish the fair target. The driver was immune, the rough-and-ready etiquette of the road exempting him from trouble as long as he held to his reins and took no other part. Nick Hills had minded his part faithfully, but he was dead. Only a man gone entirely bad would lie in the brush and send a bullet through Nick Hills, who had not drawn a gun, who had no gun to draw.

This was in his mind when he drove the team into the Gap's street beyond noon. It was three hundred yards from the hill road to the saloon, with only a scattering of men to be seen along the walks. Yet when he had traveled that three hundred yards half the town was closing in to watch him step down.

Bully McGrane, Pistol Gap's marshal, said: "Where's Nick?"

Vane's head swung and ducked at the coach's door. McGrane turned to wrench it open and a woman in the crowd cried, "Oh," in a fast, rising way. The Wells-Fargo agent jumped up to the stage's boot and looked at the bullion box. Vane said: "Somebody tell Frank Steptoe to go down to Hat Butte. He'll find Bones and Les Tremont there. There was a third man in the brush. It was that fellow who killed Nick."

The crowd made a closer and closer ring. Hugh Vane swung away from the coach, his eyes skimming the people around him without much recognition, without any friendliness. It was the way he felt, the same hard and brutal impulse driving at him; and then his attention went over the crowd to the Pride of the Hills' porch. Al Pedigo stood there.

Pedigo's face was long and white and his mouth had no color on it. Watching him then, Vane remembered how the kid had tagged John Bones down the street the night before. There had been three men involved in the shooting, which was one more man than Bones ever took along. The kid's eyes dropped away for a moment. When they rose again Vane observed the sullen veil spread over the kid's expression. For Vane it was a definite answer.

BETWEEN Vane and the kid stood half a dozen of the Gap people. But a feeling began to spread, so cold and so definite that everybody seemed to feel it, and presently there was a clear lane between those two and then a sinking away of talk.

Vane said: "What did you do with your rifle after you got through using it?"

Pedigo said: "I didn't think you'd be riding guard on that stage today. I swear—"

He closed his long, thin lips to check the rest of that impulsive and fatal admission. It was the end of Hugh Vane's hope. He understood then that he had been mistaken about the boy and a sense of failure turned through him like a knife. Always he had felt this responsibility toward a youngster who had reminded him so much of himself.

"Al," he said, "unbuckle your gun belt and drop it."

Pedigo grunted and both his hands dropped, the palms clapping against his hips. He had drawn his gun, its round black snout jerking upward against Hugh Vane. Pedigo's white teeth were shining against the sun. And afterward one long roar broke like a wave over the crowd and Pedigo's shoulders turned backward as though he had been struck by an ax.

Hugh Vane turned his head in time to see Doc Ben Parrott's revolver slowly settle away from its direct aim. Smoke spiraled from its muzzle and Parrott was saying to him, to Hugh Vane: "Couldn't you see he was going to shoot? You damn' fool! You been blind."

HUGH VANE didn't hear. Everybody was watching the kid go down at the knees awkwardly, as though he meant to pray. Everybody saw him drop to his face. And so nobody saw Hugh Vane jump forward. It was later that the crowd found Hugh Vane stooped before the kid, pulling up the kid's shoulders. Pedigo's eyes turned to him and for a moment a startled, terrified look showed there. But it faded and Vane knew the kid had gone out before hearing what he had to say. What Hugh Vane said was, his tone almost breaking: "I'm sorry, son."

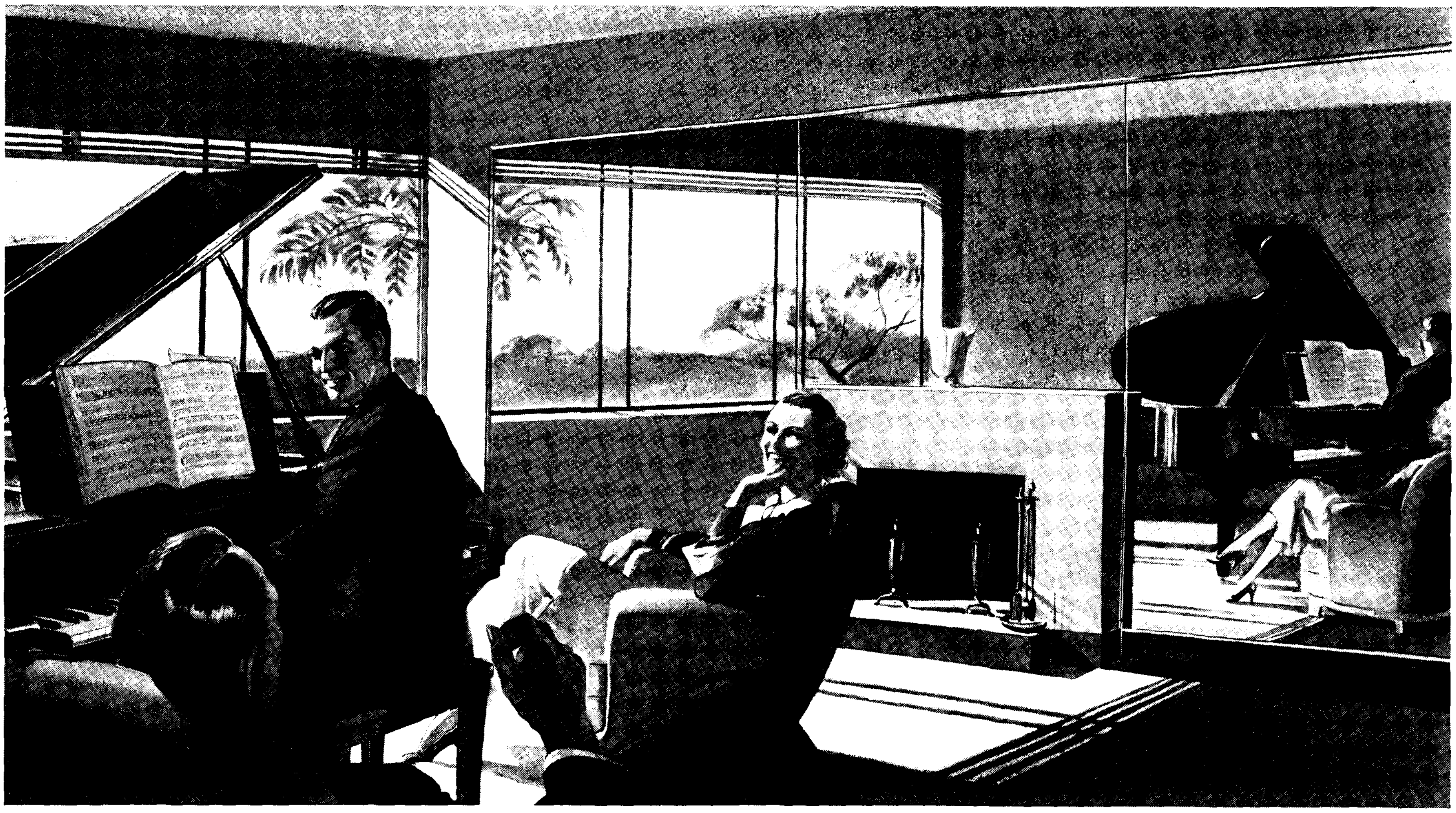
But Pedigo was dead and Vane, still holding the boy, looked down upon that sullen face and saw his own youth, with all its recklessness, with its thirst and hunger and tortured seeking, die as well.

He heard his name called and looked around to see Elsie Singer standing by the porch, her face fair and soft and blurred behind the strange indistinctness of his vision. He said: "This boy might have been me. I was like him, Elsie."

The gentleness of her answer went through him like sudden warmth: "Is that why I have waited so long? Never, Hugh. Never like him!"

The natural human urge to build a home possesses most of us at an early age. Today, home building is a thrilling adventure, for new materials and fresh architectural thinking add breathless interest to the realization of your childhood dreams.

The Houses That Jack Built . . .



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILDS TODAY is more than a house . . . in the hands of the architect, using new and improved materials it becomes—a HOME, a comfortable, economical, practical home.

In actual practice, the guiding genius of architectural skill effects savings, both in original cost and upkeep. With knowledge born of experience the architect weaves modern materials and new structural usage into today's pattern of a home.

And in this modern home, the trend is toward the use of more and more glass, both as a building material and a decorative means. Sparkling corner windows that banish shadows—Ample mirrors that brighten and widen rooms—Double glazing that is so essential to successful air conditioning—Mirrored panels—Glass doors—Mirrored table tops. These and countless other uses bring a distinctive beauty to even the most modest dwelling.

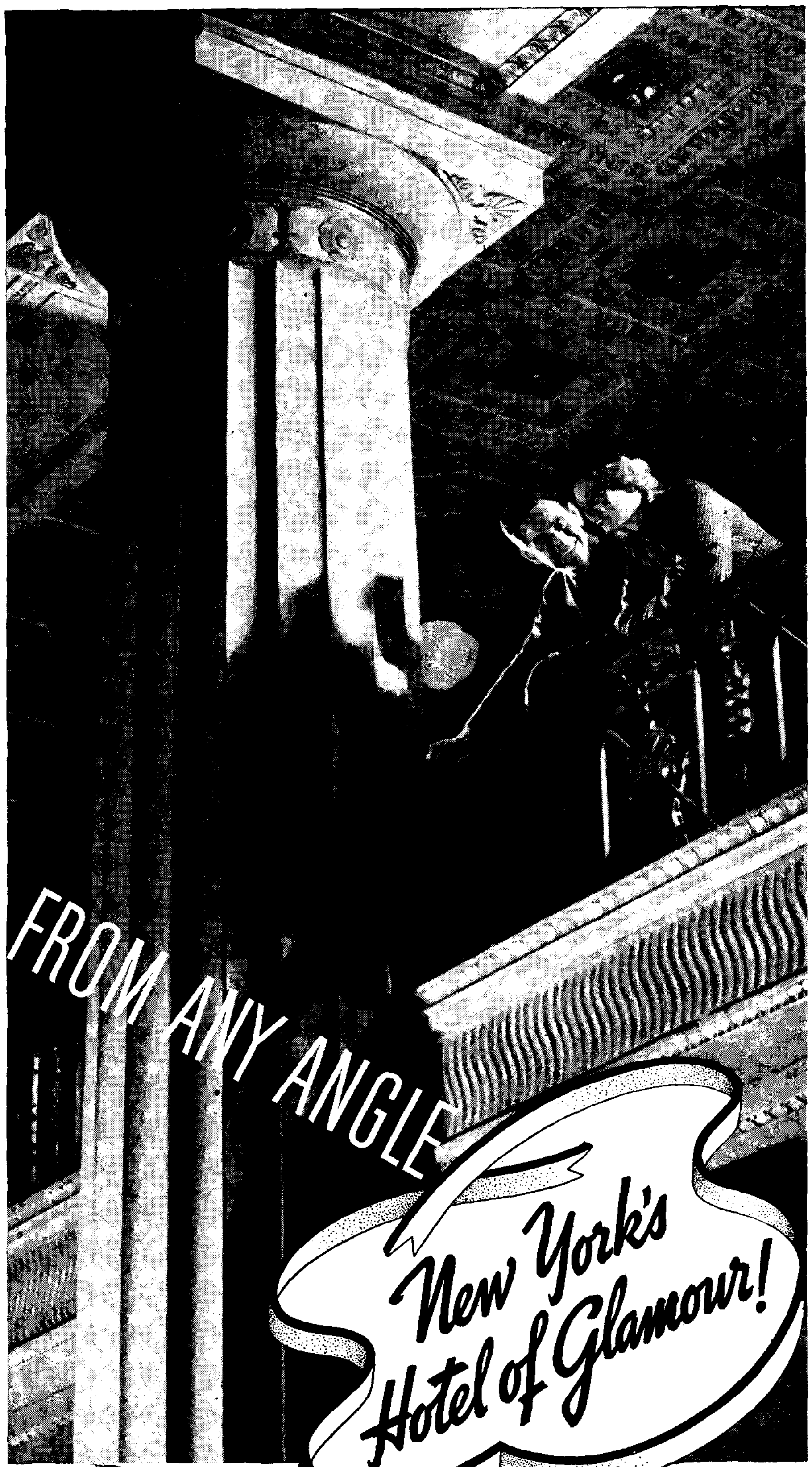
This new importance of glass is only one of the many radical changes that have come about during the past few years. That is why the skilled architect and dependable builder, working together with new methods and materials, give you your best assurance of permanent satisfaction in your home and lasting value in your building investment. Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

• • •

NOVEL USES FOR GLASS, both decorative and practical. A glass pushplate on the door to the kitchen never tarnishes. Glass drawer fronts on a closet chest; you can tell at a glance what each drawer contains. A Vitrolite glass top for the kitchen table; both sanitary and practical. Many other practical suggestions which utilize the sparkling beauty of glass will gladly be suggested by your decorator or local L·O·F Glass Distributor.

LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD

QUALITY GLASS



BENNY GOODMAN
and his No. 1 Swing Band

First in entertainment as well as innovation! Always the "No. 1" orchestras in the gay MADhattan Room.

EVEN to look down on the new lobby of the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York is to see an absolute change from old ideas. For here is glamour! Radiating from tawny Spanish marbles...towering colonnades...bowers of flowers...inch-deep carpets of wine hue...gorgeous tapestries...spreading palms...

Nor does modernism drop its palette there. Cocktail lounge, bar, salons, foyers, restaurants, the bedrooms themselves—deftly has glamour touched them all! So much so that to stop at the Pennsylvania is to make each moment as vivid as your first visit to the city itself!

2200 ROOMS...*each with private bath.*
Rates begin at **$3.50**

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA
STATLER OPERATED
ACROSS FROM PENNSYLVANIA STATION · NEW YORK

High School Hero

Continued from page 22

a little kid he always had a regulation big-league ball. Everybody likes him around here and we all took turns catching for him. When the men were there for harvesting, they always had a long noon hour because no matter how busy they were, Mr. Feller took time out to get Bob's pitching in. They'd pitch a bit in the morning, then some more at noon and again after work. In the winter, Mr. Feller rigged up lights in the barn so Bob could throw the ball. We had a hard snow here last week but every noon hour over there at school you could see Bob out pitching to somebody. He's a good basketball player, too, but now since he's a professional ballplayer he only practices with the first team. Last year he played in the state tournament with Van Meter High."

The high school building is the pride of the town, a good-looking structure out at the edge of the village. The baseball diamond sits out in front of the school. It is a flat place on the prairie with a strand of wire backstop behind it and no bleachers. That is where Feller got his start and has done most of his pitching. I was driving around town with John Snyder of the Dallas County News of Adel, neighboring town to Van Meter.

Too Good for the High Schools

"You should have been here last year for the home-coming," said John. "Over ten thousand people trying to get a look at Bob. Governor Herring was here and made a speech. It wasn't much of a ball game because the crowd was all over the place."

Later I was trying to get in touch with the boy who had caught Feller in high school. Earl England was phoning around the countryside when he suddenly looked out the door of the garage and yelled: "Hey, Kelly!" The car outside skidded in the gravel and stopped and I went out and talked with young Carroll Gutshall, who had made up the tag end of the Feller and Gutshall battery for Van Meter High.

"He threw a hard ball," said Kelly, "but he wasn't hard to hold. A little wild but no wild pitches ordinarily. My hand used to be swollen up to about here after a game but that was all. Sure, he struck 'em out. Averaged around nineteen or twenty strike-outs most games. It got so the high school teams wouldn't schedule us. Said to wait till Bob graduated."

It turned out that Van Meter had lost only one game in Bob's last scholastic year, 1935. That was in the county tournament and he was laid up with a bad shoulder as a result of a wrench while driving a tractor on the farm.

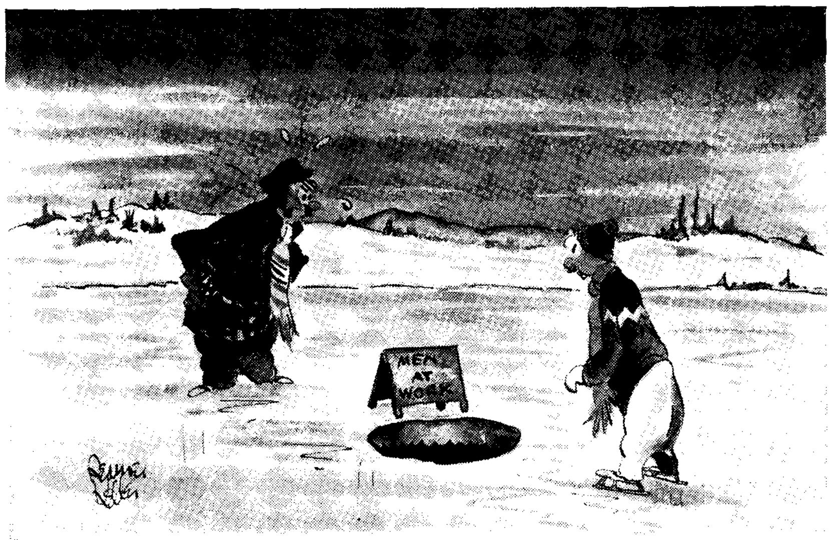
During the afternoon I sat in Dew Drop Inn and had a spot of beer with the boys as they drifted by. Floyd Switzer, who had run the town team when Bob started, was there, and I talked to him.

"He was about twelve when he came down first and wanted to play with us," said Floyd. "I said he was too small. Then his father, Bill Feller, came down and put in a word and we decided to let Bob try. He was a shortstop then but it was easy to see he wasn't going to get anywhere at that spot. He wasn't fast enough and he was always out of position. We put him in to pitch one day over at Booneville when the score was tied in the eighth. They finally beat us in the fifteenth but Bob struck a bunch of them out and was a pitcher from then on."

Bob had a succession of triumphs. His father rigged up a wire loop on a tree on the 360-acre farm and Bob used that as a target. Later Mr. Feller built a baseball park in one of his pastures and this Oakview site was the scene of Bob's early successes. When he was fifteen he fanned twenty-three Waukee batters in a full-length game. In 1934 he whiffed 168 batters. Pitching in 1935 for the Farmers Union team and Van Meter High, he won twenty-five, lost four and fanned 310, giving only forty-one hits. The Farmers Union club won the amateur state championship and went to the national finals at Dayton, Ohio, where Bob fanned eighteen and gave five hits in the final game, but lost one to nothing.

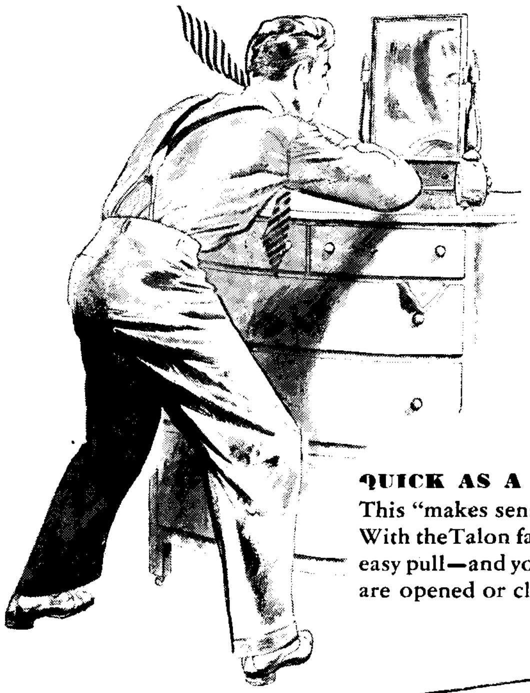
According to the folks at Van Meter, it was at Dayton that Cy Slapnicka first saw Bob and signed him. Lee Keyser of Des Moines is just as clear on the point that Feller was brought to the attention of Slapnicka by one MacMahon, a former umpire in the Western League who came to Van Meter to see Feller and sign him long before he went to Dayton. What is agreed to by all sides is that Slapnicka signed Feller to a contract with the Fargo-Moorehead team of the Northern League.

Feller never showed up in Fargo. Later his contract was transferred to New Orleans, the Cleveland farm in the



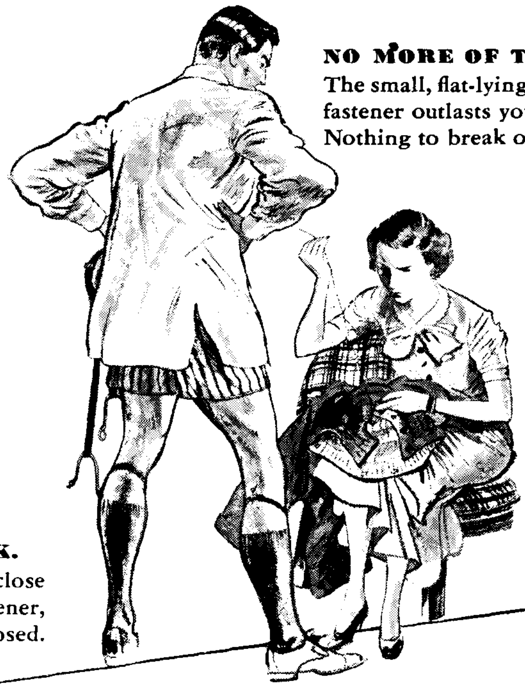
"Did you see anything of a couple of dumb-looking clucks that are supposed to be working in a sewer?"

REAMER KELLER



QUICK AS A FLASH
This "makes sense" to men. With the Talon fastener, one easy pull—and your trousers are opened or closed!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE O. K.
Nothing to forget! When you close your trousers with the Talon fastener, you *know* they are properly closed.



NO MORE OF THIS
The small, flat-lying Talon fastener outlasts your suit. Nothing to break off!

"Greatest Thing they ever did to Pants!"

Yesterday's way . . . Five fastenings instead of one. Often causing gaps, bulges that grow worse as your suit grows older.

Today's way . . . A single closure. Neater. Better fit. With the Talon slide fastener perfected *expressly* for trousers!

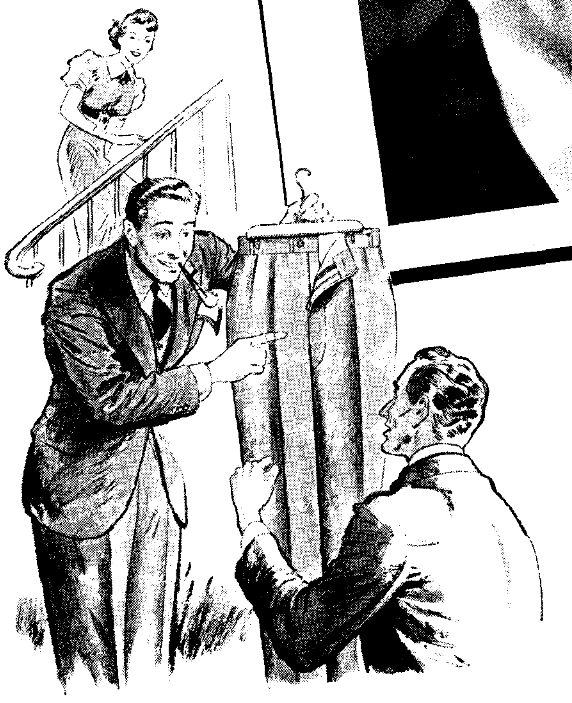
IT'S WINNING AMERICA! 12,000,000 MEN WEAR TALON FASTENERS ON TROUSERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Today millions of men look for the Talon slide fastener on the trousers before they try on the coat of a new suit.

This might surprise you. Yet it's a fact. Once you've enjoyed the amazing ease and speed and security of the Talon trouser fastener, you'll never bother with the old type fly again!

Introduced in custom-made suits, this *extra value* now comes in clothes of all prices. Ask to see the Talon trouser fastener next time you buy a suit! Hookless Fastener Co., Meadville, Pa.



LOOK! IT LOCKS
Examine the Talon fastener carefully. Notice that it *locks* at top when closed. Bend it. Flexible as fabric! Invisible when closed. Yet cannot catch underclothes. Pressing or dry cleaning does not harm it!

*TRY THE **TALON** FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Cars Wanted?

THE major commerce of this continent requires, every day, more than a hundred thousand railroad cars of many types, available for loading wherever and whenever freight is ready to move.

And the railroads meet this vast and varied demand so smoothly that shippers take for granted that the cars will be on hand.

Thus, when the wheat crop is ripe, cars are moved from railroads that do not need them to the western roads that have wheat to load; similarly, coal cars are distributed to supply varying industrial demands; likewise, refrigerator cars are moved to the centers where perishable fruit and vegetable crops are ripe for shipment.

This involves not only a tremendous job of coordination but standardization to the point where *every one of two million freight cars must be interchangeable and usable in trains with every other car* — all parts must be standard replaceable parts so that repairs can be made in any railroad shop — or by emergency crews anywhere.

CONTAINER RESEARCH SAVES SHIPPERS MILLIONS

Cooperating with shippers of everything from artichokes to automobiles, the Freight Container Bureau of the Association of American Railroads has helped to develop improved containers and packages, and to institute better loading and handling processes that save shippers millions of dollars a year in container costs and in loss and damage to shipments. New devices are patented by the Association and made available to shippers without royalty. In some cases damage in shipment has been reduced as much as 80% through these studies. This is but one of the many research activities carried on by the railroads in such diverse fields as Equipment Design, Combustion, Wood Preservation, Water Softening, Metal Alloys, Signals, Brakes and Rails. In these and in countless other activities of the railroads—

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

Typical examples of this standardization are these:

In the old days, there were 56 sizes and kinds of axles for freight cars — now, all freight cars are equipped with axles of one standard design in five sizes for cars of varying capacities.

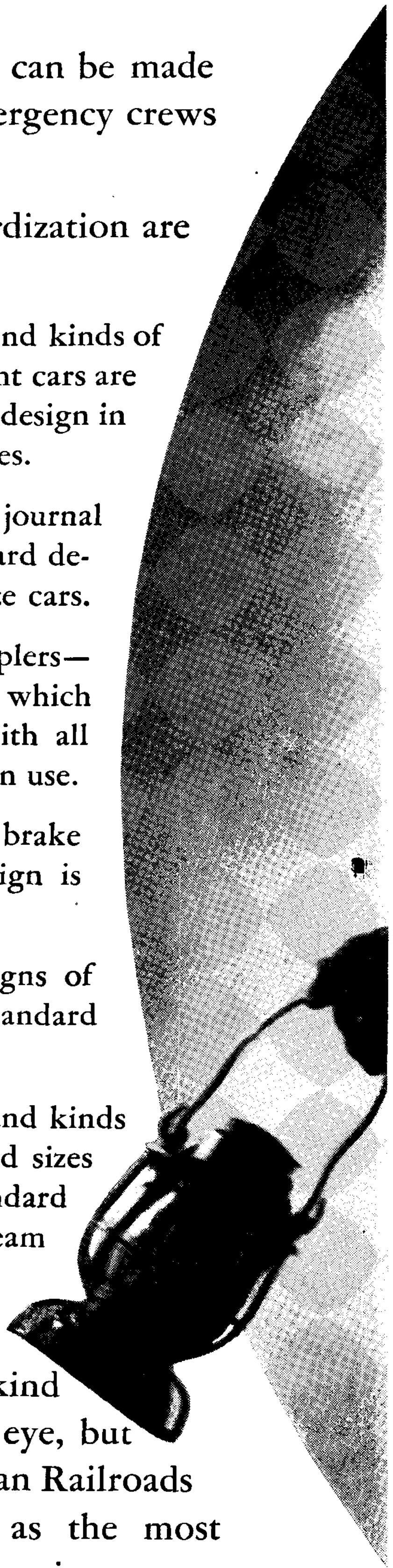
Then, there were 58 different kinds of journal boxes — now, all cars have one standard design in five sizes for the different size cars.

Then, there were 26 kinds of car couplers — now, there is one standard coupler, which will couple with and interchange with all previous designs which may still be in use.

Then, there were 20 different kinds of brake shoes — now, only one standard design is universally used.

Then, there were 27 different designs of brake heads — now, there is one standard design.

Then, there were numerous designs and kinds of brake beams, and many kinds and sizes of wheels — now, there is one standard wheel, and one standard brake beam design of three sizes for different weights of cars.



True, this is progress of a kind inconspicuous to the average eye, but it helps explain why the American Railroads are internationally recognized as the most reliable and progressive transportation system in the world!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

Coming Right Up!
SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!
TORONTO
NEW YORK
DETROIT
CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES
MIAMI

TRAIL of ONE PULLMAN CAR in ONE MONTH

In a single month a typical Pullman car visited Toronto, New York, Miami, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles—and encountered temperatures ranging from 6 to 86 degrees. Throughout that time air-conditioning kept this car at even spring-time temperature and always clean. Multiply this achievement by more than 8,000 Pullmans that cover over a billion miles each year, add the expert service of 21,000 Pullman employes, reckon the job of always having enough cars at the right places at the right times, and you get some idea of the enterprise required to maintain—on a nationwide, coordinated and uniform basis—this one phase of railroad service.

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of operation the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that 1,600,000 children are educated every year by the school taxes paid by the railroads?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

Southern Association. He never appeared in New Orleans, either. Instead he went down to Cleveland, sat on the bench under Steve O'Neill, later pitched for the Rosenblooms in the Cleveland City League, and eventually made his first big-league appearance against the St. Louis Cardinals in an exhibition game in Cleveland. Going in against the Gas House Gang, young Feller struck out eight in three innings and was launched on his sensational big-league career.

"They changed his style down at Cleveland," they told me in Van Meter. "He used to throw only with his arm. You could hear it crack a mile away. They gave him an easier windup and a follow-through and more power that way."

One week after the Cardinal game, July 13th, O'Neill ordered Feller to report to the team at Philadelphia. He sat on the bench until July 19th in Washington, when he relieved Johnny Allen in the eighth inning of the second game of a double-header. He didn't allow a hit, walked one and struck out one. After that he got into occasional games but it was on August 23d that he was allowed to start his first game. It was against the St. Louis Browns. He gave them one run, six hits and struck out fifteen, one short of the American League record of Rube Waddell. He reached his peak in Philadelphia on September 13th when he smoked his fast one past seventeen Athletics for an American League record, tying the major leagues' mark of Dizzy Dean.

His worst game of the year came soon after against the New York Yanks, who got to him for five runs in the first inning. He fanned two in the course of his short stay, however, and went on to St. Louis and fanned ten and got his second major-league triumph soon after. When he got back home after the season closed, he pitched for an All-Star team in Des Moines against an outfit from the National Negro League, fanning eight of the ten batters who faced him.

In the season records, he finished second to Bob Grove in effectiveness, with a percentage of 334. He was in fourteen games, won five and lost three, pitched to 227 batters and struck out 76 (fanning one out of every three men who faced him), gave 47 bases on balls, hit four batters and let go with eight wild pitches.

"Just pleasingly wild," as Dazzy Vance used to say.

That Landis Decision

It was generally agreed that nothing like Feller had ever been seen in baseball. He is a moderately tall boy with good shoulders but no outward sign of strength. The experts can't explain why he hasn't thrown his arm away long ago, what with his constant throwing winter and summer, but it only seems to strengthen it. A farm boy coming off that open lot in Van Meter and breaking league records which have daunted men like Walter Johnson, Bob Grove, Joe Wood and Ed Walsh is something of a baseball saga. The nearest approach to it was the first appearance of Walter Johnson, who came direct from an Idaho farm and also startled the baseball world.

From this it is apparent that Feller was a property of some value when Judge Landis started fussing around with the subject of his ownership. Lee Keyser of the Des Moines Western League club maintained that Feller belonged to him. He stated further that not only did he try to sign Feller but that he talked with Mr. Feller and Bob in his office.

Van Meter is just as emphatic on the other side. Even Adel, the county seat, gets into the argument through the person of Scott Snyder of the Dallas County News.

"When they first tried to interest Keyser in Bob, he said he couldn't be bothered with infants," said Mr. Snyder, who is an old baseball player himself. "None of the other league teams in this section paid any attention to him, which was the dumbest thing I ever heard of because a blind man could have seen, even in those high school games over there at Van Meter on that vacant lot, that the kid was a natural. They do tell me that when the Farmers Union team played at the Des Moines ball park, Keyser said he would give Bob a tryout and pay him seventy-five dollars a month if he made good. By that time the boy knew he was good and wouldn't go that cheap. Besides that, he was still in high school at that time and wanted to keep his amateur standing."

Since the case is settled the Fellers themselves say no more about it. Bob is happy enough to be with Cleveland. Besides him at home is an eight-year-old sister, Margaret, in addition to his mother and father. When the Landis decision was announced, Bob said it was all right with him but thought he ought to have twenty thousand for the coming season. It is known that Steve O'Neill gave him a thousand-dollar bonus after the Philadelphia performance and he got another $2,500 for a radio broadcast featuring a breakfast food.

Speed and More Speed

At the time of his words Mr. Lester was on the verge of going nuts from keeping reporters and photographers out of the classrooms. They had been coming down on Van Meter ever since the first Feller exploits. During the Landis furor, they practically overran the school. Through it all, Bob studied on, hoping to make up the time he would lose by starting a month late and leaving the end of February. There was doubt that he would graduate with his class. He is fair in his studies but not overwhelming.

"A big-league pitcher from the day he could walk," they were saying in Landers' Restaurant before I left. It's where the young men hang out in lieu of a drugstore and the meals are good. They were also talking about his one failing.

"Bob won't win six games this year if he don't stop driving that car the way he does," they remarked. "He had it up to 112 miles an hour last week."

It seems he has always been a bug on speed. They tell of the car he had rigged up with a special speed axle and air brakes (cost $1,100). He has a larger car now but when he goes he goes.

When I was down at the station in the afternoon getting my ticket for the 7:37 and seeing that it would be flagged, the stationmaster was as kind as everybody else in Van Meter.

"I'll leave the fire burning for you," he said. "You can find the light. . . . Turn it off when the train comes or it'll burn all night."

I was standing on the platform in the dark when I heard the noise of a car and a man came along from the direction of the town, where a few feeble lights flickered in the background. He turned out to be the mail carrier, come down for the Western pouch. I asked him how things were going.

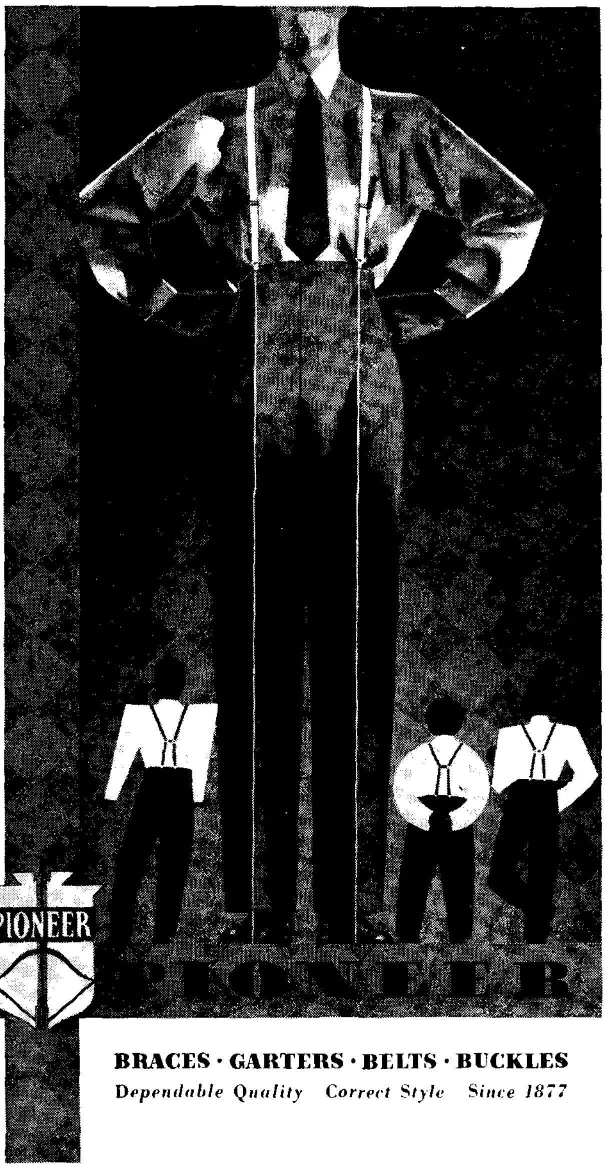
"Fair enough," he said, "but what we really need are about four of those Bob Feller home-comings a year. You see that corner over there. . . . Well, it took me half an hour to walk from there to Landers' place. Never saw so many people in your life. Too bad the judge acted that way about the boy. Van Meter could use a little money like that."

HOLD that Line!

For that fresh-from-the-tailor appearance, *hold that crease line* with smart, new

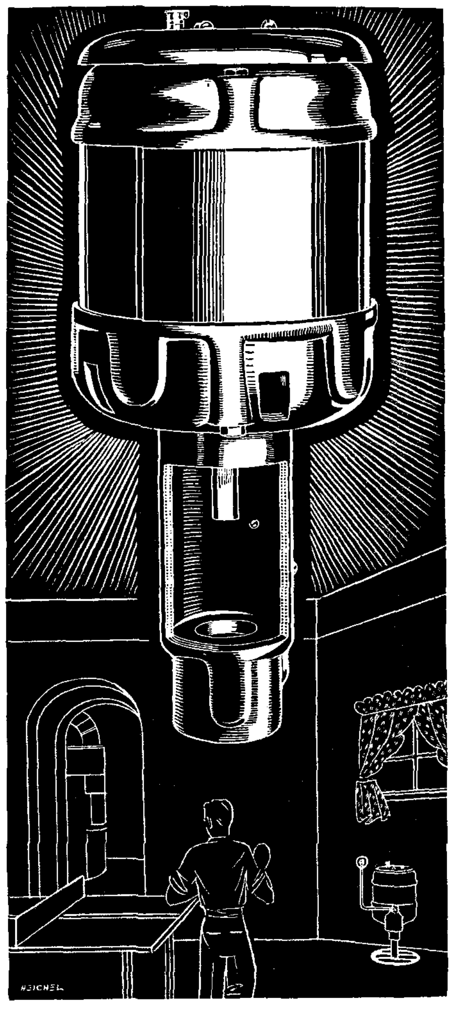
PIONEER Streamlox BRACES

They CLIP ON your trousers with ingenious and handsome jewelry-clasps... give "straight-line" support exactly where needed rather than where a suspender button happens to be (or not to be!). And in the *Customfit* style—adjusting *in back* as well as in front—they fit any man as though made to his individual measure. At men's wear counters everywhere — $1.00 and $1.50.



BRACES · GARTERS · BELTS · BUCKLES
Dependable Quality Correct Style Since 1877

PHILADELPHIA



MAN THE PUMPS

Let that cry be heard by a modern sump pump, powered by a sturdy R & M motor, and—whoosh!—your basement is dry in a twinkling. We've built thousands of motors for pumping out unwanted water. Installed in the damp and the dark, forgotten till needed—they start! It's true—an R & M motor makes *any* appliance better. The next time you buy electric equipment, look for R&M on the motor. Or, if you are a manufacturer, consult America's motor specialists.... *Robbins & Myers, Springfield, Ohio; Brantford, Ontario.*

ROBBINS & MYERS Motors

FANS • MOTORS • HOISTS • CRANES • FOUNDED 1878

White Man's Burden

Continued from page 19

portly, serene warriors who had never known battle because of the isolation of Opahiki. Matrons who took their morning swim in a sea and in a costume that would affright a Channel swimmer. Children who splashed and dived and swam, squealing joyously, with much the zest and quite all the ease of seals. And there was Tehina.

But Tomi was probably more aware of Paki or Rakamoana than of Tehina, at first. They were girls of Tehina's age who regarded him with an intense curiosity. Actually, they were Tehina's bosom friends and inspected Tomi with the absorbed curiosity maidens bestow upon the object of an intimate's affections. Paki was plump and vivacious and giggled constantly. Rakamoana was slim to the point of leanness and had as nearly an embittered expression as was to be found on Opahiki. Tomi noticed them because they regarded him intently and talked about him in so low a tone that he could not hear. And Paki giggled. But neither made any overture toward a closer acquaintance, and Tomi's dignity prevented him from seeming to notice them.

IT WAS an idyllic existence, nevertheless. No man could fail to luxuriate, to expand in such an atmosphere as surrounded Tomi. He was the white man of the island. He had no worries for the present, and he had high if vague hopes for the future. He toiled not, neither did he spin. And Tehina worshiped him humbly.

She served him, and watched him, and was with him perpetually, and she had no faintest notion that he had caught himself wishing that her skin, instead of golden, had been a doughy white. But even Tomi could not spend all his time remembering that he was the white man of Opahiki. Her lithe contours—and she could not possibly have understood either the fact or any explanation of the white race's attitude toward clothing—her lithe contours were always before his eyes. The instinctive grace of her movements. The lift of her head and eyes as she looked up when he spoke to her. Her smile. And there inevitably came a warm and moonlit night when Tomi was not sleepy, and he looked out between palm-tree trunks at the moonlit lagoon, and found himself thinking about Tehina's smile, and the curve of Tehina's throat, and the soft smoothness of Tehina's cheek.

He suddenly remembered the different ways that Tehina looked at him. Sometimes gravely. Sometimes maternally. And sometimes—oftentimes, it seemed suddenly to Tomi, staring through the moonlight—oftentimes she looked at him as if she were wistfully perplexed. And Tomi found himself thinking excitedly, all alone in the tropic night, that perhaps it was because he had scrupulously refrained from laying so much as the tip of his little finger upon her.

Tomi's grandmother had been daughter to a Rutiaro cannibal chief. And Tomi was practically white, but there was a dark strain within him so that he could understand.

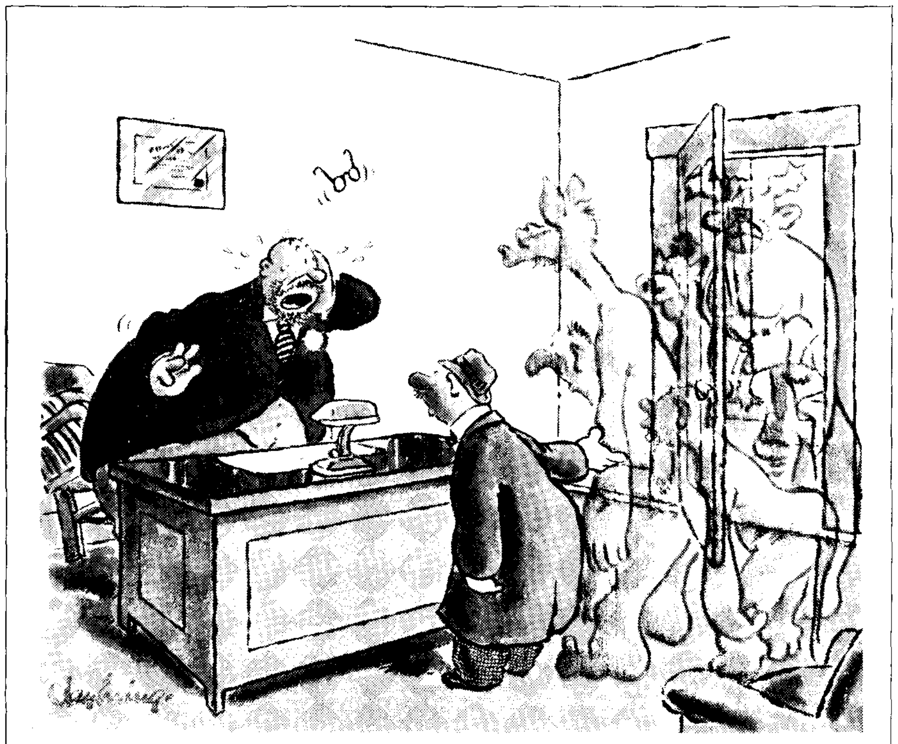
Tomi trembled eagerly. But then he remembered. He had no gaudy woven stuffs with which to deck Tehina, and that is an invariable custom among white men who take native wives or mistresses. And Tomi was, of course, the white man on Opahiki. To omit that ceremonial lavishness would be somehow to fall short of the conduct expected of white men.

But then he thought of something. His eagerness made it serve. He slipped to the ground from the veranda of his house. He ran through the striped shadows of the palm trees toward the house in which Tehina lived. He paused below it. Then he tossed a coral pebble to the roof.

How Tehina knew that he had thrown it, no man can tell. But a little later she came into view in the moonlight, smiling. Tomi beckoned to her. She came instantly, unquestioningly, to his side. Her breath came faster than usual. He took her by the hand and led her to the wide outer beach.

They were alone in a vast booming solitude of sea and stars and incandescent moonlight, with palm trees shadowy behind them.

"Tehina," said Tomi eagerly. "Tehina, I am a white man. And therefore



"Those dreams I was telling you about, Doctor. . . . I brought them with me. . . ."

JAY IRVING

GOSH, TOM - YOU'RE A FLAT TIRE AT A PARTY!
SORRY, SUE - BUT I'VE GOT A BUSINESS DATE IN THE MORNING - GOTTA HAVE A CLEAR HEAD -
LET YOURSELF GO - LEAVE THE HEAD TO ME!
AT 4 A.M.
SO LONG, SUE, SWELL PARTY!
- REMEMBER - LOOK UNDER YOUR PILLOW IN THE MORNING!
NEXT MORNING..
HOW'LL I EVER MAKE THAT DATE WITH BILLINGS! MY HEAD ROARS LIKE NIAGARA FALLS
LOOK UNDER YOUR PILLOW, GOOF! SUE GAVE ME SOMETHING TO PUT THERE FOR YOU —
BROMO-SELTZER! WHAT A GIRL IS SUE - KNOWS THE FASTER HELP FOR MORNING-AFTER -
SOON..
THANKS, MR. BILLINGS -
- NEVER HEARD A CLEARER SALES TALK! YOU CAN SIGN ME FOR $100,000
KNEW I'D WIN, THE WAY BROMO-SELTZER CLEARED MY HEAD, SOOTHED MY STOMACH AND NERVES!
DOCTORS FOUND BROMO-SELTZER STOPS HEADACHES FASTER
AND IT GIVES MORE COMPLETE RELIEF
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

1. DOCTORS' TESTS recently proved that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

2. SETTLES STOMACH—relieves upset stomach, nausea and that awful "dark brown taste."

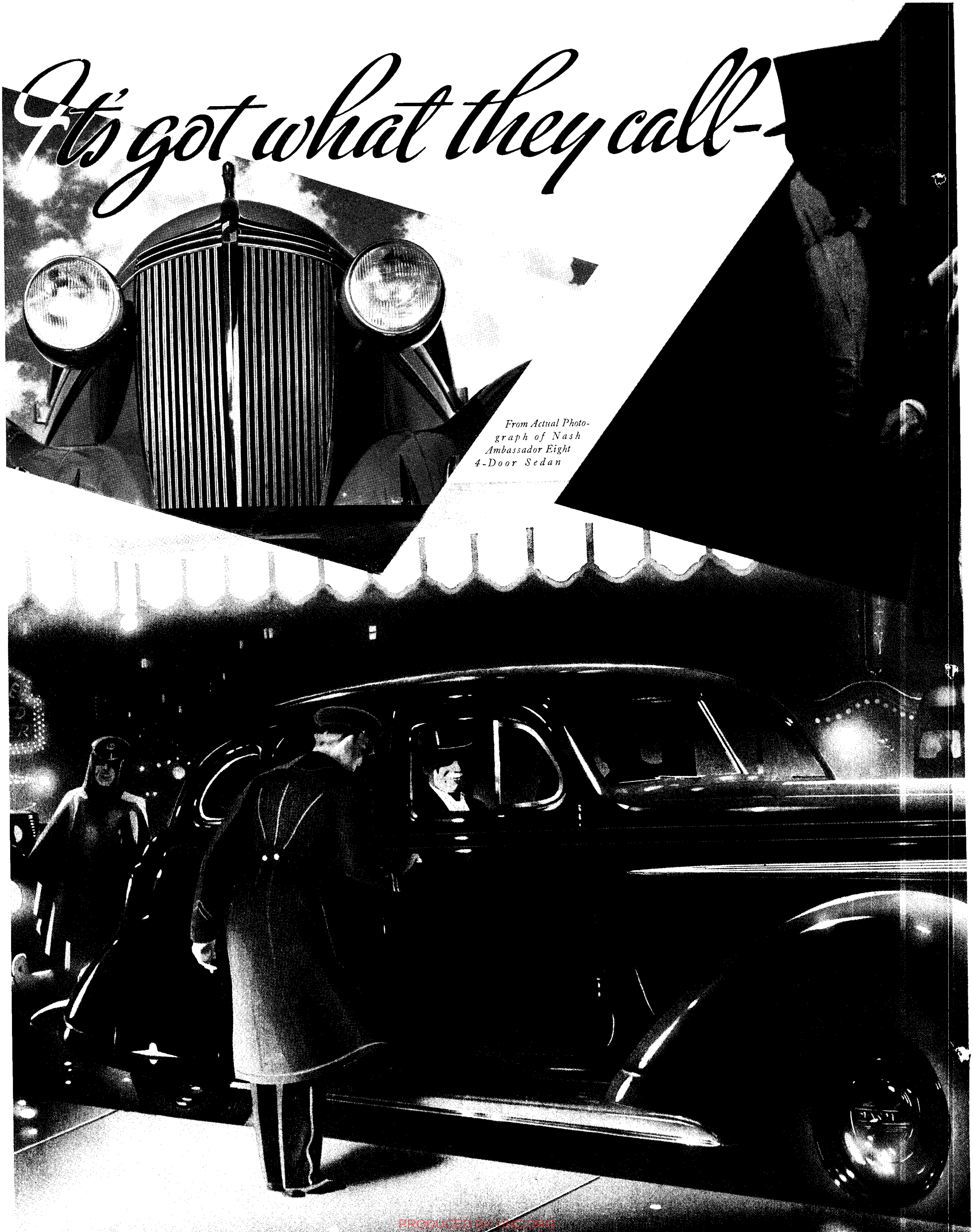
3. SOOTHES NERVES—calms your overtaxed nervous system. Relieves your sense of strain and fatigue.

4. REDUCES EXCESS LACTIC ACID in the blood caused by overindulgence. Helps restore your normal alkaline reserve.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!


It's got what they call–

From Actual Photograph of Nash Ambassador Eight 4-Door Sedan

"Box Office"

In the show business, a star that clicks with the crowd and packs the house has "box office". This year, Nash set a new style and clicked with America! Every day, hundreds more are discovering that Nash offers much bigger, more luxurious cars for the money.

● It's a new kind of car for the money. Bigger. Smarter. More luxurious than popular priced cars have ever been before. Look at that car in the picture! Wouldn't you be proud to own it? No wonder thousands are changing to Nash this year.

The new Nash LaFayette-"400" is now a great big 117-inch wheelbase car with the famous 90 horsepower "400" engine. It's a much bigger car, a more powerful car than any of "all three" small cars. But compare the *delivered prices* on 4-door sedan models. Actually, this great big Nash costs just a few dollars more than any of "all three" small cars.

Nash Ambassadors. The Nash Ambassador Six is a luxurious 121-inch wheelbase car with a thrilling 95 horsepower "Twin Ignition" engine. Actually, it's as big as other cars costing as much as $400 more. The Nash Ambassador Eight is the last word in luxurious motoring. A thrilling 105 horsepower "Twin Ignition" engine. 125 inches of wheelbase. Make your own comparisons—you'll find that the Nash Ambassador Eight is as big as other cars costing from $100 to $300 more.

Nash gives you more for your money. Nash gives you bigger cars, more luxurious cars for the money. And all Nash cars are equipped with oversized hydraulic brakes, the strongest type of steel body construction in the industry—plus all the vital engineering features you'd expect to find only in the highest priced cars. See these big, beautiful new Nash cars before you make any decisions.

NASH SPEED SHOW Floyd Gibbons as M. C. with Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra. Famou guest stars of stage, screen, radio. C. B. S. station, coast to coast Saturday, 9 P.M. EST. Tune in!

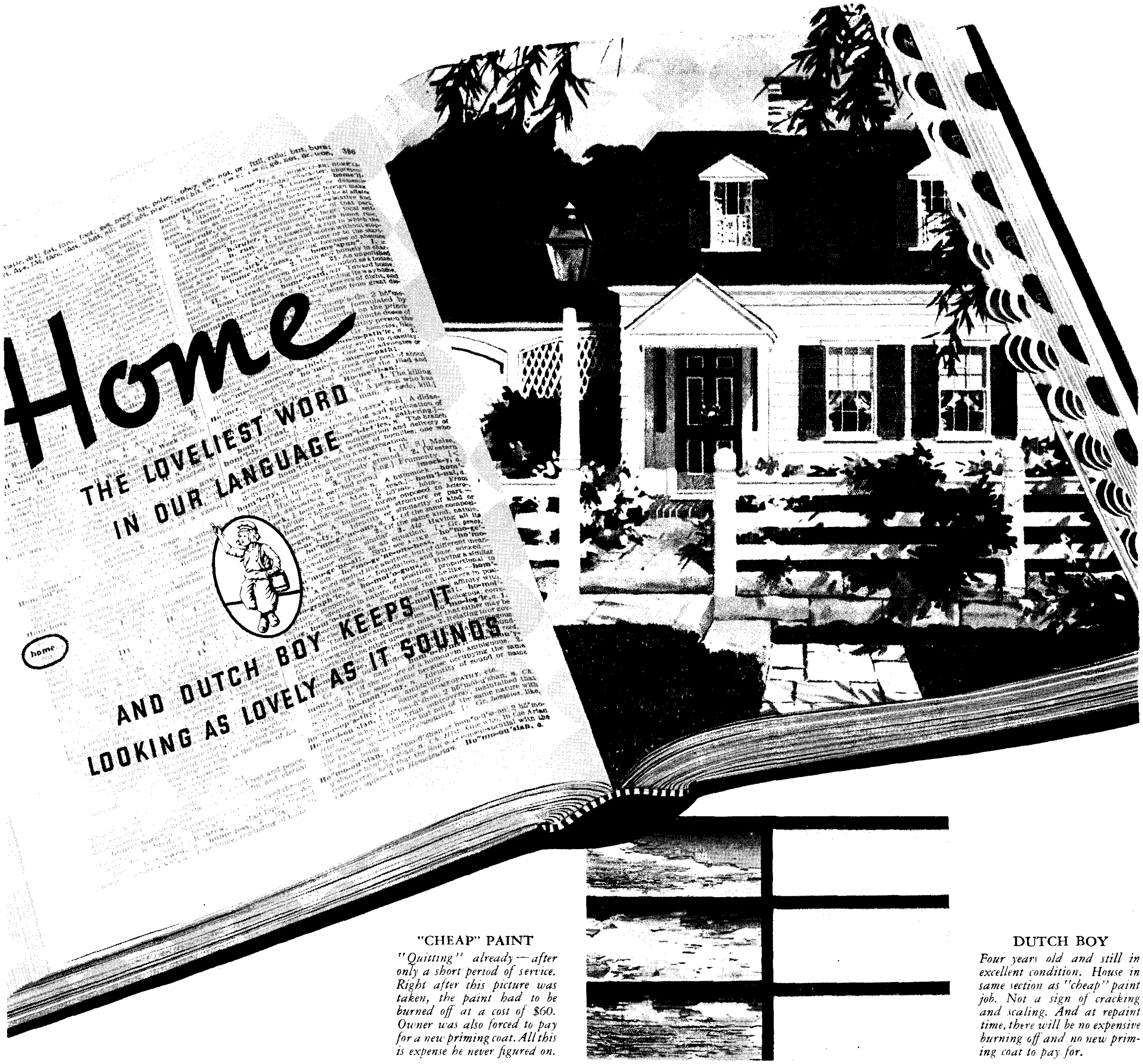
NASH

LaFAYETTE-"400"
117-inch wheelbase
AMBASSADOR SIX
121-inch wheelbase
AMBASSADOR EIGHT
125-inch wheelbase

Automatic Cruising Gear available on all models at slight extra cost. New Nash-C. I. T. Budget Plan. Low, convenient terms

1937 X-RAY SYSTEM NOW READY!

The first complete summary available to the public of all the facts about all the new cars. Reveals some astonishing differences in cars of the same price. See it at any Nash showroom. Buy with your eyes open this year!


Home
THE LOVELIEST WORD IN OUR LANGUAGE
AND DUTCH BOY KEEPS IT LOOKING AS LOVELY AS IT SOUNDS
home

"CHEAP" PAINT

"Quitting" already—after only a short period of service. Right after this picture was taken, the paint had to be burned off at a cost of $60. Owner was also forced to pay for a new priming coat. All this is expense he never figured on.

DUTCH BOY

Four years old and still in excellent condition. House in same section as "cheap" paint job. Not a sign of cracking and scaling. And at repaint time, there will be no expensive burning off and no new priming coat to pay for.

"HOME" is a word of pleasant associations. A word that makes you think of happy family life . . . peaceful hours . . . shelter and security.

So it's natural—instinctive—for you to take good care of the home that gives you and yours this steadfast protection. Natural not to insult such a home by painting with "cheap" paint.

For "cheap" paint always comes to a bad end. It soon proclaims its cheapness by cracking and scaling off . . . and gradually turning your house into a neighborhood eyesore.

And then—goodbye economy! Unfortunately all of the "cheap" paint doesn't come off. Some of it sticks fast. And has to be burned and scraped off. That runs into money. So does the new priming coat you have to buy.

Avoid all this extra expense—and get longer service to boot—by painting with Dutch Boy White-Lead. This good dependable paint doesn't crack and scale. Instead, it wears down by a slow gradual chalking. This leaves a smooth, unbroken surface—an ideal foundation for new paint.

And so the painter who is interested in giving you generous value for your money uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your particular job and tints it to the exact color you ask for. No one knows paint like a painter.

Easy to pay the Dutch Boy way

If you prefer to pay for your painting by the month, take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Two years to pay, in surprisingly small monthly installments. Use the coupon below to obtain complete information and a copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In." Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and the right painter. Address Department 260, in care of the nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 W. Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building, Philadelphia.

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 260, *(See list of branches above)*

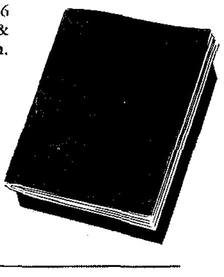
Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

*Name*____

*Street*____

*City*____________________ *State*__________________



soon I shall give you much cloth and pretty things to wear. This I shall do, and soon, because I am a white man. But meanwhile I wish to tell you that I love you—"

Tehina smiled up at him, with the trade wind blowing her hair about her shoulders. She was all slim, warm, soft shapeliness. And she pressed closer to him, her eyes shining, when he put his arms about her.

And while the moon still shone, and the stars still glowed in a dazzling sky, and while the surf still roared and the breakers towered fathoms high upon the barrier reef; while they still clung to each other in the moonlight, the white man's ship came in.

Tehina saw it first. She saw a red light among the lurid sparklings of the moonlight. It was far away toward the horizon. She had never seen a red light before and she cried out.

"Tomi! Tomi! Is it—is it a spirit?"

"It is a white man's ship," said Tomi.

He made a queer gesture. He knew—and bitterly—that after all his grandmother had been daughter to a Rutiaro cannibal chief. And he was the white man on Opahiki for exactly as long as there was no other white man there. His teeth clenched and he frowned formidably at the distant red light. He willed desperately for it to go on, oblivious to Opahiki lying under the tropic moon.

But presently a green light twinkled into view. The ship was coming about. He watched, and both lights remained visible. The distant ship was bearing directly for the island.

It was pure accident, of course. Opahiki had gone undiscovered for three hundred years. It might easily go undiscovered forever. The men on this ship could not know of the island's existence. But it came on and on until Tomi could actually pick out the dark speck which was her moon-shadowed sails. And then, quite suddenly she sheered off. The white line of the island's breakers, or their booming noise, had been noted on board.

Then there came a few minutes of apparent indecision, but presently her intentions became unpleasantly clear to Tomi. She would stand off and on until dawn.

Tomi knew bitterness when he was sure. More than bitterness. He began to know something close to fear.

WHEN dawn came, at the first red glow the schooner came into the lagoon with an auxiliary engine putt-putt-putting loudly and sending frightened sea birds aloft in swarms.

She moved cautiously, with the light behind her. There was a man aloft on the lookout for coral heads. A small gun glittered unpleasantly forward. There was a stink of rotted pearl shell about her. And she came steadily across the sapphire-blue lagoon and dropped anchor off the village. Her crew broke out arms.

Tomi was the white man of Opahiki. A certain course of conduct was expected of him. He went savagely down to the inner beach and prepared to launch a one-man canoe. There was nothing else to do. But Tehina came forward and smiled at him. She tugged at a larger one. Paki came forward to help, too. Then Rakamoana, lean and sinewy, brought paddles.

"The men are frightened," said Rakamoana scornfully. "We will take you, Tomi."

Tomi hesitated, and then saw a light. For him—presumably a white man—to paddle himself out to this schooner would be a confession. But to go in state, with paddlers, might just possibly make him seem the proprietor as well as the discoverer of the island. So he nodded, and presently went out from the shore as kings and chiefs were wont to do, the three girls paddling him and looking at the schooner with only half-fearful curiosity.

The schooner was the Wanderer, of which Tomi knew. It was Bully Wayne's ship, a pearler, and Bully Wayne's exploits were not subject matter for Sunday-school lessons. Tomi stiffened his backbone as the schooner drew near. No one at all could have told that he was uneasy. Tehina looked at him and was comforted, and Paki was reassured, and Rakamoana was encouraged. They even followed him, curiously, to the deck of the schooner. Which was unwise. They stood there, staring amazedly about, while the crew of Bully Wayne's pearling schooner looked at them.

TOMI talked to Bully Wayne alone, down in the cabin. It was still early. A cabin lamp burned smokily in its gimbals and the reek of kerosene added itself to the other and less pleasant odors of the schooner. But Tomi did not notice. He talked gravely—with his heart pumping—saying that he had discovered Opahiki and was its proprietor.

all illuminating
must be finished
Friday...
BEAVEN

"Augustine has had a nice offer from the Walt Disney Studios!"

FRANK BEAVEN

"Proprietor, hell!" said Bully Wayne. "What I want to know is, is there shell in the lagoon?"

Tomi felt the blood leave his face. He said that there was some shell. Bully Wayne would have found it out anyhow. He went on:

"You can talk to these natives," said Bully Wayne. "You'll be useful. How many guns ashore?"

Tomi admitted that there were none. But he wanted to say—

"All right," grunted Bully Wayne. "You go on shore. Tell 'em that Bully Wayne is in the lagoon. Know me, eh? Tell 'em I want divers, an' I'm goin' to have 'em. I'm goin' to clean up the shell in the lagoon an' they'll feed me an' my crew while they get it up. And we'll want some women too—"

Tomi's voice raised a little in pitch. But the island was uncharted. It had never been found before, and it might be a hundred years before another white man's ship came. Bully Wayne, with an armed crew, could do just exactly as he pleased. But Tomi spoke.

"I can't, eh?" said Bully Wayne. He laughed. "You'll see. Go ashore an' tell 'em what I've said. Divers, grub, an' women. If I send a boat's crew ashore with rifles, they'll wish I hadn't!"

There was a sort of uproar overhead. There was a cry of rage. Rakamoana. Men laughed. Paki squealed. Bully Wayne glanced upward and grinned.

"Get out o' here!" he grunted. "There's some fun up on deck. We'll keep these girls you had, for a while. Move! I want to get that pretty one for myself."

Tomi barred his way. Words choked in his throat. He had been the white man on Opahiki. And now this—

"Out o' the way!" snapped Bully Wayne.

He struck Tomi in the face and thrust past him. He had called Tomi a name which means, literally, half-caste. But also it carries the imputation of illegitimacy and other even less pleasant things. And last—especially in the tone which Bully Wayne used—it means "nigger."

Bully Wayne said it and struck Tomi and swung on the ladder leading to the deck. He left Tomi behind his back. And Tomi's teeth showed suddenly and he sprang.

There was a cry from above deck. An anguished, terrible cry. It was one word, burst from the lips of Tehina.

"Tomi!"

BUT Tomi was terribly busy. There were thumping noises in the cabin. Bumpings. Tomi was not even partly a white man, for a time. He was pure savage, pure ferocity, while he strangled Bully Wayne into non-resistance. Then he stood up, panting. He bent and took Bully Wayne's revolver. Then he took down another revolver belt from the wall, and a rifle with bandoliers of ammunition beside it. Then he turned to the smoking, still-burning oil lamp in its gimbaled bracket. He smashed the lamp upon the table, and oil dripped over everything and caught fire.

The cry came again; breathless and desperate.

"Tomi!" the voice choked. "*Tomi!*"

It was a cry such as a girl might utter to a white man, when in desperate need.

Tomi went up the ladder.

It was all very improbable. The inhabitants of Opahiki, looking on fearfully from the shore, heard screamings. Then they heard shots. But the schooner lay at anchor, motionless, and the shots had no meaning on Opahiki. They did see Rakamoana, shrieking rage, rise from the deck to seize a marlinespike and strike a man down. They saw Paki, squealing, dive overboard with a man dragged after her by his own clutching fingers. And they saw Tomi suddenly fled from, and Tehina clinging to him, and they saw Tomi pointing a stick at the men while the meaningless harsh noises of shots came ashore. Other men pointed sticks at Tomi, too. And then smoke came up from the schooner's belly.

The schooner lay sedately at anchor while howlings and shots arose from her decks, and while smoke came first from her cabin, and then from her hold. And then, very suddenly indeed, there was a gush of flame from her hatches and a towering pillar of fire shot upward for twenty feet and more. It was her fuel store. And then there was uproar on her deck, but the flame continued and the smoke grew thicker. Presently, instead of a schooner upon the glassy, sapphire-blue lagoon, there was only the reeking center of a vast column of evil-smelling smoke. And the sound of battle came from it.

BUT then the canoe came fumbling out of that smoke, with Tehina and Rakamoana paddling it. It did not continue to the shore. It hovered off the floating mass of vapor. Presently a dot appeared in the water. A man, swimming. Tomi shot him. Another dot. Yet another. No others came for a long time, and Tomi wavered where he sat. His practically white skin was streaked with red.

Then there was a booming noise and sparks flew upward through the stinking fog. Then a vast hissing sound. And then, slowly, the smoke lifted from the surface of the water and there were only small charred objects floating there.

The canoe ventured among those floating fragments. But Tomi suddenly collapsed like a sack of meal. And the girl in the stern turned yearningly toward him, but the other girl cried out at her and pointed to another swimming speck, far away. And they chased down that speck and the two girls hit at it with their paddles until it sank.

Then they came swiftly toward the shore. Rakamoana, in the bow, looked more bitter and more savage than ever before. Tehina wept bitterly as she paddled. And when they reached the shore, Tomi was seen to be many times wounded by mysterious weapons.

The inhabitants of Opahiki were dazed, though Paki had told them much after her swim ashore. But as Tehina sobbed over Tomi, lying inertly in the canoe, he opened his eyes. He said thickly:

"Are they all dead?"

Tehina sobbed. But Rakamoana said fiercely:

"Every one, Tomi!"

And new strength seemed somehow to come into Tomi. He drew a deep breath, and if he winced at the pain of it, no man saw him.

"Then—then—" his voice grew strong almost to normal. "I am a white man. And therefore you must—"

This is the story of Tomi, who is the white man on Opahiki, though his grandmother was a daughter of a Rutiaro cannibal chief.

SOMEDAY we'll grab our food in capsules, as we dash from the country in our helicopters, to begin work in buildings that lie down along the earth for miles instead of piercing the blue. Meantime, we have to eat food cooked to order. But the pity of it is that so much of what is stoked in by our younger generation of businessmen and women seems to have been dished up by drudges who make it taste like their own outlook on life.

Bright young people, no matter what their future prospects, generally haven't a lot of money to spend on expensive restaurants. Nor are many of them willing to set their excellent brains and nimble fingers to work at the range. So, whether they're bachelor girls, bachelor men or he-and-she couples, the result is too often the same—the food dollar buys mediocrity and monotony, while eating is done at such a speed and in surroundings so unrestful that visits to the doctor, the beauty specialist or both are sooner or later needed to repair ravages.

Yet cooking is easy and cooking is fun. Moreover, it happens to be so smart at the moment that one wonders why any girl of today can bring herself to say she doesn't know how to do it. The reason must be that she has hangover notions from the past.

She can't believe that science has taken the drudgery out. She can't believe she could shine as a cook without losing a parallel amount of shine somewhere else. She can't believe how much money she'd save to spend on her pet diversions, nor how much better she'd feel with home-cooked food. She can't believe how popular she could be as a hostess, and with how little effort. Let's break down a few of these old-fashioned notions and give her a new set.

She'll be willing to grant straight off that any girl can learn one or two recipes—and that practically nobody minds tossing a midnight egg for the gang. What puts her down is the idea of getting a whole meal.

Things don't come out at the same time. The kitchen shrinks by the minute, littered with dishes from stem to stern and no place to put anything down. One item burns while something else is being attended to. It ends in a nightmare with the cook in hysterics.

The first thing to realize is that the maximum time you have for any meal is the time it takes to cook the longest-cooking item. If a roast takes an hour and a quarter, artichokes thirty-five minutes, potatoes diced for mashing ten minutes, they'll go on in that order by the clock—and come out equal with no effort. If you haven't an hour and a quarter to spare, you'll choose a steak you can do in twenty minutes, or chops in fifteen, and rearrange your timing accordingly. Timing is easy, once you get the hang of it—much easier than making the 8:17 every morning.

The next thing to get down pat is the difference between last-minute dishes that won't stand and others that can be done in advance. A safe rule for beginners is a dessert that can be done beforehand or that needs no doing—like apple pie, better cold than hot, or crackers and cheese and fruit after the continental manner.

Then you've got to balance top-of-the-stove work against things that can be done in the oven or in the broiler if you don't want a mob scene. A beefsteak pie can be coming to a heavenly brown in the oven without interfering with space devoted to boiling vegetables, whereas liver and bacon, sitting in a frying pan up top, wouldn't leave standing room on the range. Plan your dishes for your space and you'll be a lot happier about getting a meal.

Form the habit of "setting up" as much as you can as early as possible—the dinner table while the oven is heating, the cocktail tray long before the ice comes out of the refrigerator, the breakfast table the night before, when you're much less tired than in the morning.

When You're on Your Own

Form the habit of washing up pots and pans, mixing spoons, and so on, as you go along. Or have a space under the sink where you can stack them out of the way till you get time. A whole lot of the bewilderment of the average new cook comes from working on surfaces crowded with discarded dishes.

Make up your mind never to try maidless entertaining in any other fashion than by the buffet route. You have the smartest possible precedent for this. It makes for ever so much more gaiety. You can have twice as many people with no more work. And, besides, men always like serving themselves, as proved by the fact that they invariably eat more.

Some hostesses have the dinner table set and one course in place, after which the foraging begins. Some have everything on the side table—soup in a big container, meat on a covered platter, vegetables and salad in bowls, with only dessert to come in later. Some let the men wait on the women; others make everybody serve himself. Some dispense with a dinner table altogether and have their guests take their plates where they will.

Always have a dress rehearsal for any new dish—serve it to the family before you try it on outsiders. Serve it several times, if necessary, so you know you can run it off without stage fright. And never forget that the whole modern trend is toward *simple* foods—the kind men have always preferred—also that plenty of one or two things is a much more up-to-date technique than a huge assortment.

So much for system—now how about the food itself? Let's get a few general principles fixed in mind.

The secret of modern soup service for the new cook is "open a can and trim the contents." Canned soups are some of the best canned items science has given us. But you can dress them up a bit to make them more individual. Cream of tomato soup looks more festive with a blob of whipped cream on top and maybe a dust of paprika. Clear soups may often be improved with a thin slice of lemon put into the cup first—or a wafer of onion ring, or a grating of onion—or a sprig of nice green parsley—or a few snippets of chives. Differences of taste may dictate a dash of Worcestershire or whatever your pet sauce is.

Meat is the center of the cooking picture, especially if there are men to be considered. And, believe it or not, meats are the very easiest thing to do well. Barring making friends with a good butcher, the most important points are temperature, time, seasoning, never using a covered roaster, nor frying what ought to be broiled.

If you don't own one of those temperature charts for the oven that should have come with your range, call up the utility company or write the maker and get it. It's worth its weight in practically anything, because it tells you when to put a roast in and at what degree of heat, how soon to lower the temperature, and how much cooking-time you'll have to allow for the whole procedure, based on the poundage of your meat. Timing and temperature for almost any other item of oven cookery can also be had from this same chart—poultry, casserole dishes, also things you bake, like biscuits and cake. Tack this mentor up

(Continued on page 59)

STOP
PARKING
G. de Zayas

Who Taught You to Drive?

By T. R. Carskadon

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

If the person who taught you to drive wasn't a perfect driver, the chances are ten to one you are now making some of his mistakes. And no one can afford to make mistakes on the highway; often they come too high. Professor Neyhart launched a one-man campaign against our widespread bad driving habits and is accomplishing wonders, like this

ARE you a safe driver? Do you always give a hand signal when pulling out of a parking space? Do you sometimes take a chance and cut over to the inside of a curve because you "just know" that no car is coming toward you around the blind side of the bend? Can you invariably stop within range of your own headlights at night?

If you can't give the proper answers to these and similar questions perhaps you had better go back and learn to drive all over again. Luck may have been with you up to now. But unless safe-driving habits become automatic, sooner or later you are likely to figure in the American accident totals, which are the highest in the world. In 1935, 37,000 persons were killed outright, and more than 1,000,000 were injured.

These principles are being made the basis for one of the most remarkable crusades in the history of motoring. Professor Amos E. Neyhart, of Pennsylvania State College, is now touring the country with the avowed purpose of teaching Americans to drive an automobile—whether they think they already know or not. He has the full backing of the automotive industry and the American Automobile Association, which are jointly sponsoring his tour. His ultimate goal is the saving of 20,000 lives annually.

Neyhart says that sixty per cent of all traffic accidents are directly due to mistakes made by drivers. He is staging a national campaign to make a safe driver out of every driver in America.

Neyhart didn't pluck his ideas out of thin air. His specialty at Pennsylvania State College is industrial engineering, and with a scientist's care and an engineer's thoroughness he spent a year making a study of all kinds of drivers and all kinds of accidents. His findings convinced him that proper training of drivers is the answer to the accident problem. Once convinced, he set out to do something about it.

He believed that if a driver were properly trained to begin with, he wouldn't have accidents. He thought, further, that he could give the training. Starting it first as a hobby and in his own spare time he organized a class of persons who wanted to learn to drive. He chose high-school students primarily; because, believe it or not, they are the most dangerous group on the road today. (In the past twelve years the rate of deaths from accidents of all kinds has increased 107 per cent, but fatal accidents involving the age group 15 to 24 have increased 178 per cent.) He added a sprinkling of enough older persons to give his system an adequate test, and instruction began.

He has been at it five years now. Individually or in groups he has taught a grand total of 176 persons to drive an automobile. *In all that time and with all those people not a single one of them has even so much as dented a fender.*

How does Neyhart teach a person to drive a car so that there will be no accidents? The best way to answer these questions is to observe him in action, and for the purpose let's imagine that you have made the trip to State College and are about to have Professor Neyhart teach you to drive an automobile.

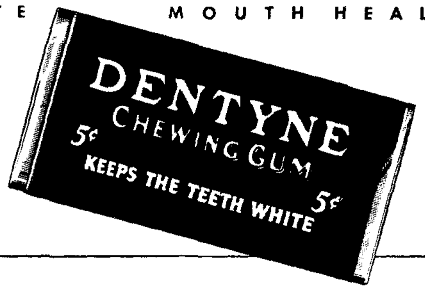
Understand Your Automobile

You get your first shock when he takes you not to the garage, but to the classroom. He is determined that first of all you shall know what an automobile *is,* that you learn the nature of this broncho you are about to ride. His engineer's training enables him to make his exposition very vivid as with blackboard diagrams, cut-down models or an actual motor he explains just what takes place within the cylinder, how the explosions are timed and controlled, how the power is transferred to the driving gears and what are the specific functions of clutch, brake and accelerator.

As soon as you learn about the innards of an automobile, the next step is to learn to maneuver it. Here, again, Neyhart insists that you first learn what are the basic rules of the road, that you have some notion of what it is you are trying to do before you do it. Lectures and diagrams are brought into play, and then you are taken to the automobile itself. You begin with the fundamentals of starting and stopping, shifting gears, accelerating, braking, turning and backing.

Next you are taken out to the practice street, and now you begin to feel that you are getting somewhere. Everyone around State College knows about the Neyhart practice street. The authorities assigned him a quiet stretch of roadway out near the edge of town, and he has marked it off into parking spaces, pedestrian lanes, angle crossings, street car safety zones, crosswalks, driveway entrances, one, two, three and four lane traffic, boulevard stops and other items to make it a veritable jungle of the things that you may expect to encounter in real traffic.

Here's how it works. When you learn to park, for instance, you drive up alongside a rectangular parking space that is marked off in white lines on the asphalt pavement. In your first—probably awkward—attempts to wriggle into it, instead of bumping cars in front of and behind you and scraping your own fenders on the curb, you measure your success by whether or not you have touched white parking uprights provided as parking guides. In time, Professor Neyhart teaches you to park in exactly three moves. Starting from a position alongside the car (or space) just ahead of the space you want to occupy, you first cut sharply (and that is the essence of the maneuver, to cut *sharply*) and back halfway into the parking space until your rear wheel almost touches the curb; second, you cut just as sharply in the



KEEPS TEETH WHITE MOUTH HEALTHY

She HAS ~~HAD~~ her Mother's smile

DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS ...PEPS UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES.

You may still have your mother's charming natural smile. But today's soft foods may rob you of the fine healthy teeth and gums, the natural, easy smile of her generation, with its hard foods that gave the mouth the exercise it needed. You can keep that mouth-happy smile the way other smart moderns are doing it...by chewing Dentyne. Its special consistency helps keep the teeth white, stimulate and harden the gums. And it gives those smile-muscles the workout they need to bring out the smiles.

A FLAVOR THAT MAKES CHEWING A REAL PLEASURE. Dentyne has a grown-up, educated taste that holds its flavor. It gives a substantial satisfaction that stays satisfying...as long as you chew. And it's all wrapped up in a package sensibly flat...exclusive with Dentyne...to fit snugly into your pocket or pocketbook.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

opposite direction, and back all the way into the space which brings you parallel with the curb; and third, you move forward to the middle of the space you are occupying.

In like manner you learn to negotiate all the various traffic conditions on the practice street. You learn to judge distances, to get the feeling of the whole car, so that you know when you are getting dangerously near the edge of the pavement, know whether or not a given space is wide enough for you to get through, know how to get completely in a garage without leaving the rear bumper sticking out behind or crashing into the garage wall in front. This feeling of the whole car, this ability to sense exactly where all four of your wheels are at any given moment, Professor Neyhart regards as a highly important quality in a good driver and he strives to develop it in his students.

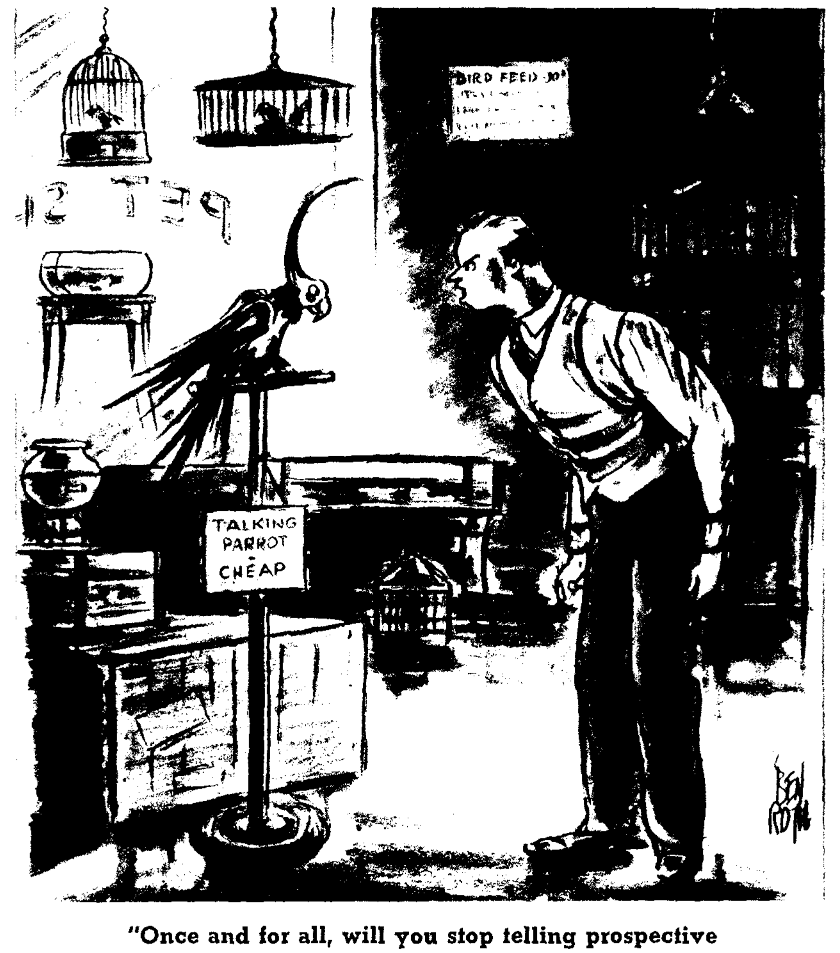
Let's hop into a training car now and go out for a run in traffic. You take the wheel, and Professor Neyhart will sit beside you. This is a specially designed car. There is only one steering wheel—that's to give you a sense of being in command of the ship—but it has a dual set of brake and clutch pedals, so that Neyhart can take control if any emergency should arise.

Common-sense Rules of the Road

Here you are at the highway. You look first to the left, then to the right. You find the road absolutely clear in both directions and you sail out into the main road. It's a grand day, smooth going, and you begin to like this business of driving an automobile. You are bowling along at a prudent pace, under the approving eye of Professor Neyhart, when suddenly you hear a horn from behind you. Automatically you pull over to the right to give the other car room to pass. As it comes up beside you, you see that it is an ancient relic of about 1921 vintage, rattling and roaring as it strains every nut and bolt to pass you. This touches your pride, and you mutter to yourself, "I'll be darned if I'm going to let anything like that get ahead of me." You press down the accelerator and your brand-new training car starts to leap out in front again. Firm pressure from Professor Neyhart on the brake pedal puts an end to this maneuver, and you receive a deserved lecture on road manners. It is not only fatuous nonsense but very dangerous and in many states actually against the law to increase speed while another car is passing you. Remember that.

There is a long hill ahead, and you get a thrill as your smooth-powered training car marches right up like a thoroughbred. You are gaining on that black sedan ahead, gaining, gaining with fine momentum behind you and in order not to lose speed you pull out and prepare to pass the sedan. Professor Neyhart restrains you. Never try to pass on a hill or on a curve. Stay in line—you'll still have plenty of power to get to the top. Once over the crest, and around the curve at the other side, there is a fine straightaway ahead. Now you may pass, for you can see a clear road a long way ahead. With your left arm give a signal—hand and arm extended horizontally—to advise the drivers behind you that you are going to change your course. Sound your horn to let the man in front know you are going to pass, and pull out around him. The great question is to know when to get back into line, and Professor Neyhart gives you a safe rule to follow: Never cut back into line until at least some portion of the car you have just passed can be seen in your rear-vision mirror.

Professor Neyhart teaches you to slow down for every intersection, and you do your slowing *before* you reach the intersection, not while you are in it. Likewise you slow down for railroad crossings—and come to a complete stop if you can't get a good clear view of the track in both directions. You change to a lower gear *before* crossing, so there will be no danger of stalling on the tracks themselves. You are cautioned never to "coast" downhill by pushing in the clutch pedal, which is bad, or putting the shift lever in neutral, which is



"Once and for all, will you stop telling prospective customers how much profit I'm making on you?" BEN ROTH worse. He shows you how to enter a sharp curve not by one sudden turn of the wheel which puts a maximum strain on your car and its occupants, but instead to start turning the wheel just a little bit, then a little bit more, gradually reaching the position needed to round the curve comfortably. He demonstrates that if the rear end of a car starts skidding, the thing to do is to turn the wheels in the same direction as the skid. Do *not* disengage the clutch; leave the car in gear. It's best to take your foot off the accelerator and reduce speed by short, alternate pressure and release of the brake. For persons who are puzzled about how to make a car go in the right direction while backing, Professor Neyhart has a simple rule: If you turn the steering wheel to the right (clockwise) the car will go to the right, whether it is going forward or backward; if you turn the wheel to the left, it will go to the left, ahead or reverse.

As you swing into a wide street leading to the downtown section, Professor Neyhart points out the necessity for getting into the proper lane at street intersections. The choice depends upon where you are going. Assuming two streams of traffic flowing in each direction, if you are in the right-hand lane (near the curb) you have only two choices; you can make a right turn, or go straight ahead. If you are in the left-hand lane (near the center of the street) you also have only two choices; you can either make a left turn, or go straight ahead. Figure out in advance what you want to do, and then get in the proper lane for it.

In any change of direction you should signal, and it is highly important that your signal be clear and easily understood. Many drivers think that by flapping a languid hand out of the car window they are doing all that is required of them, but actually it would take a mind reader to figure out what they mean. Some details of signaling vary in different states. Professor Neyhart teaches you the basic signals drawn up by the Fourth National Conference on Street and Highway Safety and embodied in the Uniform Traffic Act. These signals are simple, and will be understood anywhere. All are made by the driver with his left hand and arm:

For a right turn—hand and arm extended upward, or moved from rear to front in the familiar "come ahead" gesture.

For a left turn—hand and arm extended straight out horizontally.

To slow down or stop—hand and arm extended downward.

Moving from one lane to another in traffic—for move to right lane, same signal as for right turn; for move to left lane, signal for left turn.

To enter a parking space—give the "slow down or stop" signal, hand and arm extended downward. To leave a parking place, give the "left turn" signal, hand and arm extended horizontally.

Remember the Pedestrian

Once you are straightened out about traffic lanes and signals, Professor Neyhart teaches you the most important thing a driver has to learn about city traffic—the rights of pedestrians. If a pedestrian starts across the street when traffic signals are with him and the lights change while he is in the middle of the street, *he still has the right of way.* You must wait until he is safely out of your path. Again, if local laws permit you to make a right turn on a red (stop) light, as they do in many cities, the pedestrian who is moving crosswise with the green lights takes precedence over you. As you turn that corner on a red light, it is up to you to stop for the pedestrian; it is not up to him to get out of your way. This latter principle is especially often misunderstood by motorists, and disregard of it causes a frightful toll of deaths, lawsuits and prison sentences annually.

What are the worst mistakes made by drivers? To answer that question in the most effective fashion, Professor Neyhart points to the accident totals. In 1935, among the fatal accidents directly traceable to mistakes made by drivers, 31 per cent were caused by speeding—driving too fast for existing conditions. Professor Neyhart gives as the basic rule: *Always be able to stop your car within the assured clear distance ahead.* This is especially important at night, when you should take care not to outrun your headlights; that is, you should be able to stop within the area clearly illuminated by your lights.

Driving on the wrong side of the road caused 17 per cent of the fatal accidents. Neyhart emphasizes that you must always stay on the right, no matter what the temptation, and it is especially dangerous to get out of your proper lane when on a hill or rounding a curve.

Your Right of Way

Cars that did not have the right of way cause 15 per cent of the accidents. Here the basic rule is that if two cars reach an intersection at the same time, the car on the right has the right of way. Thus, if there is a car to your right, you yield to it, and if there is a car to your left, it yields to you. This does not hold true if the car on the left reaches the intersection ahead of you, or is already in the intersection when you get there. The other basic rule is that when you approach a highway where a boulevard stop is required, the going traffic on the main highway always has the right of way, even after you have made the required stop.

Cars that drove off the roadway—including the tragic victims that were forced off by other cars—caused 14 per cent of the deaths. A great many needless fatalities occur in this classification, due to panic when a driver finds himself off the roadway. As a prime article of training, Professor Neyhart deliberately makes his learners drive off the road, makes them run along on the shoulder for a mile or more to show that it can be done, and shows them how, by applying the brakes intermittently and gradually, it is easy to slow down and get back on the road with safety.

The remaining fatalities resulted from a variety of practices that already have been referred to, such as cutting into a traffic stream when there isn't room, passing on a curve or hill, failure to signal, passing on the wrong side and miscellaneous examples of reckless driving.

Professor Neyhart believes it is the human element that is causing the trouble, and he has an engineer's respect for the automobile itself. Statistics back up this judgment, for the figures show that less than four per cent of traffic accidents are due to failure of the car.

Something of the state of driver efficiency in America today may be judged from the fact that only about fifteen of the forty-eight states require road tests that amount to anything to obtain a driver's license. Even these require little more than that the applicant be able to manipulate the controls, with no real test whatever of his ability to handle a car in traffic. Meanwhile, accident tolls go steadily upward, and the most sinister fact of all is that the percentage of accidents due to drivers' mistakes is constantly rising. In 1935, the last year for which complete figures are available, auto fatalities increased by around 300 over the year before, *but deaths in which mistakes of drivers figured increased by nearly 1,500.* Professor Neyhart's campaign is thus aimed directly at the heart of the problem.

NATION'S PRESS ACCLAIMS UNITED'S NEW MAINLINERS

CHICAGO TRIBUNE SAYS: "Air club-car service by United Air Lines marks another milestone in aeronautics . . . Roominess and careful soundproofing make it the most luxurious airliner in regular commercial operation anywhere in the world"

A new standard of Luxury, Service, Speed!

NEW YORK SUN: "United has taken the big step in the direction of comfort plus speed. The Skylounge is the only landplane with swivel chairs"*

NEW YORK AMERICAN: "Steam heated and air-conditioned, the cabin lounge is like a Park Avenue apartment"

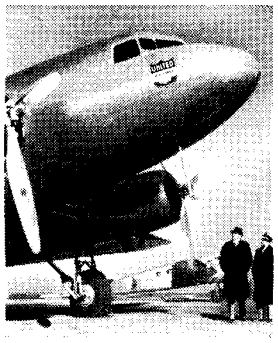
CHICAGO AMERICAN: "Magic carpet of 20th Century. Zooms sky-high for luxury"

NEWARK NEWS: "Smoothest ride this reporter has ever taken. The Sperry gyroscope held the big ship stable at all times. There was no vibration"

★ Acclaimed by leading newspapers and magazines the nation over, these great Mainliners are now in service on United's "Main Line". The luxurious *Skylounges*, the world's first extra fare* planes, fly 3 hour 55 minute non-stop Chicago-New York schedules. Twenty-one passenger Mainliners fly between Chicago, Cleveland and New York; offer also 2-hour non-stop schedules between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Thus, United gives the greatest choice of service offered by any airline: 28 deluxe Mainliners by Douglas for faster long distance service; equally fast 10-passenger Boeings for frequent inter-city schedules.

Plan that next trip via United's "Main Line"—the line with 100 million miles experience. Ask any United Office or your Travel Agent.



**Extra $2 fare on Skylounges* only. *No extra fare on 21-passenger Douglases and 10-passenger Boeings.*

OTHER MAINLINER FACTS

POWER: Two 1150 h. p. 14-cylinder Wasps. Nation's most powerful landplanes. **SPEED:** Cruises 190 m.p.h. at only 62% of available power. Air conditioned...Steam heat. **FLYING AIDS:** Latest multiple radio, newest instruments, de-icers, 1937 automatic pilot.

★ UNITED AIR LINES ★

FASTEST, SHORTEST BETWEEN THE EAST AND MOST PACIFIC COAST CITIES

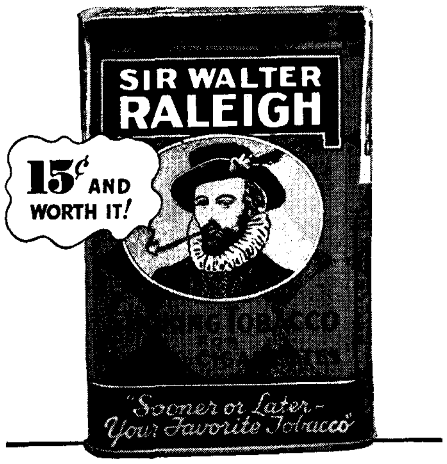
PROTECTED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!

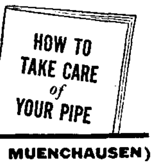
STOP
GO
STOP

...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

A SOUPY PIPE plus strong tobacco will K.O. any copper. All motorists should use pipe cleaners regularly and smoke only a certain mild fragrant mixture. Like Sir Walter Raleigh? Uh-huh. Sir Walter is a grand combination of well-aged Kentucky Burley leaf that burns cool, slow, while giving off a delightful aroma. This easier-on-the-tongue brand has become a leader in a few short years because it really *has* the mildness that pipe lovers since Adam have patiently sought. Test it in your briar.



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-73.



TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

The Grand Manner

Continued from page 13

what it means to you! Do you think I broke a date to go out with you? Don't make me laugh! I didn't have no date! And if you don't like it, scram out! Go ahead, scram out!" She raised her fist.

Joe stood up, red to his ears. "Okay, Mabel. Okay. Just don't yell that way," he said in a pacifying voice.

"Why not? You can't tell me what to do. Go on, what are you hanging around for? Why don't you go and hang around Kitty Maxwell? She's a little lady, ain't she? Yes, she is—I *bet!*"

"Close your mouth," said Joe dismally, "or I'll close it for you."

She jumped up, screaming, "You can't talk to me that way!"

Joe was shaking with anger. He tossed a couple of dollars on the table, said, "Have fun, gang," and went out.

He drove home through the black countryside, with the palm trees waving and shushing overhead, and moonlight on the water. He felt a little sick.

He didn't go around to the Orange Blossom for a week. But he couldn't forget Kitty.

He met her sister Edna on the street about ten days later, and Edna said, "Hello, Joe. Where've you been?"

"Me? Nowhere."

"Kitty was saying she didn't see you around the Orange Blossom any more."

"Well, I've been pretty busy. I've been eating at the Wagon Wheel. Kind of a change, you know."

"I see," Edna said. "Well, stop around sometime, Joe."

"Yeah, thanks."

SHE was a nice girl, Joe thought, tall and straight and with level brown eyes and plain brown hair. About twenty-eight, he guessed. She was cashier in one of the big grocery stores and lived with Kitty in a little bungalow out off the Federal Highway.

There was no guile or subterfuge about Joe, so instead of marking time a few days more he dropped by the Orange Blossom for lunch next day.

Keressey said, "Pompano today, sir? Or perhaps a fillup of sole?"

"Hamburger steak."

"Well, well, common folks after all, huh?"

"The onion raw on top, and a bottle of milk."

Mabel came hustling up to the counter with an empty tray. Joe, who was very preoccupied, looked at her for perhaps a second without realizing she was there. She banged down her tray and rasped, "Well, what are *you* looking at?"

"Oh," said Joe. "Oh, hello."

"Hello your neck!"

Keressey said out of the side of his mouth, "A nice gal."

"Button it, prune puss," she told him and flounced away from the counter.

Keressey said, "If you're looking around for Kitty Maxwell, my dear fellah, eat your hamburger instead—it's getting cold. And besides, she don't work here no more."

"Yeah? Since when?"

"Since last night."

"Canned?"

"Nope. Left." He leaned across the counter and said very confidentially, "And if I was asked, I'd say it was that battle-ax Mabel that done it. She's a lousy bully. All she did was ride Kitty. Ah, with Kitty gone, the place ain't ever gonna be the same. She added—uh—glamor. And she had upbringin'."

"Yeah," said Joe.

He found himself, that night, in the street where Kitty lived. Across the way from the bungalow was a royal palm and he leaned against it, jingling change in his pocket. Somewhere, far away, there was music.

"Well," he thought, "I can say I heard she chucked her job and I'm sorry."

He crossed the street and knocked on the door and when he heard footsteps approaching on the other side of it he cleared his throat and tried to start a nonchalant whistling. It failed to come. He blinked when Kitty opened the door.

"Well, Joe!"

"Hello," he said.

It was hard to say more, she looked so beautiful. She was dressed in an evening gown, all white, with shiny things on it and no arms in it. It was tight around her waist, very snug, and down below it got fuller, and he caught just a glimpse of the toes of silvery slippers.

She laughed good-naturedly. "Well, aren't you coming in?" He thought she was blushing but he wasn't sure.

He said, "I heard you gave up your job, Kitty. I'm sorry."

"Oh, well, I guess I'll get another, Joe. Maybe. I hope. Won't you come in?"

"Well, no, thanks. You're going out. I just stopped by. Well, be seeing you. Well, good night."

He turned and strode away and for blocks, as he went up one street and down another, he couldn't get her out of his mind. The picture she made, in the doorway there, dressed in that white and silvery gown, was something he wouldn't forget for a long time. It seemed to stick with him as he walked; it seemed to be out there in front of him, in the darkness, like a vision. He rubbed his eyes and shook his head. His throat was tight, dry, and his heart throbbed.

When, after a while, he calmed down, he nodded grimly to himself. Sure. She had a date with Buddy Dumont. Well, why not? A girl like her could go anywhere and knock 'em flat. Why should a girl like her, with upbringing, like Keressey said, run around to cheap dance halls and punk roadhouses when one could hit the high spots anywhere, Miami or anywhere?

He walked up South River Drive, past the yachts moored along the river wall; crossed the bridge and went into the Deck and ordered beer. He thought things over. There was only one thing for him to do—pack up and get out. Hanging around here, seeing her, he'd go nuts. But first, he'd do things up brown. Give her something to remember him by.

KERESSEY came in with a pronounced list and incipient hiccoughs and said, "You, Joe? Hello, Joe."

"Where'd you get the shiner?"

"A—uh—door."

"A door named Mabel that swung?"

"All I said was, 'You ain't no lady.' Well, I'm glad I'm outa that joint. I been in a rut. Trouble with you, Joe, you're in a rut. Everybody's in a rut. I was in a rut. Hey, I see that Dumont punk rushing some other gal."

Next day, when he had finished work, Joe stopped in the office and said, "Mr. McNerney, could I ask you a couple of questions?"

"Why, sure, Joe. Fire away."

Joe looked very serious. "I guess you know some good night spots down at Miami Beach, don't you?"

"Quite a few, yes."

"What one, would you say, is the swellest? I mean the real tops—you know, swank and everything."

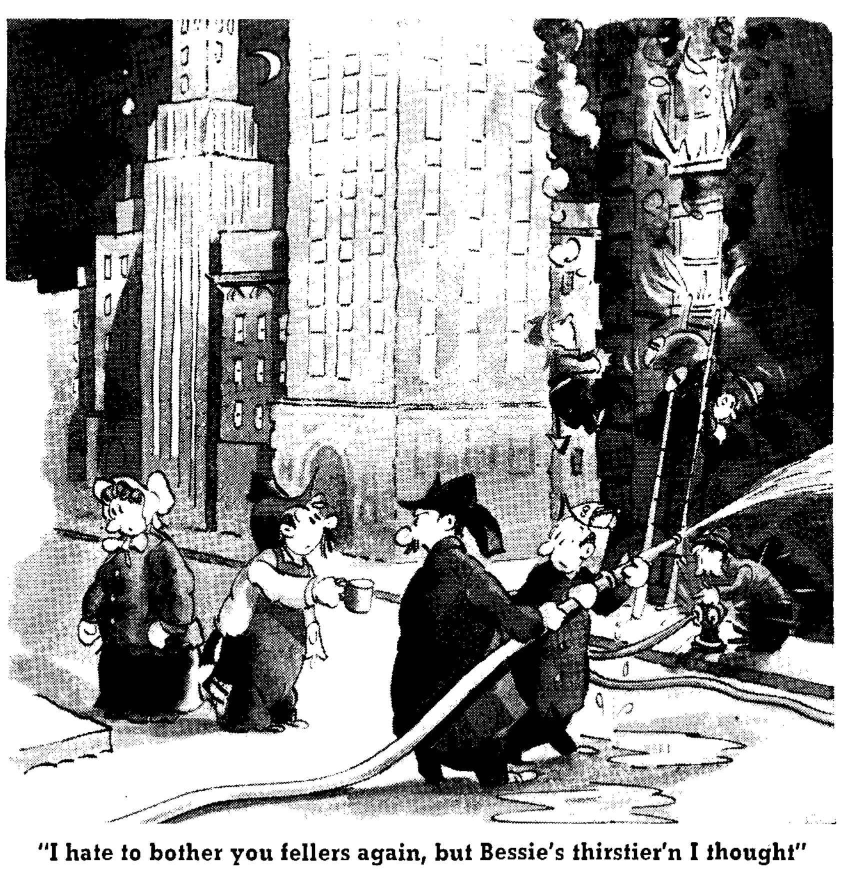
Mr. McNerney's eyes twinkled. "Well, I'd say the Club Sudan. But the minimum's five dollars there. Five dollars a person, Joe."

Joe nodded. "And it's the real goods, huh? I mean, people get all dressed up? And anybody can go there if he's dressed up?"

Mr. McNerney nodded. "Absolutely. But it's best to make a reservation first, Joe. You can telephone." His eyes twinkled again. "Anytime you feel you want to break out, Joe, I'd be glad to phone for you."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. McNerney!"

"And," Mr. McNerney added, "if you want to borrow one of the demonstrators some night—the big blue coach, for



"I hate to bother you fellers again, but Bessie's thirstier'n I thought"

1898
VIENNA
II INTERNATIONALE KOCHKUNST AUSSTELLUNG WIEN 1898
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION PHILADELPHIA MDCCCLXXVI
AWARDED BY UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION
1876
PHILADELPHIA
1893
CHICAGO
CHRISTOPHER COLVMBVS
1883
AMSTERDAM
WILLEM III KONING DER NEDERLANDEN HOOGE BESCHERMHEER VAN DE TENTOONSTELLING
INTERNATIONALE KOLONIALE EN UITVOERHANDEL TENTOONSTELLING AMSTERDAM
MEDAILLE

1908
BERLIN
VERSUCHS- LEHRANSTALT FÜR BRAUEREI IN BERLIN
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE DE 1878
PARIS
1878
PARIS
REPUBLIQUE
1904
ST. LOUIS
COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION
NEW ORLEANS
1884
NEW ORLEANS

THE JUDGES WERE RIGHT

But *your* judgment means more to us than all the medals in the world!

Year after year, critical judges of fine beer have awarded highest honors to BUDWEISER at one world exposition after another. People like you—millions of them—have proved that the judges were right.

You made the BUDWEISER test . . . and constant expansion of the world's largest brewery has been necessary to care for the ever increasing calls for BUDWEISER, King of Bottled Beer. Yet, regardless of size, all the skill that created the quality that the name of BUDWEISER promises is found in every bottle and can.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

MAKE THIS TEST!
Drink
Budweiser
FOR FIVE DAYS
•
On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer. You will want the Budweiser flavor thereafter.

BUDWEISER BEER
Budweiser Lager Beer

Budweiser

As you like it *in bottles • in cans*

"TAKE A TIP FROM ME" Said ... IRVIN S. COBB

"VACATION IN CANADA"

How about a summer cottage in Canada? . . . In unspoiled lakelands — cool, green, pine-scented.

"IF you would hunt or explore, angle or loaf, tramp or just sit, motor or hike, paddle or pole, take a tip from one who has tried them all, and pick Canada for your vacationing." That's Irvin S. Cobb speaking (from an article in *Redbook Magazine*).

Would you like to know more about this friendly neighbor of yours that wins such praise from Mr. Cobb? Simply mail the coupon now for your free copy of our new, 68-page vacation book. In pictures, articles and stories, it tells you all about holidaying in Canada. It contains maps, authentic fishing information, details about accommodations, transportation, climate, customs, etc. Mail the coupon today. We'll send your copy quickly.

CANADIAN TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA - CANADA

Throughout the vacation districts are beautiful, sporty golf clubs. Visiting friends are welcome.

Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada. B-137
☐ Please send me free copy of your 68-page illustrated book about vacationing in Canada.
☐ Please send information on..............................
district, province of..............................
Name..............................
Address..............................
.... *State*..................

instance—I'd be glad to let you use it."

"Well—gosh—"

"That's all right, my boy," Mr. McNerney laughed.

That night Joe counted his savings. He had forty-eight dollars salted away. He walked into town, did some window-shopping, and finally entered a clothing store. He discovered that for forty-seven dollars he could purchase a Tuxedo, a stiff shirt, and a pair of patent-leather shoes. He didn't make any purchase. He just scouted around.

He didn't run into Kitty again until a couple of days later, on the beach, after he'd finished up at the shop. She was with Edna. They were poking along the surf-line, looking for shells. Kitty was dressed in a yellow bathing suit and had a yellow silk handkerchief tied around her head.

JOE, coming up behind them, said, "Hello, Edna. Hello, Kitty."

"Hel-*lo!*" said Edna.

"Hello, Joe," Kitty said. "We're gathering shells."

"Yeah. Want me to hold those?"

"Sure—will you?"

Edna said, "We came down in the bus. It's a nuisance, not having a car."

"You could borrow mine, anytime."

"Well," Edna said, with a little laugh, "thanks, Joe, but neither of us can drive."

"Well, anyhow, I can drive you back." He took a deep breath. "I'm glad I ran into you, Kitty. I figured maybe you'd like to run down to the Sudan Saturday night."

Kitty turned, wide-eyed. "Did you say the Sudan?"

Joe was offhand. "Yeah. Sure. You know, Miami Beach."

Kitty seemed shaken. "My goodness, Joe! B-but—"

"I hear it's a nice place. I figured we'd get dressed up—you know, evening clothes—and give it the works." His voice was a little louder than usual but that was because he felt pretty scared inside.

Kitty cried "Oh!" in a funny, squeaky voice, and suddenly there were tears in her eyes.

Edna was saying in a warm, affectionate voice, "Kitty, honey, don't . . ."

Now Kitty was half laughing and half crying. She turned and ran away up the beach.

Joe said, "Now what did I do?"

Edna laughed. She grabbed hold of his hand. "Come on, Joe. Let's get her."

"I mean, what did I do?"

"You're a sweet guy, Joe."

HE HAD never before seen a place like the Sudan, except in the movies. He thought that the first place they entered was the whole works, but it turned out to be only the cocktail lounge. A man bowed to them and asked him if they had a reservation. Joe gave his name. They were turned over to another man and escorted into a vast room with a lot of soft lights. This man said, "M'sieu' " when he met them, and again when he seated them.

"What'd *he* say?" Joe asked Kitty.

"He said—well, it's French for mister."

"Oh."

Another man came around with a big menu card. They ordered cocktails first, and then food. It took Joe a couple of minutes to work up to it, but he finally managed to say, "Champagne."

Kitty looked concerned, "Oh, Joe, don't—"

"I said the works, didn't I? Say, that music's something. Want to dance?"

"Oh, Joe, I'd love to!"

She was as light in his arms as a feather, or a cloud or something, and the way *she* danced, and the music, made him dance better, he figured, than he ever had in his life before.

"Oh, Joe, I never realized you could dance so well."

"Well, a guy picks things up. A lot depends on the girl you're dancing with. You dance swell, Kitty."

The number of knives and forks and spoons was, at first sight, a blow to him, but he watched Kitty and got along pretty well. And after he had drunk a couple of glasses of champagne he didn't feel so taut and stiff inside. He began to look around. And he came to the conclusion that of all the girls in the place Kitty was the loveliest. He was proud of her and it showed in his eyes and the way he grinned at her. As the evening went on he was no longer afraid of the waiter. Everybody was having a good time. The place got noisier as the night went on. People yelled from one table to another. A drunk was tenderly escorted out amid a lot of boos. Joe laughed heartily.

They left at half past one. It cost Joe twenty-five dollars, and although he had only two dollars and fifty cents left, he *almost* swaggered. Kitty *had* turned white at the size of the bill. She was still a little shaken as they walked toward the car.

Joe said, "What's the matter?"

"So—so much *money*—you spent on —*me!* Oh, Joe, you shouldn't have."

"I wish it was a million," Joe muttered.

He drove in silence, his chunky, mechanic's hand lying with seeming indifference on the steering wheel. Things were not turning out the way he had planned. He'd planned to be tough, to get off a lot of wisecracks, to say, for instance, "You're *like* all dolls—gold diggers." But nothing like that had happened. And he could tell by the way he felt inside, dismal and hopeless, that nothing like it was going to happen. He couldn't hurt her, that was it. If any guy ever hurt her, he'd brain him. Mabel was right; he was a dope—he was a dope to have thought up this screwy night-club idea, evening dress and all. A dope. Yeah, and a cheap show-off.

"Joe."

"H'm?"

"It was the most wonderful time I ever had."

"Glad you liked it."

The bungalow was dark when he drew up in front of it and he doused his lights, got out, and walked around to the other side, to open the door for Kitty.

He had it all figured out what he would say and do. He would say, "Well, I prob'ly won't see you again, Kitty. I'm chucking the job and going north. Thanks for the date. Goodby." But Kitty didn't get out of the car. This didn't fit in with his plans. He looked around, up at the stars, and said, "Little cooler." Nothing happened, so after a minute he pushed the door as far open as it would go and said, "Uhuh—well . . ."

She stepped out and said, "Joe, what's the matter?"

"Well—it's late and—well, I got to—yeah!—get up early in the morning."

"Oh."

He walked with her to the porch, his hat in his hand, his chest all tied up and his throat knotted. At the porch, she turned, and for a minute both stood looking at each other. Then she said in a very small voice:

"Don't you want to kiss me, Joe?"

He scowled. "I'm no heel. I don't expect a girl to kiss me just because I take her out. And besides," he muttered, "it won't do any good. I can't afford those places. I just did it this time to—to show off. Guys like Dumont—they can do it. Sure! But me, I work for a living! G'night."

HE TURNED and strode to the car and climbed in, but as he landed behind the wheel Kitty landed beside him. She was breathless and he ducked his head, expecting a shower of wrath. But her hand fell on his arm and her head came down and stopped against his shoulder.

"Joe," she said in a constricted voice, "I've been a fool. Edna said so too. Buddy Dumont *never* took me to places where people dressed up. Always to roadhouses, where the kind of people he knew never went. And he got fresh, Joe—he's not half the gentleman you are. I made this—this evening dress with my own hands, and it took me a long time, but nobody ever asked me anywhere where I could wear it—"

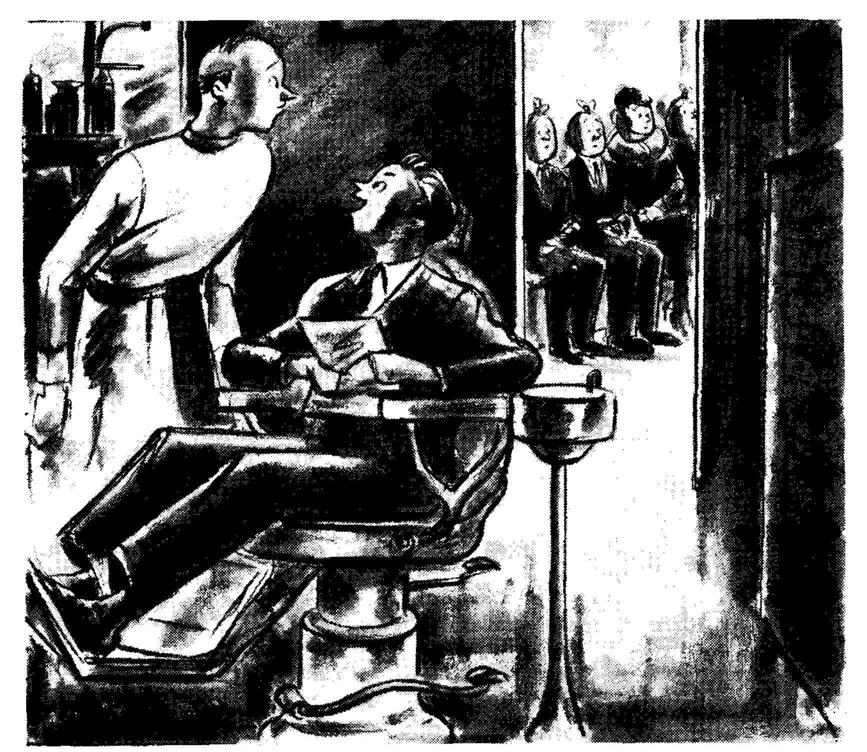
"You had it on the other night."

"Fooling myself. Imagining I was at a grand ball. . . . Joe, I don't care anything about those swell night clubs. I feel terrible, you spent so much. But—but you made my heart happy, and you looked, Joe, you looked so awfully proud!"

"Gee," said Joe.

"Don't say that, Joe. It's not nice."

"I can't help it—I can't help it. Gee, I love you, Kitty."



"Well, do I get a rebate on my bill, or do I start to yell?" BEN ROTH

You're the Cook

Continued from page 52

in your kitchen and go by what it says.

For other ways of cooking meat, you have your broiler and the top burners. Beefsteak and lamb chops are much better broiled than fried, as any expert will assure you. Start the broiler high (see chart), sear your meat, lower the temperature, turn frequently—and the result will be tender and delicious, if the butcher didn't play you false.

Pork chops, needing long cooking, are better fried—and don't forget to try them with lemon juice and a bit of sage, or with slices of pineapple. Veal chops are also better fried—roll them in egg and seasoned crumbs and you'll never say they're inclined to be dry or tasteless. Cheaper cuts of beef, lamb or veal can be stewed and turned into grand French dishes or meat pies. Sausages can be "pan broiled," which is frying without the use of butter or fat, or they can be broiled or baked in the oven, with or without the pastry coats that turn them into "pigs in blankets."

Don't forget fish when planning your main course. Statisticians tell us ominous things about the coming rise in meat prices, but fish rarely jump about in this distressful fashion. Broil oily fish on a flat tin fish sheet. Fry the drier kinds. Don't forget such economy items as fillets of haddock, as the basis for the very grand "fillet of sole Marguery."

The secret of good-looking and good-tasting vegetables is—only enough water to prevent sticking and only enough cooking-time to make them tender. Experts today say that Mother stewed the life out of them, and undoubtedly she did lose the color. Also, if she used a lot of water, she poured much of what she paid for down the drain. Another thing she didn't have was the prepared paper that now enables us to boil several kinds in one saucepan without mixing flavors or losing any of the good. Buy some of this and follow directions, especially if top space on your range is limited.

Some vegetables, like asparagus, cauliflower, broccoli and Brussels sprouts, are much more impressive with hollandaise sauce than with mere butter, pepper and salt. Lots of old-time cooks still think this sauce hard to make. But nobody told them about the bowl secret. Here's how: Take one-half cup butter and divide into three pieces. Put one of these, plus the yolks of two eggs and one tablespoon of lemon juice, all together into a china bowl and set this over boiling water to cook, stirring it all the time. When the butter is melted, add the second piece; when it melts, the third. When all butter is amalgamated with the rest of the mixture, add one-quarter teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of hot water and blend. This sauce can be made ahead of time, set in a warm place and stirred up again before using.

But not all vegetables need to be cooked. A dinner without salad gets a frown from the health authorities. Wash your leafy green—lettuce, watercress, or what have you—in a strainer under the faucet, shaking the water out as you go along. Let stand to drip, then put into the refrigerator to chill, still in the strainer bottomed by a plate, if your particular icebox hasn't one of those trick "fresheners." Some experts say you should wipe every leaf tenderly, but I feel life is too short. Get off what you can and make your dressing strong enough so the rest won't matter. Use three parts olive or salad oil to one of vinegar (or thereabouts, depending on how tart you like it), adding salt, pepper and paprika to taste. If you care for garlic, and I hope you do, cut a clove and leave it to soak in the dressing for a few minutes, then fish it out.

To your leafy green, raw tomatoes sliced, cucumber diced, and so on, add any good-looking cooked leftovers you fancy—such as string beans, limas, carrots, beets, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, etc., the more the merrier for the eye as well as the palate. Put the whole collection into a china, glass or wooden bowl, pour the dressing on top and toss around thoroughly.

Desserts can be varied indefinitely without getting into the complicated class. Apple pie is the American man's favorite top-off, so be sure to learn pastry making (see any good cookbook), which isn't the least bit difficult nowadays. You can also use this accomplishment for such quick desserts as jam or fresh fruit tarts, or turnovers made with applesauce or other cooked centers inside a pastry envelope.

Another quick dessert is fruit shortcake—based on one of the ready-mixed biscuit doughs. Still another is ready-mixed gingerbread served hot with whipped cream. Others come out of the carton that contains your pancake or waffle flour. Still others are explained on the backs of the little boxes sold by the gelatin people, or those who favor us with that delicious chocolate pudding with the arrowroot base. Best of all from the health angle is fresh fruit, with or without crackers and your latest find in cheese.

TIPS
TO THE COOK

1. **Don't fry what is better broiled.**
2. **Never use a covered roaster for meat, if you don't want it to taste stewed.**
3. **Put vegetables in just sufficient boiling water to prevent burning and cook only until tender.**
4. **Apple pie is the American man's favorite dessert—get that in your repertoire.**
5. **Experiment with ready-mixes for biscuits, pancakes, waffles and cake.**
6. **Serve plenty of fruit desserts, and learn the virtues of crackers and cheese as a top-off.**

One more bit of advice and I am through.

When you've mastered general principles and learned to manage your range as well as you manage your car or your typewriter—keep on experimenting with new dishes. Get a good cookbook. Skim the daily-paper cooking departments, even though much of what you see there may strike you as overelaborate for one who cooks on the side. Read the ads and send for the booklets prepared by the giant companies that sell meats, flours, cooking fats, canned and packaged goods of all kinds. These people spend thousands on model kitchens in which keen-minded, high-salaried women are working for *you*—if you'll let them. Finally, just to be different, write to Mother or Grandmother for some of the old recipes and try them out. We moderns, no matter how puffed up we get over our scientific achievements and our artistic successes, still have a lot to learn from the folks back home about making food taste good.

What d
tell you to loo
in a laxative

SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—*even in minor matters.*

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will approve a laxative, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself "Does *my* laxative qualify on every point?"

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset the digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax passes this test with colors flying! Ex-Lax fulfills *every* requirement. In fact, Ex-Lax meets these demands so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families. And Ex-Lax has helped so many millions of other people . . . people you know, probably . . . that they have made it the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

TRY EX-LAX . . . FEEL BETTER

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find Ex-Lax so mild, so free from violence. It affords thorough relief from constipation, without strain, stomach pains or nausea.

The easy, comfortable action of Ex-Lax leaves you feeling better—*looking* better—with a greater zest for enjoying life. Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are *doubly* important to a child.

EX-LAX TASTES SO GOOD

One more advantage—Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it, you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 K-37
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City.............................. Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

The Minsky Kids

Continued from page 15

Oriental Theater, pro-
the "real, living Min-
leads to no small
ı. Mr. Abe Minsky,
he Gaiety Theater,
nd a second house
ıake things harder
New York house,
, called Minsky's
There, search as
Minsky at all.
ıe right to use

act that there
sky brothers:
and Morton. Billy,
, was the pioneer and brought
ing luster to the name of Minsky.
He died in 1932.

All Very Plushy and Grand

Morton Minsky is the youngest of the brothers and by far the most elegant. Minsky's Oriental was opened on Christmas Night with ceremonies that would have staggered an old-time burlesque operator. The invitations, actually engraved, had an imperious "*Formal*" in one corner and the first-night guests obeyed this mandate. The town's haughtiest ladies squeezed into their slinkiest evening dresses. Their escorts wore white ties and top hats. They saw an ornate lobby decorated with oil paintings; most of them of nudes—in keeping with the performance about to start. The lady ushers wore Oriental costumes—in keeping with the name of the place. It was all very plushy and grand, even if the show which the Minskys presented was about like burlesque the nation over. The social excitement spread backstage, however, as frequent bulletins were circulated concerning the arrival of all the toffs.

Remarked one of the ladies of the ensemble, "Mother never told me burlesque could be like this!"

Mr. Morton (that's what all his associates call him) is in his early thirties. He is a small man and quite dapper, with thinning black hair and eyeglasses. From his well-chosen phrases and his quiet voice you might infer that he has some cultural background. And, sure enough, he has. He was graduated from New York University in 1924. Mr. Morton was asked, one time, to state the differences between vaudeville and burlesque. He weighed his words carefully as he answered.

"One can't very well say that the appeal of burlesque is the undraped feminine body, can one?" he said. "Let me put it this way: a vaudeville performance consists of five or six different acts; they are unrelated. In burlesque we take a group of lovely girls and surround them with specialty performers. But it's true, of course, that the strip act is an essential part of burlesque."

H. K. Minsky, who is in his middle forties, talks rather less than his younger brother, but is in full agreement with his philosophy of burlesque. He is dark, chunky in build, wears tortoise-rimmed glasses and has an air of subdued weariness about him. He takes care of the production end of the business, which may account for the weariness.

Both Morton and H. K. deny with emphasis that there is friction between themselves and Abe Minsky, and mystery surrounds the situation. Abe is a very taciturn fellow and won't discuss it at all.

The facts, though, belie such cordiality. At Abe's Gaiety Theater, one week this winter, a new and startling act was presented. A girl high up on a trapeze removed her garments thoughtfully and dropped them, one by one, on the stage. The master of ceremonies said that this novelty had been found in Europe by "Mr. Abe Minsky, the only genuine Minsky." This sounded like a crack at H. K. and Morton, whose Oriental Theater was soon to open. On their part, as we have seen, H. K. and Morton point to themselves as the "real, living Minskys."

The Minsky saga goes back to 1912 when Alderman Minsky, the father of the quartette, was in the construction game. (Alderman Minsky is positively the last Minsky to be dragged into this narrative.) Among other buildings, the alderman put up the National Winter Garden down on East Houston Street in New York. Its features included a roof garden where his sons, Billy and Abe, established a movie show. H. K., at that time, was studying law at Columbia, for he, too, is a college man. Morton was a mere lad, in preparatory school. The movie house went pretty well for a time. Then Billy and Abe ran into killing competition from the big circuits and the crowds fell off. Vaudeville was a congested field, too, and the brothers concluded that burlesque, alone, would keep the roof garden running. So the National Winter Garden became a burlesque place and in short order it was a very famous one.

Billy Minsky was a smart promoter. There was nothing gorgeous about his house or the show he offered. The girls, or most of them, were elderly ladies whose charms were best appreciated through a haze of alcohol. The customers were tough and hard-bitten in their demands. If one of the damsels teased them beyond a reasonable point in removing her clothes they would jeer and boo. Guards often patrolled the aisles to remind them of their manners. Billy Minsky knew, though, that a taste for raucous jokes and an aesthetic appreciation of the female form were not limited to *hoi polloi*. Men with the bluest of blood and impeccable social position might also be interested, he concluded. So he sent batches of free tickets to such centers of refinement as the Racquet and Tennis and the Harvard clubs. A few of the members drifted down to East Houston Street to see what was going on, for free passes are hard to resist even among the leaders of the upper classes.

The result was excellent. Billy's own patrons got a kick out of the top-hatted visitors. The visitors found it very thrilling. In a year or two hostesses were bringing their guests for an evening of slumming and excitement.

Blackstone with Burlesque

Billy and Abe prospered. H. K. Minsky was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1914 and decided that burlesque was much more interesting than Blackstone; he still thinks so, but finds his legal background of value when contracts are drawn up. He can write one so binding that even a strip gal cannot wriggle out of it. By 1924 the Minsky *frères* had opened another house up in Harlem. In that year Morton joined the team. All was cordial for some years. In all probability Billy, as the eldest of the clan, kept order. In 1931 they opened another house, the Republic, on Forty-second Street near Broadway.

Six months later, though, Billy Minsky died. His name had become permanently identified with burlesque by then, but disintegration set in. The right to use Billy Minsky's name was sold. In due time Abe was off by himself, so H. K. and Morton were going it alone. Worse, they went too fast. The depression had set in. They opened houses in Philadelphia, Newark, Baltimore, Albany, Brooklyn, Miami and Hollywood. The anticipated crowds did not come, though. The houses drifted out of their control.

"We were a year or two ahead of our time," Morton now observes sadly.

H. K. and Morton were a long way from broke, however. They organized a show, christened Life Begins at Minsky's, which played to record business in Hollywood and then toured the Middle West. They would have been quite happy but for the gnawing consciousness that they did not have a house on Broadway. As the upturn became more definite they decided to stage a comeback.

After diligent searching they located a house on Broadway near Fifty-first Street which once was the Piccadilly. The Minskys tore the place apart and spent a lot of money fixing it up.

"But he can't get home on th' ground, Officer—he keeps falling down!"

BARNEY TOBEY

H. K. and Morton, working long hours each day late last fall, had a lot of revolutionary notions for their Oriental Theater. Some of these, to their credit, they abandoned. One of them was to require evening dress in a special "Park Avenue" section in the middle of the house.

A veil may well be drawn over the reactions of a Park Avenue dowager if she were actually to hear certain of the gags in a Minsky burlesque. The plan was modified, anyway. There are reserved seats, but they are not elevated. Formal dress is not obligatory and anybody with an extra two bits can sit in one of them. This, the Minskys are confident, will work well enough. It takes a certain amount of class, after all, to have an additional quarter.

"We shall cater to the high-brow as well as the low," Mr. Morton says, still remembering foreign cars in front of the National Winter Garden.

ctors
k for
the
trying weeks
of winter
by building good
general resistance!

Did you know that common winter discomforts grow more severe as the season advances? They're worse right now in March, for instance, than a few months ago. They also tend to *last longer* at this season than in the early part of winter.

In the words of a recent, scientific report: "Conditions lasting *longer than one week* occur oftener in March than in January and more frequently in April than in December. From this it appears that people have less resistance to these conditions toward the end of winter than at the beginning."

Here's what you can do if you want to help spare yourself discomfort and inconvenience in the weeks just ahead. Start *now* with some dependable resistance-building measure every day.

You'll find *Adex* a definite help. It supplies Vitamin A, the factor which contributes directly to good general resistance. It also provides Vitamin D. At this season you probably need the extra benefits of this "sunshine" vitamin.

Start with Adex today. Make it a *daily* habit. Have a package on the breakfast table so the whole family will take it routinely. That's the way to get results.

Your druggist has Adex in tablets or capsules. Made only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D
● =
One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Castle Key

Continued from page 21

Thinking of it, now, an unfamiliar shivery excitement grew within her, strange and breathless and as if it came from some deep secret part of her she never had explored before, but that she'd known, somehow, was there, deep down. It scared her and she thought: "Yes; go away; the thing to do is go away; tomorrow; now."

She thought about the last trip, smiling. Coming back, she had been tired. They'd decided not to try to make it and about eleven-thirty they had stopped, in some small village, where a Tourist Home still showed a light. It didn't look so promising but some of them were very nice and they got out. A prim, tight-lipped woman let them in, suspiciously. The place smelled of cabbage and didn't look very clean. Rita whispered: "Let's go on, Greg." But he had ignored her.

"Ah!" he'd said. "You got my secretary's wire? Splendid!"

"Wire?" said the woman.

"For the reservations," Greg said. "Surely zees ess ze Hotel Magnifique? Zees ess Cincinnati?"

"This is Farmingdale," the woman snapped, "and Cincinnati's forty-seven miles. How anybody—"

"Ah!" Greg said. "No matter. We are very British. Potluck, all that sort of thing. You'll show us to *ze* room, Madame?"

"You talk more like a Frenchy," said the woman, "but I guess it's all right."

"It's magnifique," Greg said.

She sniffed and led the way upstairs, with Rita stifling giggles and Greg pinching her. The room was pretty bad; the bed looked terrible and she had whispered: "I won't stay here, Greg." And Greg had beamed and told the woman: "Splendid! Splendid!"

"It'll be two dollars," said the woman, "and a half. Now."

"Excellent," Greg said. "We may stay on indefinitely. Ah, now let me see; we'd like another pillow, please."

"Well—"

"My secretary always sleeps on two," Greg said. "Now personally I prefer—"

"Your *who?*"

"My secretary," Greg beamed. "Miss Deluxey, Mrs.—Mrs.—I don't think I caught the name?"

Finally the woman got the words out, choking: "You — git — *outahere!* The two of you!"

SHE thought about it, smiling, but it wasn't all of her that smiled; it wasn't this new secret part. That part kept saying: "Go away? Now? Now?"

She thought: "You're being silly; silly over just a thrill; and everybody has them sometimes, these days, if they're human; and they laugh them off. It was just a kiss, to Perry. He wouldn't want it to be anything but just a kiss; he couldn't let it be!"

She'd said, "I'll call you back," and if she didn't he would think it had significance; he'd think last night had mattered. And it hadn't. She would make it Mrs. Adams calling; that was it. She would be Mrs. Gregory S. Adams, gay and modern and untroubled, calling up to laugh away a little incident.

She reached out for the phone and called his office number. Waiting for him, while that breathless, strange excitement rose within her, there was just a moment when she saw, with desperate hopeless clarity, what lay ahead.

His voice said: "Thanks. I hoped you would."

"Although we haven't, really, anything to talk about," she answered. Was her voice gay? Make it gay. "Except how we were silly."

"Oh," he said.

She told him: "Wasn't that what you called up about? So we could tell each other we were silly, silly?"

"If you want it that way."

"But how would I want it?" She could laugh now; she had heard his voice and she was sure and she could say: "Why, Perry Crane! Why, drama! I bet I know what. I bet I am the only girl you ever kissed."

He said: "All right, if that's the way it is. I sat up all night wondering, and I'm a fool. So isn't it a lovely day? The market's down too; isn't it divine? Well, cheerio, and thanks so much for buzzing me."

She whispered: "Perry! Perry! Don't!"

RUSTY had the car round in front when Greg came downstairs. It was spotless, as it always was, but Rusty couldn't let a car alone. He stood there with a chamois, rubbing up a gleaming fender, talking to it in a lulling monotone: "Yes, fren' o' mine, you goin' shine; you goin' shine, sweet Adoline."

Greg said: "Go away from there; you'll rub the hide off."

"Yassa," Rusty grinned. "You better leave me drive you, Mistah Greg. That bandage nearly got one eye closed."

"No," Greg said. He got behind the wheel. He said: "Go currycomb the roadster, Rusty. Get it ready for a trip. We leave tomorrow night."

"Yas suh!" said Rusty. "Only you an' Miz' Adams? Been a long time since you took a trip."

"That's right," Greg said. "But now we're going, Rusty. Goin' take my gal an' shine."

"Yass*uh!*"

The sky looked hazy blue above the lake. There was a soft and smoky hint of fall that made you feel relaxed, and good, and lazy, and that told you, lazily: Come on; tell everything to go to hell and come on off somewhere before you miss the best time of the year. Now was the time to go all right.

There was a taxi parked in front of Judge Tremple's house and as Greg drove past he saw June come out of the house, and tooted and backed up against the curb.

June walked over to the car. She said: "No; don't get out, Greg."

She looked different; older, somehow; not just tired-old or heartsick-old that she'd get over; permanently, somehow, with a sort of older poise and gravity and sweetness.

"Where you going?" Greg asked. "Can't I take you, June? I'll let your taxi go."

She hesitated: "I—I wasn't going anywhere; not really. I just wanted to get out, a little while."

"We'll drive around then, if you want to."

He got out and paid the taxi man and helped June in and went around and got behind the wheel.

She said: "Were you going anywhere, Greg? Specially?"

"Nowhere important."

"You were going to the airport."

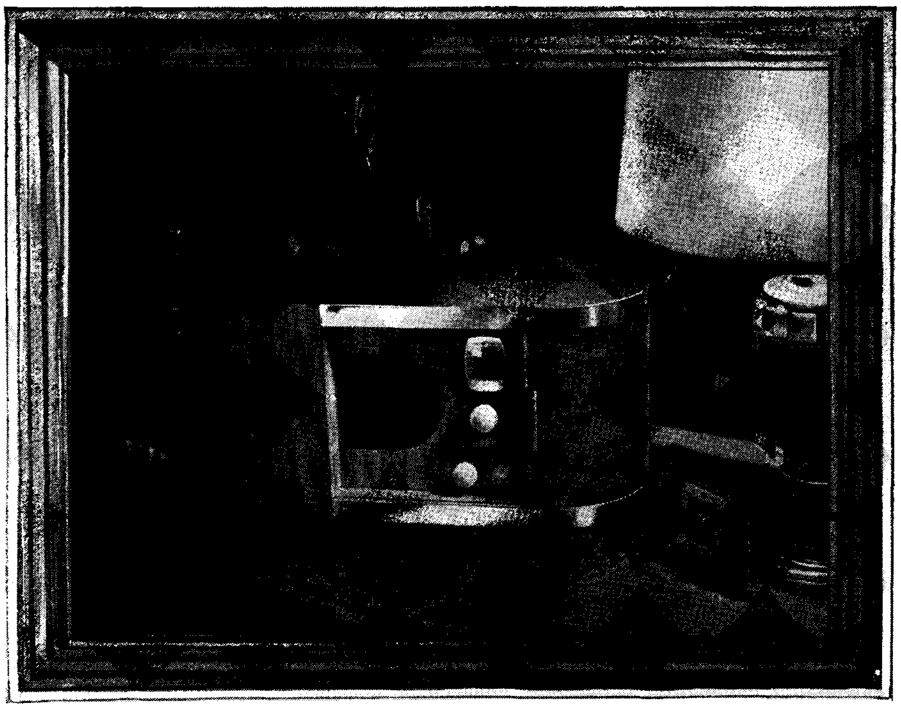
"Well." But June would understand. She was Hugh's sister and she looked at things like they did.

She said, quietly: "I knew you would. I—I want to go with you, Greg."

"Good lord, June! Not to fly!"

She said: "I thought you'd understand."

Looking at her, he could see her eyes were clear and serious and unafraid. She told him: "I don't want to go through life and hate and dread and fear



Dictograph *Silent!* RADIO.. WITH ACOUSTICON MYSTIC EAR!

● Dictograph presents the Silent Radio with Acousticon Mystic Ear. Hold the Acousticon Mystic Ear in your open hand and hardly a sound can be heard. Slip it under a pillow and lean your head back against it and the program comes to you, and you alone, with full beauty, realism and volume.

The secret is the "tonal fork" new to radio incorporated in the Mystic Ear. One can listen while others sleep, talk or read. Radio wrangles cease! Children cry to go to bed with the Acousticon Mystic Ear to lullaby them to dreamland.

Hear Dictograph Silent Radio demonstrated in your own home. Sold through leading stores everywhere and 150 Acousticon offices in leading cities (see phone book under "Acousticon").

Six-Tube Super-Heterodyne AC-DC Operation Loud Speaker for Group Listening, as well as the Acousticon Mystic Ear for personalized listening; complete as illustrated, $75.00.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.
580 Fifth Ave. *New York, N. Y.*

NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED BY PROGRESS CORP.
1 EAST 43rd ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

FREE HOME DEMONSTRATION

☐ *Please arrange free home demonstration of Dictograph Silent Radio.*
☐ *Enclosed find $75.00. Send one.*
☐ *Send C.O.D.*

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________
Dealer's Name____________________
C27

● *Listen while the better-half sleeps. Incidentally, the quality is restful . . . relaxes jangled nerves. Owners are enthusiastic.*

● *Children cry to go to bed with Dictograph Silent Radio. Here is the ideal way to secure that wholesome relaxation which children long for.*

● *The Acousticon Mystic Ear is not a miniature loud speaker . . . not an earphone. It employs the exclusive "tonal fork" principle. Extraordinary is this fact . . . even the deaf can hear it.*

"Well, I'll be..!" said the Duchess

don't they know the

KLEENEX HABIT

saves towels from make-up stains

● Now that Kleenex Tissues cost so little, there's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The Kleenex Habit saves embarrassment, saves towels, saves money!

Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove your face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you that it absorbs grease and dirt from deep-down in the pores, and so helps the cream you use benefit your complexion.

Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge and eye-shadow, to shape and blot your lipstick becomingly, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps—Time—Money

For handkerchief use during colds . . . To dust and polish . . . In the kitchen . . . For the baby . . . *And keep in the car* — to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

a thing Hugh loved. He loved it more than anything. I'm trying not to be—be maudlin, Greg; but I thought, maybe, if there's anything of Hugh left, anywhere, he'd like it if I flew, today."

Greg drove west, on the boulevard. The light at Milford Road, ahead, flashed green, and Greg could feel June looking at him and he turned left toward the airport.

"Yes," he said. "I guess he'd be damn' proud."

They didn't make them any better, kids like June. And all the fuddy-duddies in the town would hoist their hands in horror when they heard about this. "Did you *hear* about it? She went in an *airplane!* The *next* day! June *Carlisle!* With that young Greg Adams. Yes; the *very one!* Before they'd even *buried* him!" And they would roll their eyes and wag their heads and say: "I'm glad her poor dear mother didn't live to see it." And they'd say: "This *younger generation!*"

Greg said: "We'll take the Stork up, June. High. High as she will go."

THE lake looked warm and comfortable and lazy, stretched out in the hazy shimmer of the sun. Greg let the car drift comfortably at thirty-five. He said, at last: "June, what are friends for anyway?"

"To understand," she said, "as you do, Greg."

"All right. Now listen—"

"Please," she said. "Please, Greg. I know what's coming. Bill told me last night you had some wild idea that you could make me think that you owed Hugh a lot of money, and that's like you, Greg, but—"

"No," Greg said. "You didn't let me finish. What I meant about friends was: if you had some good business deal you thought was good you'd let a friend in on it, wouldn't you?"

"Please, Greg."

"No; this is business. Listen now: I've heard you say the buyer in your store has wanted to go into business for herself and open up a dress shop and she wanted you to go in with her. All right, then. She's got experience and merchandising knowledge and you've got prestige and you know everybody in the town. Well, it looks like that would be a darn' successful combination and I'd like to get in on it; finance it; incorporate, and split the stock three ways and— No; now wait a minute. You think you would be successful, don't you? Sure; all right then, it's exactly as I said: you've got the kind of business deal you ought to let a friend in on."

She laughed a little, looking at him. It was good to hear her laugh again. She said: "Oh, Greg!"

"I'm even being cagier than you imagine about this," Greg said. "You see we've got an empty storeroom in the Adams Building and I'll make an extra healthy profit on the rent. I don't know why I hadn't thought of this before; it's pretty hard to find a place where you can have a little money work both ways. Don't answer now. You think about it. Talk it over with Miss What's-her-name. I've got some money crying for a good investment—twenty thousand dollars—just about enough. I'll keep it lying idle till we get together to discuss it. Here's the airport, June."

IT WAS just eleven when Greg dropped June off at Tremple's and went home. Bill was there already, waiting for him in the living room, and finishing a drink and drinking wasn't very usual, in the morning.

Greg said: "Hi," and Bill said: "Hi, I got here early and if you will roar for Rusty I will have another one because of the humidity. What do you say?"

"I say it's damn' peculiar," Greg said. "So I'll join you. Rusty!"

There was something on Bill's mind all right; there had been when he'd telephoned. They took their drinks from Rusty, and Greg waited and Bill lifted up his glass. He said: "Here's one more toward the second million." Greg still waited. That was how you had to do with Bill. He waited, letting Bill see he was grinning, and Bill finally said: "All right, then; it's to get my strength."

"For what, fool?"

"Well," Bill said. "For butting in; and I'm not very polished at it. And you'll finally end up telling me to go to hell."

"I'll tell it to you now and get it over with."

Bill finished up his drink. He said: "It's this guy Perry, Greg."

Greg laughed. He said: "I knew you had this coming on. You just don't like him."

"Lots," Bill said. "I just don't like him lots. Look here, Greg; suddenly there's Perry. See? Too suddenly and too much Perry; everywhere. See what I mean?"

"I guess so," Greg said. "You mean that there's a kind of surplus of him, Bill?" He loved to prod old Bill when he was steamed up. Bill got up his steam by easy stages but when it was finally up the fellow got right down and concentrated.

Bill said: "Look here; what I mean is this: just who the hell is Perry Crane? A year ago there isn't any such a lad and suddenly nobody dares sit down for fear he'll crawl up in his lap. The guy is everywhere and no one seems to know who brought him."

"I'll bet I know, Bill," Greg said. "The stork."

Bill didn't even hear him. He was concentrating. He said: "This guy is thirty-five or something. Well, you've got to come from *somewhere* when you're thirty-five. But who knows where?"

"It's rumored he escaped from Devil's Island," Greg said. "Don't quote me, though. Rusty!"

"All right," Bill said, "but the Founders had to turn him down. When it came down to sponsors everybody had to pass the buck because they didn't know."

Greg laughed. He said: "The Founders! Does the fellow have to be a Daughter of the Revolution to be smart? That's all I care about."

"He's smart all right," Bill said. "That's what I mean. The way he's wedged in. First he gets you in the market, wedging in and shooting every angle. All this palsy-walsy business; Rita's father and—and—just to get you built up for this Florida affair."

"You'd think it hadn't been investigated," Greg said. "Hell, clown, Rita's father spent a month down there and it's a gold mine, Bill."

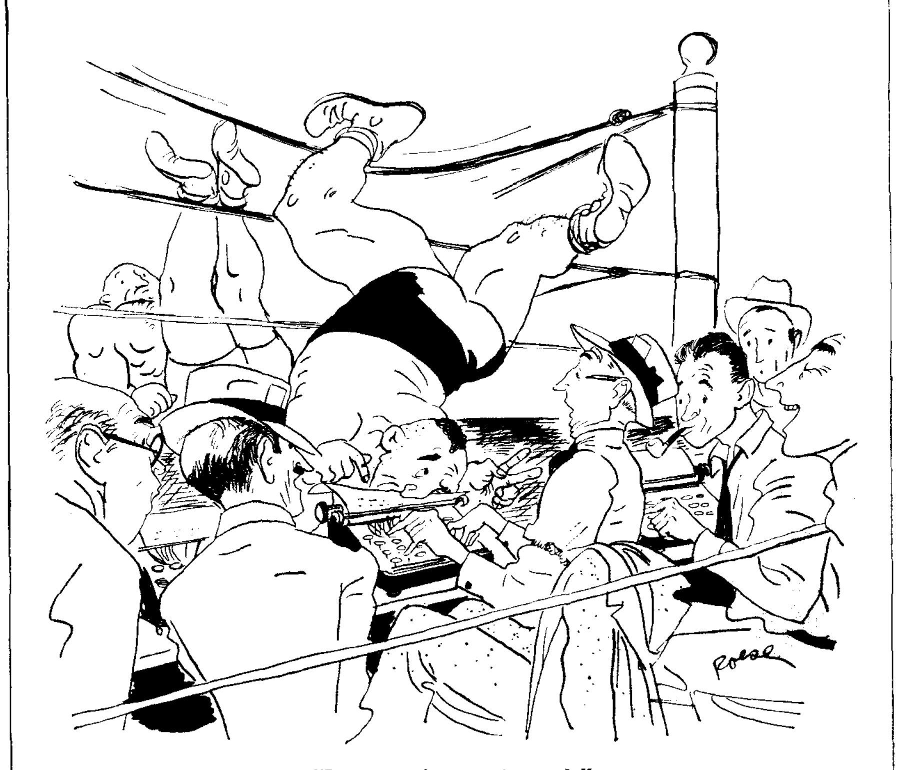
And there you were, Bill thought. What could you say? You couldn't say that everybody knew that Rita's father was an old stuffed shirt that could be taken in by any smoothie if his dignity were oiled. Since Hartley Wells had lost his money and moved down from Minneapolis, after Rita's wedding, he had been in half a dozen pompous schemes that looked swell—till it came to dividends. But hell, you couldn't say it. There were lots of things you couldn't say, to anybody. You could sit here with a fellow you'd known all your life, close, but you couldn't tell him what you wanted to; you couldn't even hint at it. You wanted to get up and say: "Throw that fellow out. I saw him kiss your wife and mean it and I saw it coming; everybody did but you, you sap." You couldn't say that, could you? Not to anyone. You couldn't say: "Look, Greg; a guy might try to get your money or a guy might try to get your wife, but nobody does both except a crooked heel." You couldn't say that, could you? No; because you'd only seen a kiss, and if you said it *you* would be the heel. A dirty-minded heel at that.

Greg said, again: "A gold mine, Bill. Or else I wouldn't have put up three hundred thousand dollars."

"Greg! Three hundred thousand?"

GREG laughed. He said: "Yes; just about the roll, Bill; nearly all I could negotiate, at least. You probated the will; you know what happens to what people call a million dollars. I can't touch the trust fund and I've got a whaling big insurance policy but this is pretty near the roll."

He sat there grinning, watching Bill's face; watching Bill steam up. He laughed and said: "Hell, Bill, this thing can't miss. Why, old man Prosper put four million dollars into Castle Key in nineteen twenty-six. Four-hundred-room hotel; a swell big clubhouse; golf links; polo fields; cabanas; all just about completed when the boom burst down there. And it's been there waiting for another boom and now they've got it.



"Ivvanovicz . . . two v's"

HERBERT ROESE

Why, these last two winters in Miami have been doggone near incredible when you think how things have been in general. It's booming down there, and we're only twenty-six miles down the beach and with the greatest layout in the South. If we can get it opened up this winter we will sell a million dollars' worth of lots alone."

Bill said: "Three hundred thousand dollars. And how much more, Greg?"

"A thing like this eats up the money all right," Greg said. "More than we expected, but it's always that way. I guess Perry has the final estimates today. He thinks that all I have to do is write a check, I guess, but this time I will have to tell him it will take some financing. And time. But it's a non-skid proposition, Bill."

It looked good, all right; it looked swell. Bill thought: But it's this heel, this Perry, and there's something crooked, something sour and there's got to be because the guy is Perry Crane.

He said: "Look here, Greg, why don't you go down there? Perry's been down, two or three times. Rita's father went down; everybody's been to Castle Key except the lad who puts the money up."

"I'm going, in November."

"Now," Bill said, "go now, before you put up any more. You think I'm nuts, of course, but you were talking of a trip. Well, why not Castle Key?"

"September? Down there?"

"Drive to New York. Take a boat down; you and Rita. Then you'd see it."

Greg said: "Well, it's an idea, Bill. But not because of any hunch of yours that anything is wrong, you sap. It couldn't be."

"You'd see it though. I'd think they'd want you to."

He sat there letting the idea sink in. He said again: "I'd think they'd want you to."

THE lunch and conference with Perry Crane and Rita's father lasted until three o'clock and it had been unsatisfactory, disturbing even, and Greg came on home to be alone and think about it. Probably the way he felt was just imagination; just because of Bill. Somebody put an idea in your head and there it stuck, and grew, and you imagined things and it was silly. Yes; but one thing stood out clearly: Perry didn't want him to go down to Florida. He had a dozen reasons and they might be good and no doubt were; but there it was; he didn't want him to go down.

And then there was the attitude about the money. Perry had the final estimate and it called for another hundred thousand dollars to complete construction and for furnishings and they had seemed to feel that all he had to do was write a check. They'd seemed, or Perry seemed, not to believe him when he said it would take financing, and time; and Perry made a kind of issue of it. He had tied the two things up together—Greg's idea of going down there and his failure to put up the money on the spot—and made an issue of it. He had said: "Greg, if we weren't such good friends, I might infer that you had some sort of suspicion of the way that I've been handling things."

Well, Greg had laughed that off of course, but there you were; and still the fact remained that Perry didn't want him to go down to Florida; and that was what Bill had been intimating. Damn Bill anyway. And what was back of all this talk of Bill's? If Bill knew anything he would come out with it; but no, the fellow sat around and intimated, and it wasn't like him. It had been a damn' poor afternoon, a damn' peculiar afternoon, with everybody thinking things and leaving them unsaid. There'd even been a sort of unsaid something in the way that Perry handed him the check for twenty thousand dollars Greg had had him draw out from the brokerage account. And Rita's father's eyebrows had gone up, as if Greg's drawing twenty thousand dollars needed explanation.

The only bright spot in the day was June. He thought about how, when they reached the airport, she sat there in the car for just a minute while she made her lips stop trembling and then walked into the hangar with him, straight and tall and with her chin up, smiling, saying "hello" to the boys who'd worked with Hugh; the boys who just the day before had worked with Hugh. He hoped that Rita had gone over to see June this afternoon; she should have, and she ought to get to know June better, really know her and she'd see how swell she was; but women were peculiar. He'd tell Rita his idea about the dress shop when she came home and they ought to go see June this evening; Rita could help him persuade her.

IT WAS after six when Rita came home. Greg was in his room and he called to her. She hadn't heard him though, he guessed, and he went down the hall to her room. She was sitting at her dressing table taking off her hat and turned to look at him, her arms raised, slim and graceful, and her white long fingers at the wide brim of the hat, and she was beautiful.

He said: "Like that, in that big hat, you beat them all. Been bridging, honey?"

"No," she said. "Downtown. And then I stopped at Father's and—and Perry came in a little while ago and drove me home."

Greg said: "Oh."

Something clicked in Greg's mind when she mentioned Perry. Bill's words: "Suddenly there's Perry, too much Perry, everywhere. See what I mean?" It clicked like that: "See what I mean? See what I mean?" Too much Perry. Perry at the airport: "I'll take Rita home; she'll be all right." And Rita, last night: "You go on ahead. I'll go with Perry." Perry in the newspaper, even: "Reporters were informed by Perry Crane, a family friend . . ."

She said: "What's all this insane talk about a trip to Florida that Perry tells me you are thinking of?"

"To Castle Key," he said. "We ought to see it. It will be a good trip, too. We'll take the boat—"

"In September? It's insane. They have storms; it's the season for the awful storms and Perry says mosquitoes are as big as pigeons. It's insane. What's all the other business, too? Dad's all upset and Perry too. About this money."

"That's all," Greg said. "Just upset about a hundred thousand dollars. They think all I have to do is write a check."

"Well, don't you?"

Greg laughed.

"Don't you?" Rita said again. "Well, don't you? Isn't that just all you had to do for June Carlisle? Isn't it?"

Her voice rose and Greg stared at her, uncomprehending.

"Isn't it?"

Greg said: "But, good lord, Rita. Why—"

"You thought I wouldn't know? And wouldn't guess?"

"But good lord, honey," Greg said, "I was just about to tell you; just about to ask you to go over there this evening with me and persuade her to—"

"Oh, fine!" she said. "Oh, marvelous! And so you were about to tell me! Perfect! So you were about to ask me to go over to the girl who's dead in love with you and—"

"Rita!"

"And—" she laughed, high pitched and uncontrolled and almost frightening—"and tell her that I think it's simply too divine, your keeping her!"

(To be continued next week)

. . . NOW! A LIFETIME MOVIE CAMERA $9.95

Never before have you heard of a fine 8 mm. movie camera selling for less than $30. Never before have you had the opportunity of taking your own movies — clear, sharp, true-to-life — *for less than the cost of snapshots!*

EASY TO OPERATE

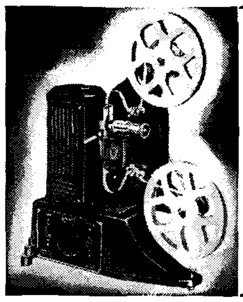
Precision-built to last a lifetime! Streamlined! Compact! Sturdy construction! Equipped with Univar F:5.6 lens. Interchangeable lens equipment. Easy to load and unload. Backed by written guarantee bond of world's largest unit manufacturers of cameras.

ASK FOR DEMONSTRATION

Don't put off for another moment the thrill of taking your own movies — indoors or outdoors. Movies of your children as they grow up . . . your pets . . . your trips . . . your vacations! Go today to any dealer who sells fine cameras and ask for a demonstration.

FREE BOOKLET giving complete details may be secured by writing Dept. 11, Universal Camera Corporation, N. Y. C.

USES 60¢ FILM: UniveX Cine "8" uses the 30 ft. UniveX Movie Film Roll that costs only 60¢! Think of it — movies for only 6c a scene, including processing charge.



Only 8 MM. Projector for Less Than $26

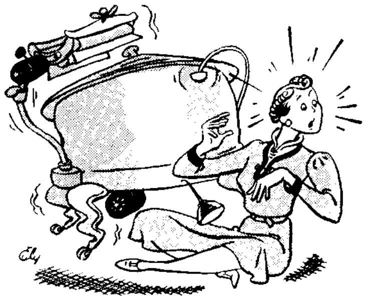
Projects all 8 mm. film including professionally made movies. 20 important features. Complete $14.95

UniveX CINE "8" BACKED BY WRITTEN GUARANTEE BOND!

Throat soothing

ingredients of Vicks VapoRub in convenient candy form

VICKS medicated COUGH DROP



"HOLD EVERYTHING! YOU'LL GIVE IT THE RHEUMATIZ"
GULF
Electric-Motor Oil
GULF

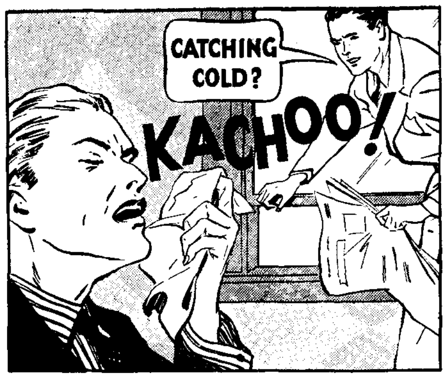
NO, MA'AM, "sewing machine oil" is not the best medicine for that washer of yours. It can't do a perfect lubricating job—it's too thin, too weak.

Use the ONE oil made specially for washers, electric refrigerators, and other expensive motor-driven appliances—*Gulf Electric-Motor Oil.* Makes 'em run a lot smoother and last a lot longer. Never gums, never sticks. Get it at your dealers —25c for the big can.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL

The ONE oil made specially for electric appliance motors

Gulf Petroleum Specialties—Pittsburgh, Pa.


CATCHING COLD?
KACHOO!

BE SENSIBLE

● When you feel a cold coming on, here's the thing to do: Get to bed early tonight. Rub "Ben-Gay" on your chest and back. Put on an old pajama top. Cold congestion is quickly relieved by this simple method—air passages clear up and you feel more comfortable.

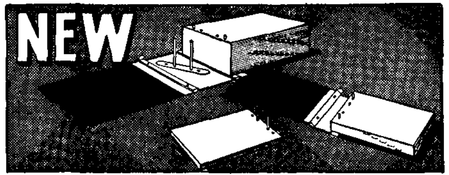
This 40-year-old formula of Dr. Jules Bengué, of Paris, has worked wonders for millions of people. Be sure you ask for and get the original "Ben-Gay."

COLDS
LUMBAGO
RHEUMATIC PAINS
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES

BENGUE
BEN-GAY

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills



RECORD-KEEPING EFFICIENCY . .

MOORE'S Loose Leaf Binders and Record Sheets will help you keep your records more conveniently, more economically. Simple and accessible. A great number of sheets may be safely held in small space. Sheets may be removed instantly without disturbing others. Pages easy to transfer. Held in perfect security and alignment.

FREE BOOK

Contains life-size bookkeeping forms completely filled in, illustrating uses—a MOORE form for every kind of record. Will help you with your accounting problems. Used by over 300,000 leading firms. Fill in coupon, attach to letterhead, mail, and 140 page book will be sent *free.*

JOHN C. MOORE CORP., Est. 1839
6194 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Name...
Business...
City.................................... State..................

On the Bench

Continued from page 24

more. I have worked on a great many papers in my time, in large cities and small cities, and some of them have grown old, like me, and passed on. I can no longer secure employment, first, because I am a trifle old for the modern newspaper, and, second, I regret to say, I have the name of being a drinking man, and today there is no place for the drinker in the newspaper business. True, I have reformed, but they will not believe it and I can scarcely blame them."

MR. WARD stared up at the gaunt figure and Gray Suit looked impassive, even frigid. If he felt any emotion, he suppressed it. He had bright, sharp eyes and they coldly took the old fellow in.

"My name, gentlemen, is John Stackbridge, a trifle worn, but still hopeful. I have personally known some great newspapermen: George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Brand Whitlock, Opie Reade, Frank O'Malley, Charley Stevens and many others, too, who have gone over the divide. I am not too old to work, but the luck is against me, and I wonder if either of you gentlemen could spare me a little change for some coffee and crullers."

He glanced from Gray Suit to Mr. Ward. The young man eyed him blankly, saying not a word. Abernathy Ward fumbled again in his moist pockets, turning them inside out, and when he came to the final pocket, it revealed one coin, a quarter.

"Here you are," he said. "Sorry I haven't more on me. Must have left my change in my other clothes."

The one who called himself John Stackbridge accepted the coin, murmured a word of thanks and shuffled off through the park. The young man in gray watched him disappear, a scornful smile on his face.

"A typical panhandler," he commented, turning to Mr. Ward. "I can spot them a mile. A likely story, his. You should not have given him your quarter."

Mr. Ward finished his cigarette and prepared to go home.

"And now, my friend," said the other, "I have some news of considerable importance to you. I am what that old faker said he was. I am a newspaperman, the inquiring reporter for the New York Daily Illustrated Sentinel, and it is my duty, as well as a pleasure, to prowl about this great city, using my own judgment, and find some worthy unfortunate, some deserving down-and-outer, and hand him fifty dollars. I have been doing this daily for many weeks and pride myself on my skill.

"I have learned much of human nature and mankind, and I can easily see you are a man of naturally refined instincts. Your clothes, to be sure, are soiled and shabby, but they are of good material. Your shoes are bespattered and unsightly, but they were once expensive. You are down on your luck, as is visible on your face, but you are taking it like a man. Your shirt may be frayed, but your courage is undaunted, while your bearing is that of one accustomed to better things. And your spirit has not been embittered or changed by misfortune, for you retain the true glow of kindliness for your fellow man and charity for others in distress, as evidenced by giving your last quarter to the bum. Although I do not approve of giving money to panhandlers, I could not help admiring your gestures."

DURING this summary, Mr. Ward stared at the young man with a fishy eye.

"I therefore take genuine pleasure in giving you today's fifty dollars on behalf of the New York Daily Illustrated Sentinel, and I wish you good luck. The little story of my meeting with you will be in the afternoon editions."

He placed a fifty-dollar bill on Mr. Ward's knee.

"Listen," said Ward.

"Tut, tut," answered the I. R. of the N. Y. D. I. S. "Men of your stamp invariably protest against taking the money. That proves you deserve it. Keep your chin up, my friend, for you will again see better days."

Before Abernathy Ward could say more, the young man was gone with the morning breeze. Ward picked up the bill, arose and walked slowly back to his car and, as he approached, Joseph stepped on the starter.

"Here, Joseph," said the owner, handing his man the bill, "that is for your rare discernment in stopping at Madison Square. A man is giving these away tonight."

"Thank you, sir," said Joseph.

"I need a little sleep," said Ward, stepping in. "Home."

ON THE following morning, Managing Editor Reed of the New York Daily Illustrated Sentinel sat in his ornate office, conferring with the assistant managing editor, Mr. Hatch.

Among the few persons permitted to disturb him during conference hours was Abernathy Ward, owner of the paper. The telephone rang. Mr. Reed picked up the receiver and heard the well-known voice of Mr. Ward. He said:

"I want you to take that Inquiring Reporter off the job—the one giving the daily fifties away."

"Yes, Mr. Ward. Are you discontinuing the charity?"

"Not at all. I want you to put a new man on the assignment. Do you know of a John Barkbridge or Stackbridge—old-time newspaperman?"

"Yes, we know him, Mr. Ward. We happen to know him quite well."

"Can you locate him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then put him on that job—beginning today. Do whatever you wish with the other fellow."

"Yes, Mr. Ward," said the managing editor and he softly replaced the instrument.

"What's up now?" inquired Assistant Hatch.

"Our boss," said Mr. Reed, with a wry smile, "has gone nuts again."

Invitation to Dance

Continued from page 14

up the street toward home. He didn't follow her this time. She was furious; that boy made her feel like a fool. She hated him.

She walked up the six flights and kicked the door open. Ma was there, leaning out of the window looking at the avenue. You'd think she'd get tired of sitting and sitting. The dishes weren't washed yet.

"I saved the dishes for you, Edie," Ma said. "You'd think in the summertime during vacation I'd get a little help out of you."

"Shut up," said Edie.

"I'll slap you one," said Ma without turning around.

EDIE went into the bedroom and closed the door. She reached into her pocket and pulled out the lipstick. But before she let herself look at it she sat down on the bed and fingered it. It was pretty heavy considering it was so small and round.

Then she opened her hand.

White enamel, like vanilla ice cream. She took off the cuplike lid as though it were the sheath of a sword and worked the pivot at the bottom. Here it rose, a waxy cylinder, pointed at the top like the steeple of a church. She wouldn't let herself use it yet. The first time she went to the Merry Gardens, then she'd wear lipstick. Dollar lipstick. She unrolled her best stockings and made a nest for the treasure. She closed the bureau drawer with velvet fingers so it couldn't squeak. No sense in Ma knowing about it.

In the kitchen, Ma still sat. Edie dove into the dishes and washed them with fury. The old lady was too lazy to do a thing. She just sat, that was all she was good for.

"You been a good girl, Edie?" Ma turned around now and ducked in her third chin, the way she always did when she put her mind on something.

"What do you think?" She dried four dishes at one time, over and under; she should worry if they chipped.

"I got a feeling you been up to something." She got off the chair, whose cane bottom sighed gratefully at the release.

"Well, I haven't. That goes to show how much sense there is to these feelings you get."

"All right. Just don't let Pa find it out."

She began slowly to cut the brown wrappings off the potatoes. It took her a hundred years to do anything.

"I'll peel the potatoes," Edie said.

"Thanks."

"Never mind."

Ma released all her pounds again to the patient chair.

"Sometimes I think you got the makings of a real nice girl," she said, and then turned her attention back to the street.

A REAL nice girl! Hah! Well, let her think so. Under Edie's swift fingers the peels rippled off like brown paper. Ma thought a real nice girl was the whole thing. Would they let her go to the Merry Gardens? Not much. But these last few weeks since school was out she wasn't asking any more questions about where she could go. She was just coming and going as she pleased. Let them take it and like it. As soon as a boy asked her to the Merry Gardens she was going.

She'd have gone alone but she wanted the satisfaction of walking into that gorgeous place with a fellow. That lipstick would show the boys she was grown-up now.

Supper over, she went after the dishes with wild vigor. No sense in expecting Ma to help; it was hard as sin for her to move around: she was that fat. She

THIS BEAUTY SAYS:
"When nature's lax I take Olive Tablets"

Most people would rarely have to resort to harsh purges if they kept tabs on Nature.

Usually a mild laxative like Olive Tablets is all one needs to assist Nature on the second day.

Once the exclusive prescription of a practicing physician, Olive Tablets are now an established proprietary, welcomed by millions because they are so easy to take and so pleasantly mild.

It is simple to keep tabs on yourself. Always have Olive Tablets on your bathroom shelf as a reminder on the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS' Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ACCOUNTING
the profession that pays

Accountancy
this book free!

Accountants command big income. Thousands needed. About 14,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many earn $3,000 to $20,000. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training is personally given by staff of experienced C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write now for valuable 64-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," free.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The school that has trained over 1,350 C.P.A.'s
Dept. 340-H Chicago

A CANOE FOR TWO

GLIDE through the glories of game-filled woods—away from the world on the water. You two, a canoe and rippled reflections . . . alone on a lake with your dreams. An Old Town Canoe brings the wonders of wilderness, quiet contentment, and peace!

Our Indian ancestors paddled canoes as quick and responsive as these. But an Old Town is tougher and steadier. Safe. Built to bear hard use for years. Write for a catalog showing paddling, sailing and sponson models. It is free. Also a fleet of outboard boats, including big, fast seaworthy types. Rowboats. Dinghies. Address: Old Town Canoe Company, 343 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

hoped she'd never get as fat as that.

Pa was looking at her as she rattled around the dishes in the dishwater with her hands.

"You been a good girl, Edie?"

That's all they ever asked her—was she a good girl? Well, let 'em guess.

"You're getting to be a nice-looker," Pa said.

She was surprised. She almost dropped a cup. He hardly ever noticed her.

"You got pretty eyes and all that black hair flying around your shoulders. There's kind of a nice quick way about you too. You're no dead one. Of course your arms is still too thin."

She wanted to say, "Thanks, Pa." But the words stuck. Oh well, skip it!

"Girls like you either fall off the wrong way—quick—or do pretty good all the way through. You want to watch out."

She banged the last dish into the water. That was his answer. That was what she thought about him and his right-and-wrong stuff. Anyhow he had already gone into the bedroom and Ma wasn't paying attention.

SHE got out of the house as fast as she could. They didn't ask her any ifs, ands or buts. They better not.

She strolled down Western to the Merry Gardens and just hung around. Maybe some fellow would come along and think she was pretty cute and ask her to go in with him. She guessed she should have put that lipstick on, but somehow, it seemed kind of a shame to spoil it; it was so new and all.

The fellows and the girls kept coming and going and laughing, some in couples and some alone. There were a few smacked lips as the boys passed her but nobody asked her in. She could hear the music, "Hold that Tiger." They always started out with something real hot like that and after a while they got down to the slow ones. She swayed reflectively in time to the music. Gee, she could just get right in there and show them something.

It was hot. She looked down toward the Chicago River. Sometime she was going to swim there alone at night. But some way, she always got stuck in front of the Merry Gardens, hating to leave, just in case somebody should come along. It looked beautiful through the doorway, when people went in and out and left that little narrowing strip of light. They had pink lanterns hung in there and you could hear the shuffle of all the feet. Sometimes, early in the evening, before the big rush, you could see the floor shining. A kind of good-time smell came out too, hot and pleasant.

She heard the music, and she tried out a few little brisk sidesteps, there on the sidewalk. Maybe somebody would notice what a good dancer she was.

"Hello, brat."

It was the boy named Danny. He had another cigarette in the corner of his mouth and he hadn't changed from the sweatshirt he had worn in the afternoon.

She flashed him a look of hate and turned her back on him.

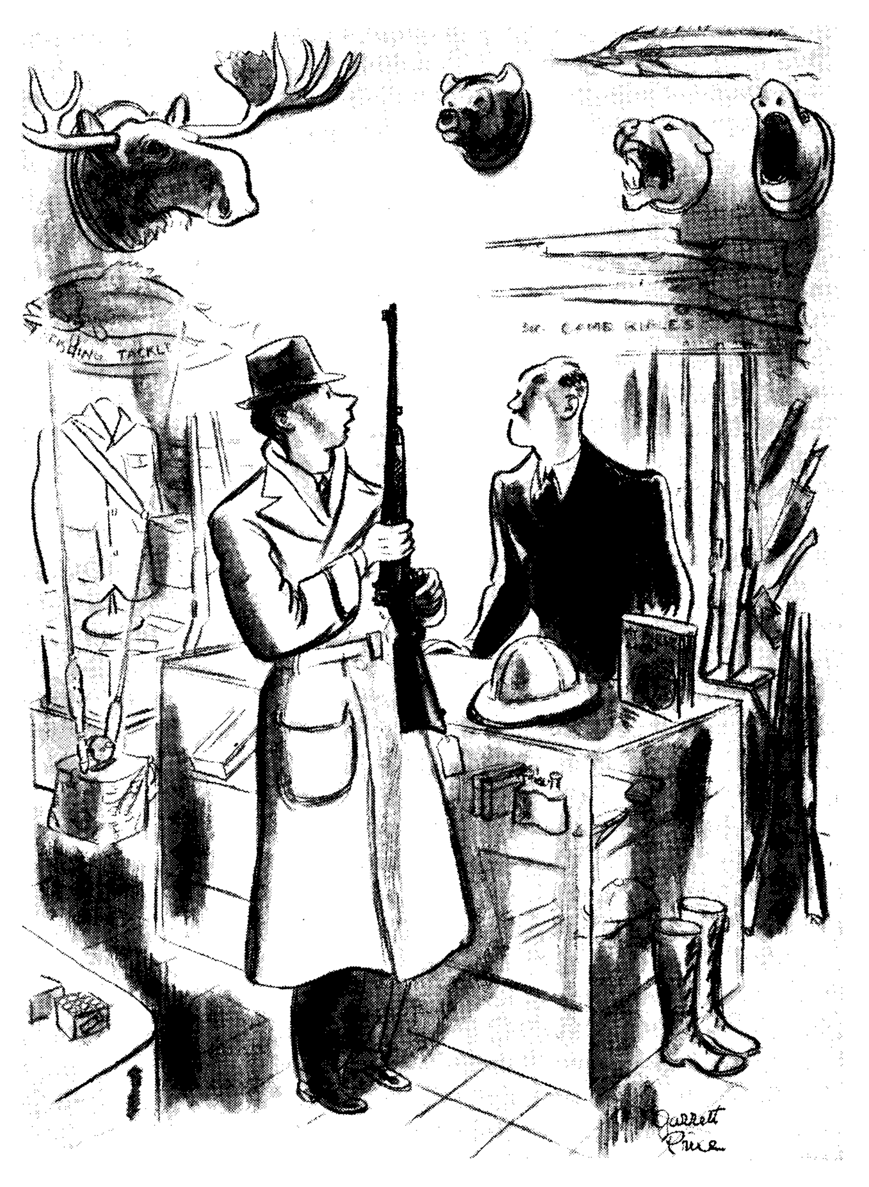
"Dying to dance, huh?"

"None of your business."

"You ought to be home getting your nose wiped."

"Is that so? Well, how old are you, smarty?"

"Seventeen." He put his hand on her shoulder and turned her around. "Did



"Now when the lion approaches, which one of these gadgets do I pull?"

GARRETT PRICE

THAT NAME ON A PIANO ACCORDION, MR. LEE, GUARANTEES REAL QUALITY
HOHNER

● "I have been in the musical instrument business a good many years Mr. Lee, and I have yet to hear of a Hohner Piano Accordion that did not give perfect satisfaction. The tonal qualities are really superb—that's characteristic of Hohner instruments, and the sturdy construction and mechanical perfection conform with the rigid standards of quality and workmanship that are guaranteed by the Hohner name."

Hohner Piano Accordions are made in a wide range of models and prices—all covered by the broad Hohner guarantee.

Illustrated Catalog will be sent Free upon request.

M. Hohner, Inc.,
351 Fourth Ave., Dept. 11C, New York.

HOHNER
PIANO ACCORDIONS

Low cost beautiful WALLS AND CEILINGS

UPSON PRODUCTS

HERE'S good news! Radiantly beautiful kitchen and bathroom walls can now be yours!

New, low-cost Upson Decotile makes that possible. It has the rich, matte-glaze finish of finest tile. *And it's uncrackable!*

It's waterproofed against moisture penetration. *And it's washable!* It comes in black, white, and 3 pastel shades. *It's beautiful!*

It costs ¼ as much as ceramic tile, is easily and quickly applied—*over old plaster. And it's long-lasting!*

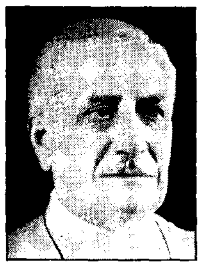
For upper walls, or modern smooth effects, use Upson Artwal—Decotile's *smooth* twin. Your samples are ready! And a postcard will bring them. Address The Upson Company, 133 Upson Point, Lockport, N. Y.

UPSON *stabilized* BOARD
AND UPSON DECOTILE

DO AS DOCTORS DO For CONSTIPATION

This is what over 50,000 doctors have used and recommended for gentle, thorough results

RELIEF IN 1 HOUR!



When you need a laxative, play SAFE and follow the method thousands of doctors use and recommend. For doctors, of all people know what is best for constipation. Just listen to what they say about Pluto Water:

Dr. E. J. G. of Iowa advises, "I prescribe Pluto Water freely with excellent results." Dr. H. A. O. of Wisconsin writes, "I not only prescribe Pluto almost daily, but use it personally every other day." Dr. V. N. of Michigan says, "I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years."

Simply mix 1/5 of a glass of Pluto Water in 4/5 of a glass of hot water. You'll find it pleasant tasting. There's no overnight waiting. No painful griping. In 1 hour, or less, you'll get gentle YET THOROUGH RELIEF.

So, when you need a laxative, *be sure*—take Pluto Water. Your own doctor will tell you there is nothing better than this non-habit-forming saline mineral water, bottled at famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. Get Pluto Water from your druggist, 25c, or 50c. In 1 hour you'll feel worlds better.

PLUTO WATER
When Nature Won't—Pluto Will

SALES AGENTS WANTED

Represent nationally known line of low priced slicing machines needed by every Restaurant, Butcher, Lunch Counter, Road Stand, etc. Slices meats; breads, fruits, vegetables like $250 machine, yet sells for as low as $9.95. Used by over 100,000, including big chains. Territories open. Opportunity for large, steady income. Write.

WORK LIKE $250 SLICERS YET SELL FOR $9.95 up

GENERAL SLICING MACHINE CO.
100 South 3rd St., Dept.115, Brooklyn, N.Y.

★FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT

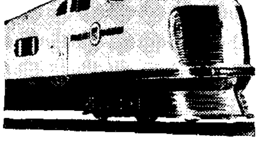
Avoid over-exertion. Easily installed. All types and sizes. Electric or hand operation.

SEDGWICK RESIDENCE LOW COST ELEVATORS

Deferred payments. Write today for booklet.
Sedgwick Machine Works, 165 W. 15 St., N.Y

OR SHOULD NOT CLIMB STAIRS

DIESEL POWER



Courtesy DIESEL PROGRESS

A Coming American Industry

The internal-combustion engine represents man's supreme triumph of machine power. Diesel engineers are in great demand. Many are acquiring necessary knowledge through spare-time study of this modern I. C. S. Course on Diesel engines. Free booklet!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 4133-B, Scranton, Penna.
Please send information on course checked.
☐ DIESEL POWER
☐ Mechanical Engineering ☐ Automobile Course
☐ Aviation Engines ☐ Air Conditioning

Name____________________Age____
Address________________________

you take back that junk you swiped, like I told you?"

"I didn't and I won't."

"Well, if you want to swipe, whyn't you take something decent. Something you could sell, maybe."

"Go away or I'll call a cop." That was a good answer for everything.

"Yeah? And suppose I was to tell him what I know about you, huh?"

She was silent. Let him think she was scared of him. She didn't have no lipstick on, and no lipstick in her pocket, either.

"So you want to dance? I'll take you in."

"Is that so?" That wasn't saying yes, and it wasn't saying no, either.

"Come on." She let him take her elbow and she waited without bolting while he bought the tickets. She just had to get in that place, that was all, even if it was with this awful guy.

INSIDE it was wonderful, beautiful. More than she had expected, even. There was a big square dance floor with the music at one end, and all around it, separated by thick velvet ropes, was the place where everybody stood and talked and watched the dancing. There were plenty of fellows, leaning on the ropes making remarks to the girls as they danced by: "Oh baby!" and "Look at that gal step."

Edie figured she'd dance a little harder when she got around to the place where the boys stood, watching. She'd show them something.

At one end of the room there was a soda fountain with little tables around it. Edie decided that when the time came she'd have an ice-cream soda, that being the fanciest thing she could think of.

"Dance?" Danny held up his arms and she slipped into them. He was a pretty good dancer. He knew how to hold a girl, way up high near her shoulders, with her cheek immobile against his while their feet slipped and turned and hopped as though they had no connection at all with the upper parts of their bodies.

They tested each other's dancing like enemies: Was he good enough to lead her; could she follow him?

"Well, I'm a good dancer, huh?" he asked when they came to the end of the first encore.

"Okay, I guess." But she hated to say so.

"You aren't bad yourself."

"That's no news to me."

THEY didn't waste any more time talking. Dancing was a serious business; you had to kind of let go and forget all about everything else to do it right. After a while it got so you didn't hear the music with your ears but with your body; you were light, like a chip of wood running on a stream.

Doing all those fancy steps was like something you had forgotten you ever knew. You liked anybody you could dance with like this, and they liked you. They couldn't dance with you this way and not like you.

The blood had come into her cheeks, her face tingled, and she wanted to laugh. The end of the dance came. Danny looked at her, still holding her hand. His hair was even curlier, it was so warm. He ran his hand up her arm to the bare elbow and turned her off the floor.

"Want something to drink?"

"All right."

They sat at the little table all during the next dance, and cooled their mouths with glasses of colored wet sweetness.

"You go to school?" she asked him.

"I'm through now."

"What are you going to be?"

"Hell, I don't know."

"What you doing during the summer?"

"Enjoying life. I spend most of my time with the fellows at Hinkle's or Murph's."

"You play pool?"

"I watch the guys playing. Oh, I play some myself. Not bad, either."

"I wish I knew some of those fellows."

"Yeah? Well, they wish they knew you—I don't think! They like women, not brats."

"I'm a woman now."

"Sure! Fourteen!"

"Sixteen!"

"You're a little sneak-thief, that's what you are. What are you going to do with it, sell it?"

"No. I wanted to use it."

They danced and danced. Once another fellow came over and Danny surrendered her right away with a kind of wave of his hand like "Take her, she's yours." Somehow it made Edie feel badly. But she pressed her face even closer to the other fellow's than she had to Danny's and he kissed her behind the ear.

"Don't you have to go home, kid?" Danny asked, showing up at the end of the dance.

"No."

"Won't your folks care?"

"Why should they? I don't go around asking them a bunch of stuff."

"Okay by me."

They stayed till the very last. They stamped their feet on the floor to get the music to play just a little longer. But did those musicians care? They just went right on, putting their instruments away in little velvet-lined beds, with faraway looks on their faces like they didn't even hear. There wasn't anything to do but go home.

HE WALKED with her. They went down by the river. The water was dark as root beer and it made little sucking sounds.

She felt so good and so strong she had to get rid of some of that pep somewhere.

"Let's go swimming."

"Have to go home and get our suits."

Edie laughed. "Without suits, I mean."

He stared at her. How white the whites of his eyes were, even in the dark.

"You *are* a tough baby, aren't you? The cops would pick us up, sure as shooting. Besides—well, do you really know what you said?"

"Sure."

He stood very still for a few seconds, looking at her, trying to ask her something without saying it aloud.

"Let's go home," he said finally.

They got as far as the last doorway before hers and he pushed her into it, back against a dark wall and kissed her hard, before she knew what he was doing. She liked it. She kissed him back.

He pressed against her and touched her. She didn't seem to mean to, but she struggled away from him.

"Lay off of me, you—"

He tried it again and she slapped him, hard.

SHE ran away and up the six flights, with her heart pounding, her blood boiling.

Ma was waiting up.

"Where you been? It's just a good thing for you Pa was tired."

"None of your business," Edie said, standing at bay. She had never been out this late before. She had to show Ma who was the boss.

Ma sighed, "I can't do a thing with you," pulled the coat she wore over her nightgown around her, and went to bed.

Edie looked at her lipstick, intending that to be the last thing she did that night. It was beautiful and she loved it, caressed it. But underneath, in her

Something Wonderful GOES ON INSIDE

FILTER-COOLED *Frank* MEDICO

This simple appearing yet amazing absorbent filter invention with Cellophane exterior and cooling mesh screen interior keeps juices and flakes in Filter and out of mouth.

Prevents tongue bite, raw mouth, wet heel, bad odor, frequent expectoration. No breaking in. Improves the taste and aroma of any tobacco.

SEE NEW WALNUT FINISH; ALL SHAPES

Don't be Misled by low price

$1 FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY

UNHEARD OF VALUE

Write for Pamphlet C

S.M. FRANK & CO., Inc.
Est. 1900
133 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.

ALSO CIGARETTE AND CIGAR HOLDERS

THE ONLY PATENTED "CELLOPHANE"-SEALED FILTER—IT REALLY FILTERS

BETTER LETTERS IN BUSINESS

Increase your Income; learn to write effectively; prepare for advancement. . . If you write sales, collection, routine letters—you will find just the information and ideas you can use immediately to write better business letters in this practical, fascinating magazine. . . . Chock full of actual letters. . . Tells How and Why they are successful.

Send 10c coin for sample copy.

554 TWENTY NORTH WACKER DRIVE BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

—15 Minutes a Day

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of *current novels or the daily newspaper*—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator, and for forty years President of Harvard University, chose for his Harvard Classics, the texts that are the backbone of college training. Enlightenment, stimulation, a *release from reality*, explore new worlds of interest and experience new realms of enjoyment are in store for those who own

DR. ELIOT'S
FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
Send for Free Booklet

P. F. Collier & Son Corp.
250 Park Avenue New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the *most famous library in the world*, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, (The Harvard Classics), and containing Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time. HS-710

Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ....

Address ....

mind, there was something that wouldn't let her rest, once she got into bed.

That boy! That Danny! She hated him. She clenched her hands and wished she could hit him again. What if he told the other fellows? Maybe she'd never get to go to the Merry Gardens again.

ALL the next day she was in and out of Hinkle's, sidling past Murph's pool hall, looking for him. Maybe she was taking a chance at Hinkle's. Maybe Old Man Hinkle counted his lipsticks. But she just had to see Danny again.

Finally, during the afternoon she saw him lounging against the sun-heated windows of the drugstore with the gang. It could have been the same cigarette he had in his mouth; it looked eternal. He was laughing and talking like he should worry.

"Say, Danny." She stepped right up to him and let the other fellows look her over.

He didn't turn his head, just looked down at her slantwise over the smoking tip of his cigarette.

"Yeah?"

"Well—hello."

"Go on and play with your dollies."

"But listen—"

"Scram! I haven't got no time to play with babies. Go on now, or I holler for your mother. Go away before I sock you one—you're not the only one that can slap."

The boys standing around laughed. "Go on, Danny, holler for her mamma. Go home, baby!"

She was ruined! Finished! She ran away somehow. Every time she walked into Hinkle's they'd all laugh and talk about her dolls. They loved to have a joke like that on someone. She'd never get asked to the Merry Gardens again—and if she went alone they'd have it spread all over the place—that Danny said she was a baby. She could hardly stand it.

She felt bruised by that encounter all the day. She was just getting started, and here it was, all finished already. She didn't go home because she couldn't even work up the pep to be fresh to Ma. She wandered up and down the streets in the heat, her white dress clinging to her steaming body, her high-heeled pumps sticky and heavy against her bare feet. She should never have slapped him, she should have—she didn't know exactly what she should have done.

She went home for supper because she didn't know where else to eat. Thank heaven, they left her alone. She didn't have to talk to them. Only Pa said:

"You ought to wear more clothes under that dress. It shows everything."

"Maybe you didn't know it's hot?"

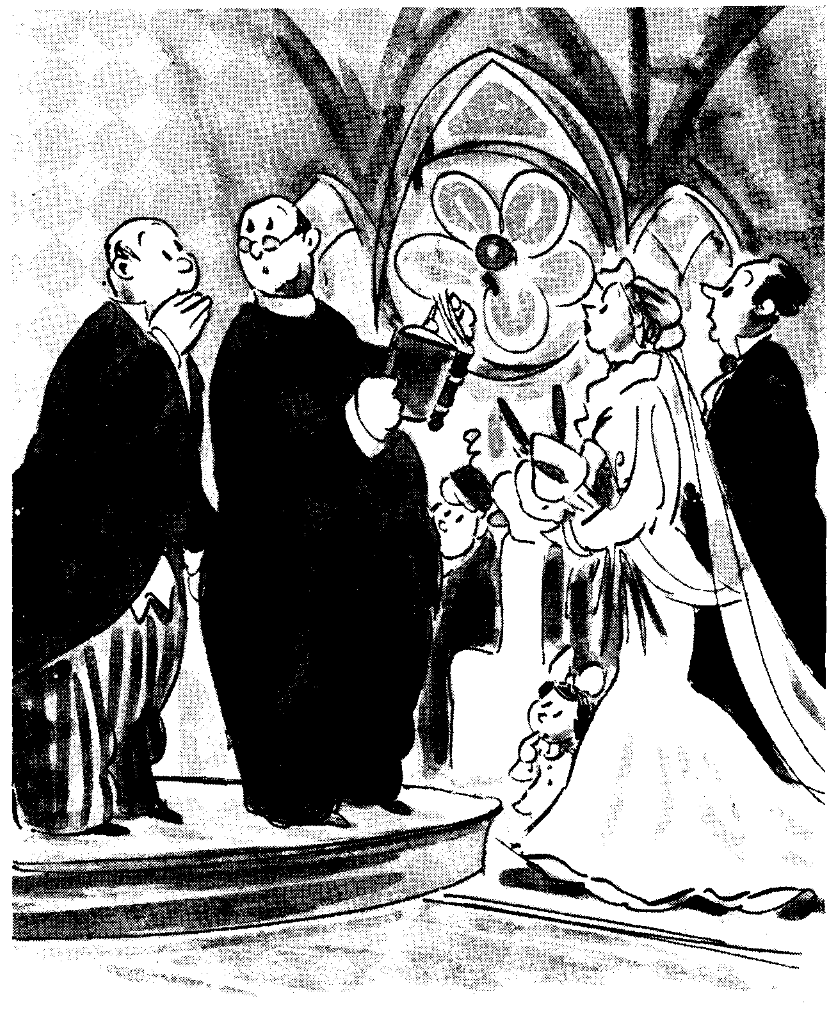
"Hot or no hot, I—"

"It sure is hot," Ma said. "I like to died today."

Sometimes Ma seemed to break in that way and change the talk on purpose so that there wouldn't be a fight. You never could figure how much Ma understood. Anyhow, Pa didn't say anything else; just drowned a piece of bread in gravy.

SHE couldn't help it. She had to go back to the Merry Gardens. She fished the lipstick out of the stocking nest and looked at it soberly. What good did it do her to have a dollar lipstick and no place to wear it? Maybe she should put some on tonight. She screwed up the pivot and held the gleaming red wax nearly up to her lips. No, she couldn't do it. It was too swell to use. She slammed out of the flat.

They were going in again, at the Merry Gardens. The same laughing gang. They were sure lucky: the gates were open to them. Even if she had the money she couldn't go in without a fel-



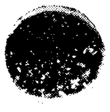
"The word is 'Spouse,' Reverend—not 'Souse.'" REAMER KELLER

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

Copr. 1937 F. W. Fitch Co.

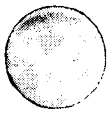
The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Tested and Approved ★ 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau

WRITE TODAY to The F. W. Fitch Company, Dept. M5, Des Moines, Iowa, for a generous FREE Sample of Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

Fitch's TRADE MARK Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH COMPANY, DES MOINES, IOWA .... TORONTO, CAN.

THE ONLY COUGH DROPS

SMITH BROTHERS
BLACK
COUGH DROPS
CONTAIN VITAMIN A IN ITS VEGETABLE FORM (CAROTENE)
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
SMITH BROS.

5¢

CONTAINING VITAMIN A

CHOOSE YOUR BOAT FROM THE GAR WOOD QUALITY FLEET

BUILT BY A CHAMPION TO PERFORM LIKE A CHAMPION

AS LOW AS $1095

121 BEAUTIFULLY STREAMLINED MODELS

The big, beautiful new Gar Wood 1937 Trophy Fleet, largest in the world, offers you the quality boat in every price class . . . built to designs and specifications personally approved by Commodore Gar Wood. Strongest hull construction in the industry . . . perfected through a quarter century of international racing supremacy! New streamlining; greater beauty; broader beams and greater flare for improved riding comfort and seaworthiness. Luxuriously finished and equipped! Scores of exclusive quality features at no price premium. Gar Wood builds better boats. Enjoy the distinction of Gar Wood ownership. It costs no more. See your local Gar Wood merchant while present low price levels prevail. Write for illustrated catalog.

58 Runabouts
36 Utilities
27 Cruisers

GAR WOOD, INC., 323 RIVER ROAD
Marysville, Mich. Cable Address: GARWOOD

DEALER OPPORTUNITY: Join the fastest growing boat merchant organization in the world. There's extra profit for you in Gar Wood's extra quality at no extra cost. Write for complete franchise information.

24-foot Streamline Cabin Utility

ACCOUNTANT CERTIFIES TAFT VALUES

"No question about the values you get at the Taft", says accountant. "Add them up... central location, efficient, courteous service, delicious meals. I can't reconcile how they do it at the reasonable rates charged."

2000 ROOMS WITH BATH, from $2.50

HOTEL TAFT ALFRED LEWIS, Mgr.
7th Ave. at 50th St. NEW YORK
at Radio City

WORMS TAKE ALL THE JOY OUT OF MY LIFE. PLEASE GIVE ME GLOVER'S!

They are safe, sure medicines—

GLOVER'S for PUPPIES— PUPPY CAPSULES ROUNDWORM VERMIFUGE, (Liquid)

GLOVER'S for DOGS— ROUNDWORM CAPSULES TETRACHLORETHYLENE CAPSULES

For both Puppies and Dogs—GLOVER'S ROUNDWORM CAPSULES and GLOVER'S TAPEWORM CAPSULES.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to Glover's. Price 60¢ a package.

Famous DOG BOOK—Veterinary advice, FREE. Address GLOVER'S, 468 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

GLOVER'S WORM MEDICINES

COUGHS..

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

Pertussin is so good for coughs that over ONE MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS were filled in a single year. This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by the American Pharmaceutical Association.

It relieves coughs quickly by stimulating the tiny moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract to pour out their natural moisture, so that sticky, irritating phlegm is easily raised. Coughing is relieved—your throat is soothed.

Save money by buying the big economical-sized bottle. Or, try Pertussin first at our expense. Use coupon below for FREE trial bottle.

PERTUSSIN

30¢ Prescription FREE

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB 18,
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE, by return mail.

Name
Address

low. Last night she had had a fellow; she couldn't go back without one. Everybody would notice she hadn't gone over with the boys. Last night had been wonderful, dancing and drinking at the soda fountain. She had had to go and spoil it all.

She bit her full lower lip and felt like bawling. When the music started she didn't even weave in rhythm to it, she felt that bad.

Danny walked by with some boys. He was so close to her she could have touched him. He looked at her and snickered, like a horse. She wanted to tell him again she wasn't a baby. But her pride wouldn't let her. Miserably she watched him swing through the door, watched the lemon-colored slice of light narrow until she was left alone again on the sidewalk outside paradise.

There wasn't any sense hanging around. Nobody was going to notice her, invite her in. And now that she had been there once, she couldn't stand to hear the music and not be wheeling and pivoting on that beautiful dance floor. She had never felt lonesome before in her whole life.

SHE walked down to the river. To the same place they had been the night before. The water gurgled and slapped. It was hot. It would be swell to go swimming.

Even if Danny wasn't there she could prove to herself she wasn't scared to go swimming without a bathing suit. If a cop got her, all the better. If she got arrested they'd see how much of a child she was. They'd have some respect for her then.

She cowered in a dark corner and stripped. She crept over the built-up side, slipping from shadow to shadow. Somehow she couldn't just come out in the light. She didn't know why; she just couldn't. Just for a second she gleamed under a street lamp and then she slipped, with a light splash, into the water.

It wasn't hard once she was in; it was fun! A baby, was she, huh? She was doing it and it had taken nerve. But now the black water dressed her, all but her white arms. She was a good swimmer. How much better the water felt when it was right next to your skin! There was a clouded moon, all gray, and her wet arms looked silver. She bet she was silver all over—like a silver fish—silver like a stream of nickels pouring out of a bag. It was funny what ideas you got all alone, swimming at night. Fancy ideas.

She heard a whistle slice the air. Not a cop's whistle; the kind you make with two fingers in your mouth. And somebody yelled something that sounded like "Hey! Hey!" Well, she wasn't going back. If anybody wanted her let 'em come after her.

It was a man, whoever he was, and he kept yelling and whistling. She went on splashing, rolling over and over, playing in the water and shaking a spray of water rhinestones from her hair.

"Edie—it's Danny! It's me!" Finally she understood his words. She began to swim back to the shore, as fast as she could, arm over arm.

She remembered, about halfway in, that she was naked, and panic took her. Well, she'd show him how much of a baby she was.

HE WAS standing there at the edge, looking down at her. The water draped her in its blackness. Only her shoulders shone as she treaded water.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'll look the other way till you get out and get dressed. And hurry! There's a cop about a block up."

He was the tough guy, was he? She laughed grimly as she dried herself imperfectly with her handkerchiefs and slipped into her few garments. She couldn't dry her hair: it sleeked damply back from her forehead and all the ends turned up.

"Okay, here I am," she announced, walking up to the street where he stood, his back toward her.

"You damn' little fool," he said, turning around.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's so! Hell, you're just lucky I came around. Another five minutes and that cop would have got you, sure. Splashing around out there and doing your damnedest to make everybody look at you."

"Is that so?"

"Can't you say anything but 'Is that so'? Sure, he'd have got you. I know these cops around here. You can't do things like that and get away with it."

They started together down Western Avenue.

"How'd you know where I was?" she asked.

"I went to your house and your old lady said she didn't know where you was. So I thought I might find you here. I don't know. I just had a hunch."

"Why'd you go to my house?"

"Who wants to know?"

"I do. Well—answer me."

He stopped and took both her elbows, looking at her.

"I don't know. I got to thinking about last night. You were pretty cute. I just hadda go and find you. I went outside the Merry Gardens looking for you and when I saw you weren't there I just kept going. I knew I'd find you some place."

"Oh, yeah?" she drawled, but it didn't sound very funny. There was something so real in the way he was talking.

"Look! Don't do it any more, will you?"

"Do what?"

"Go swimming—that way."

"Says who?" She looked into his blue eyes. "Okay," she said.

"Don't talk so tough any more. You're not like that—really, are you?"

"How should I know what I'm like really?"

"Well, I say you're not, and you're not. See!"

THEY walked on quietly for a few minutes.

"I'm sorry for the way I acted," he said, the words coming out of his mouth like little stones, hard to spit.

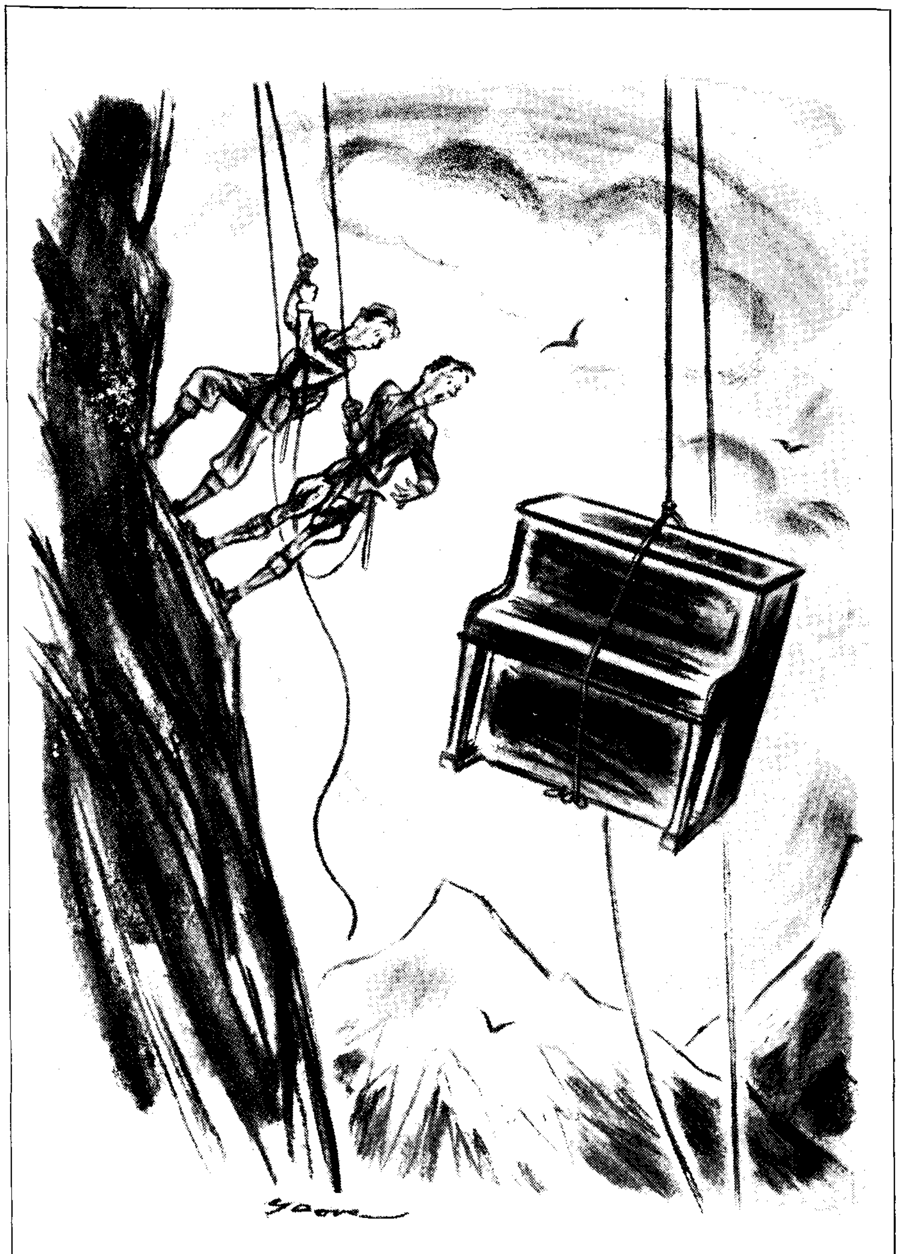
"Well, all right. Stop talking about it." She was impatient with his apologies—she didn't want him to say those things. It was all her fault anyway.

"You're kind of a nice kid."

Suddenly she saw a lot of new things. She was going to get to go to the Merry Gardens—with Danny. She could go walking with Danny. Maybe sometime she'd bring him up to the house and make Ma and Pa sit in the bedroom. Gee, she had Danny now, and she hadn't even worn the lipstick.

"I've seen worse than you myself," she said, laughing at him. They went on walking.

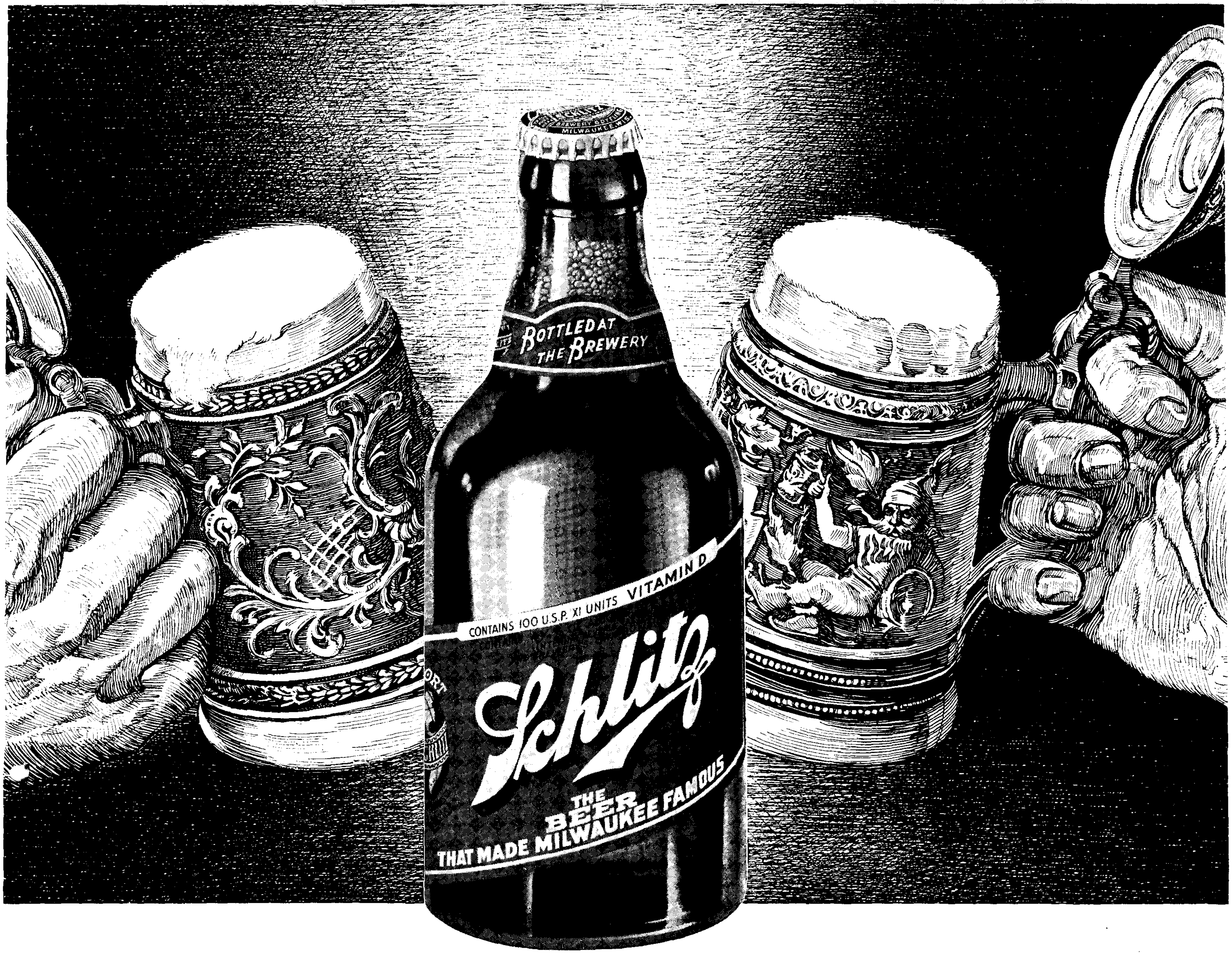
You'd have thought she was reading a magazine, looking an extra long time at some picture of Clark Gable. But her fingers were in her jacket pocket, and out again. Old Man Hinkle was richer by one lipstick.



"Pinch me, Eddie!"

LEONARD DOVE

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous


BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
CONTAINS 100 U.S.P. XI UNITS VITAMIN D
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Today...It's Schlitz in "Steinies"

TASTE SCHLITZ TODAY . . . in the new, compact, easy-to-handle "Steinie" Brown Bottle. It is remindful of olden days . . . of beer sipped from the cool depths of stone steins.

Old-time brewmasters never enjoyed the facilities of modern science to assure uniform deliciousness to their brew but Schlitz has expended millions of dollars in research and development to make each glass uniformly delicious, appetizing and healthful.

With the first sip you instantly recognize the difference between Schlitz and other beers. That delightful, satisfying difference is old-time flavor which Schlitz brews with scientific uniformity into every sparkling drop.

It's the full-bodied flavor of rich barley-malt wedded to the piquant tang of the finest hops the world affords...brewed to the peak of ripe, mellow perfection under Schlitz Precise Enzyme Control. You may choose from the modern "Steinie" Brown Bottle ...tall Brown Bottle...or Cap-Sealed Can...whichever suits your needs. Each brings you Schlitz at its best with the health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D.

Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles are compact—light in weight—easy to carry—take less space in your refrigerator. Contents same as regular bottle.

Copyright 1937, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. *Milwaukee. Wis.*

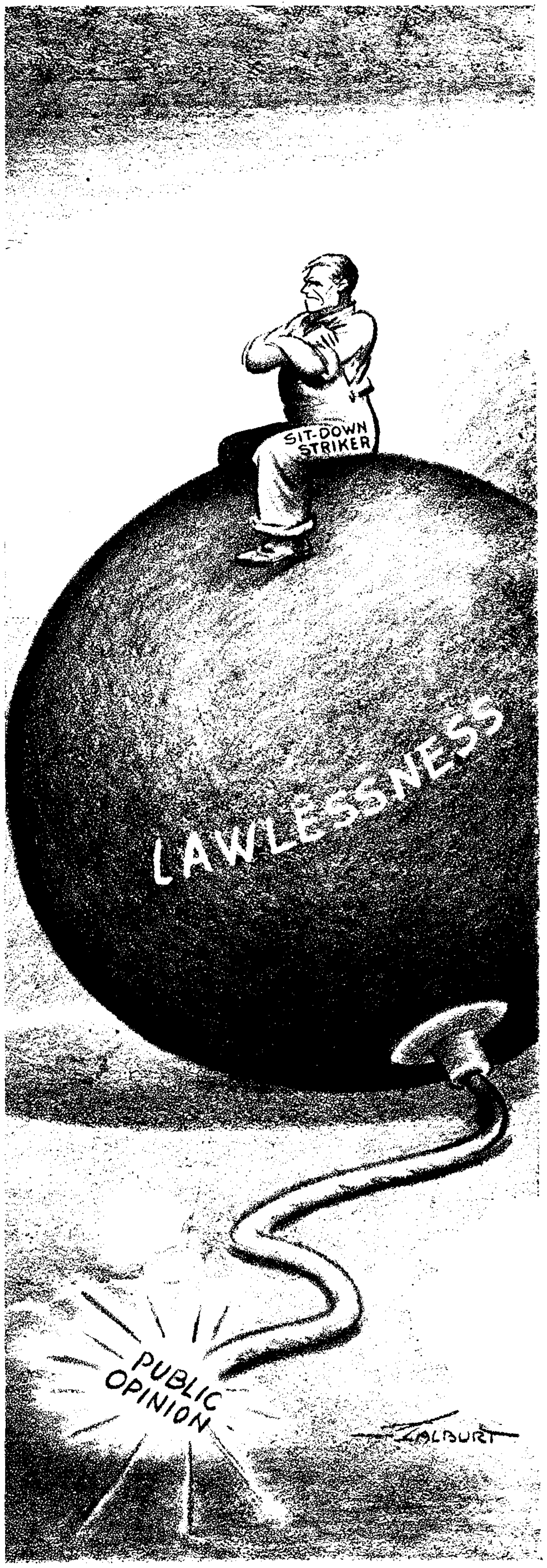
COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

The Wrong Place to Sit



SUPPOSE your cook wants more money or different conditions. You talk the matter over and do not agree. Then the cook says, "I won't work but I'll stay so that nobody else can work or have the job." That would be a sit-down strike.

If a cook or a store clerk or a farm laborer should attempt a sit-down strike, his or her employer would call the police or the sheriff, and somebody would be quickly arrested for trespass. The trespasser would be tried and, if the judge felt well that day, would be put under bond to behave himself. Some confused leaders, however, have adopted the idea that trespass and violence are sound union strategy. So they imported the recent French invention—the sit-down strike. They forget that the French radicals who advertised this strike were actually revolutionists. They seized their employers' property and would have retained it if they could.

American unionists are not toying with the idea of civil war. They are merely seeking more power and money for the union. They are relying on an indulgent, not to say weak, administration of the law. The idea seems to be that the sit-down strike is a harmless prank of high-spirited irresponsibles entitled to their fun.

Actually the sit-down strike is a serious menace to labor organization. Certainly no one familiar with the history of unions in this country can see anything but disaster to labor in this new strategy.

It is useless to blink the facts. Essentially the sit-down strike is lawless and violent. Its purpose is intimidation. The strikers who hold the factory or the shop threaten violence to employers or others who might resume work.

In this country we tolerate a considerable amount of violence and lawlessness before we are aroused. There is a limit to public patience and sometimes that limit is reached with surprising celerity.

Do you remember that four or five years ago many people said that nothing could be done about the violence and lawlessness which centered around the liquor trade? Bootleggers and political leaders were so bound together that reform was impossible. It did not take long, however, to scatter the mobs once public opinion demanded action.

In times past, devices similar to the sit-down strikes have been tried in the United States. Without important exception the result has been destructive to those who appealed to violence.

The most notable example was the development of the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coal industry sixty-odd years ago. This secret organization was for a long time unchallenged by the Pennsylvania authorities. Foremen and mine owners were beaten and murdered. Inevitably, however, public irritation led to drastic enforcement of the law and to the curbing of the secret organizations.

The Molly Maguires set back for years the organization of coal miners into unions.

Other attempts to use violence have had evil consequences for its advocates. The Knights of Labor, who preceded the American Federation of Labor, were scattered and destroyed by a public opinion exasperated by violence. The Knights of Labor stood in the 1880's on a program startlingly similar to that advocated now by John L. Lewis.

The Knights made the fatal blunder of loose thinking. So, too, did the Industrial Workers of the World, the old I. W. W. organization of a quarter of a century ago. The I. W. W. borrowed French and Spanish syndicalist ideas just as Mr. Lewis' followers have borrowed the sit-down strike from present-day France. Bill Haywood, the I. W. W. leader, thought that violence and sabotage would prove useful tools in the organization of labor.

The contrary proved true. The I. W. W. was crushed. Haywood died in Russia and the unions which had wiser leadership prospered.

Samuel Gompers had the intelligence two generations ago to perceive that American unions had to be developed along lines in keeping with American principles. He avoided violence and his strength was the law. He lived to see the destruction of all his rivals who had relied on violence.

Neither on moral, legal or practical grounds can the lawlessness of the sit-down strike be defended. A prudent regard for their own future will lead the responsible leaders of labor to abandon this suicidal strategy without hesitation or delay.

Meanwhile, unless they want to invite reaction, state and city officials will not waste time hesitating to enforce the law. In the long run, law impartially administered is the only defense of a free and democratic people.

Violence in factories or mines, tolerated by officials hesitant to enforce the law lest their liberalism be suspected, can only beget other violence. The murders done by the Molly Maguires explain much of the subsequent behavior of company police and even of the Pennsylvania constabulary in its earlier days.

The governors and mayors who truly have the public interest at heart will impartially enforce the law. Violence and lawlessness merely confuse industrial issues. Nothing is settled by the forceful seizure of a factory.

Too often the only result is that government itself is brought into contempt for its weakness and futility. This certainly is a benefit to no one.

85 OR 60 HP.

NEW ECONOMY . . . NEW STYLE . . . AND A NEW BODY TYPE

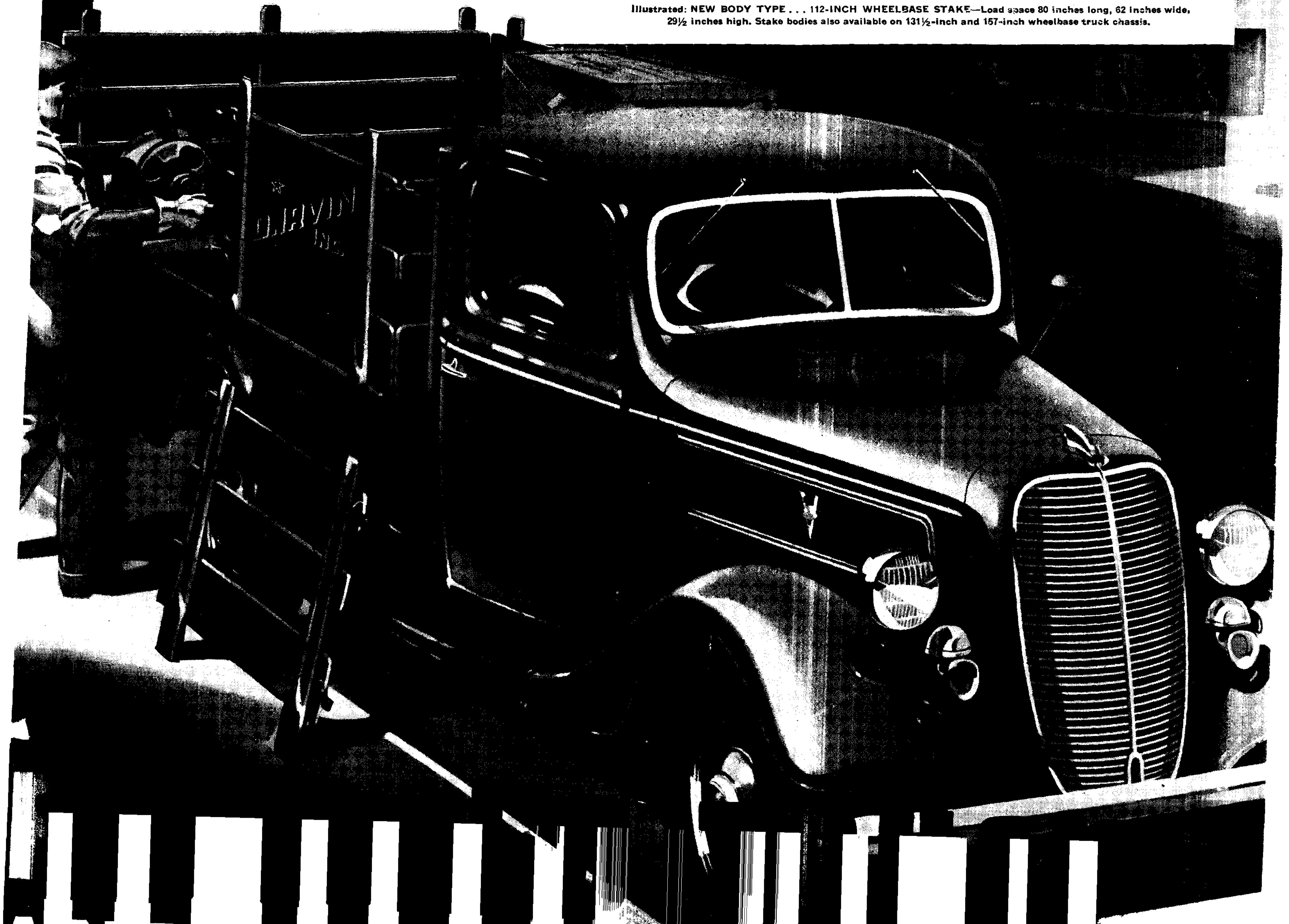
This year, Ford gives you a choice of power to fit your needs . . . TWO V-8 engine sizes . . . an improved V-8 stepped up to 85 horsepower . . . and an entirely NEW 60-horsepower V-8. In addition, Ford introduces the 112-inch wheelbase Stake, a new body type shown here. This new type meets the needs of a wide range of businesses from farming to city delivery . . . an all-around utility with low operating cost.

Lots of room in this new Stake . . . load space is 80 inches long, 62 inches wide, 29½ inches high. Stakes can be removed and the unit used as a Platform. Appearance is new, modern . . . and there are many new features that assure long life and lower operating cost.

Ask your Ford dealer to tell you about these new improvements, and about the many famous Ford features that have been retained by popular demand. Then set a date for an "on-the-job" test under your own operating conditions.

CONVENIENT, ECONOMICAL TERMS THROUGH THE AUTHORIZED FORD FINANCE PLANS OF THE UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

Ford



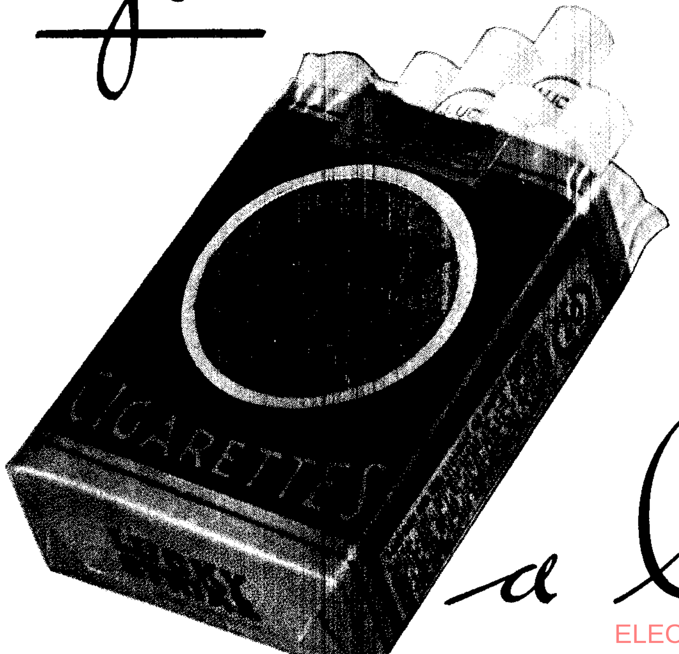
Illustrated: NEW BODY TYPE . . . 112-INCH WHEELBASE STAKE—Load space 80 inches long, 62 inches wide, 29½ inches high. Stake bodies also available on 131½-inch and 157-inch wheelbase truck chassis.

AND COMMERCIAL CA

Copyright 1937, F

You need this throat protection too

...That only a light smoke offers



The stars of radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you . . . be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delic tissues of your throat. So follow th stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies

a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIE TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED